

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
PETER PINDAR, ESQ.  
COMPLETE.

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A NEW EDITION.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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D U B L I N:

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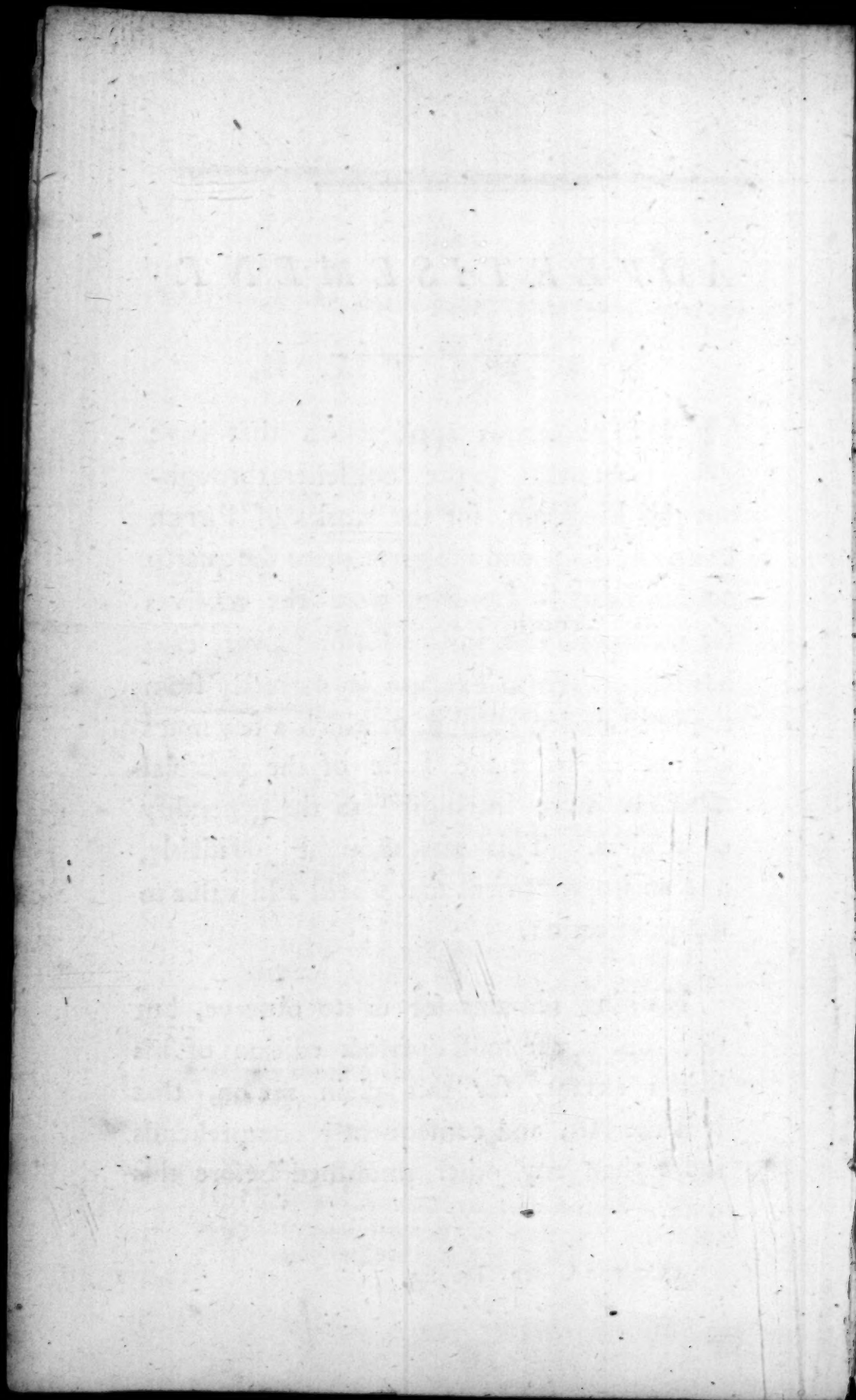
## ADVERTISEMENT.

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**T**HE numerous applications that have been made, to the Bookfellers throughout this kingdom, for the works of PETER PINDAR, Esq. and the great price the quarto edition bears in London, were the motives for printing them in this form. Every care has been taken to execute it correctly from the last London edition, to which a few notes are added to make some of the political allusions more intelligible to the generality of readers. This was thought justifiable, and an improvement that would add value to the publication.

Nothing remains for us to observe, but that this is the most perfect edition of his works extant, for this plain reason, that it is the last, and consequently comprehends more than any other published before this date.

College Green, Dublin,  
March, 1792.



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A  
POETICAL, SUPPLICATING, MODEST, AND AFFECTING

E P I S T L E,

TO THOSE

LITERARY COLOSSUSSES

THE

REVIEWERS.

---

CARMINE, DI SUPERI PLACANTUR, CARMINE, MANES.

---

FATHERS of wisdom, a poor wight befriend!  
Oh hear my simple prayer in simple lays:  
*In forma pauperis* behold I bend,  
And of your worships ask a little praise.

I am no cormorant of fame, d'ye see;  
I ask not all the laurel, but a sprig!  
Then hear me, guardians of the sacred tree,  
And stick a leaf or two about my wig.

In sonnet, ode, and legendary tale,  
Soon will the Prefs my tuneful works display;  
Then do not damn them, and prevent the sale;  
And your petitioner shall ever pray.

My labours damn'd, the muse with grief will groan—  
The censure dire my lantern jaws will rue!  
Know I have teeth and stomach like your own,  
And that I wish to eat as well as you.

B

I never

I never said, like murderers in their dens,  
 'You secret met in cloud-capp'd garret high,  
 With hatchets, scalping knives, in shape of pens,  
 To make, like Mohawks, hapless authors die :

Nor said (in your REVIEWS, together strung)  
 'The limbs of authors, butcher'd, cheek by jowl,  
 Look'd like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung  
 Before the hungry spider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declared, that, frightful as the blacks,  
 In greasy flannel caps you met together,  
 With scarce a rag of shirt about your backs,  
 Or coat or breeches to keep out the weather.

Heav'n knows I'm innocent of all transgression  
 Against your honours, men of classic fame !  
 I ne'er abus'd your critical profession,  
 Whose *dictum* saves at once, or damns a name.

I never question'd your profound of head,  
 Nor vulgar, call'd your wit, your manners coarse ;  
 Nor swore on butcher'd authors that you fed  
 Like carrion-crows upon a poor dead horse.

I never hinted, that with half-a-crown  
 Books have been sent you by the scribbling tribe ;  
 Which see hath purchas'd pages of renown :  
 No, for I knew you spurn'd the *little* bribe.

I ne'er aver'd, you critics to a man,  
 For pence, swear an owl excell'd the lark :  
 Nor call'd a partial gang your grave *Divan*,  
 That stabb'd, like base assassins, in the dark.

I never prais'd, or blam'd, an author's book,  
 Until your sage opinions flew abroad ;  
 On these with pious rev'rence did I look ;  
 With you I prais'd or blam'd, so help me God !

The fam'd Longinus all the world must know,  
 The gape of wonder Aristarchus drew,  
 As well as Alexander's tutor, lo !  
 All, all great critics, gentlemen, like *you*.

Did



Did any ask me, " Pray, Sir, your opinion,  
 " Of those reviewers, who so bold bestride  
 " The world of learning, and with proud dominion,  
 " Sad dogs, the galled backs of author's ride ? "

Quick have I answered in a rage, " Odsblood !  
 " No works like theirs such criticism convey ;  
 " Not all the timber of Donona's wood  
 " E'er pour'd more sterling oracle than *they*."

Did others cry, " Whate'er their brains indite,  
 " Be sure is excellent—a partial crew !  
 " With *IO* Poëans usher'd to the light,  
 " And prais'd to folly in the next review ;"

This was my answer to each snarling elf  
 (My eye-balls fill'd with fire my mouth with foam),  
 " Zounds ! is not justice due to one's dear self ?  
 " And should not charity begin at home ?"

Full often I've been questioned with a sneer—  
 " Think you one could not bribe 'em with potation ?  
 " A beef-steak, with a pot or two of beer,  
 " Might save a little volume from damnation."

Furious I've answered, " Lo ! my Lord Carlisle  
 " Hath begg'd, in vain, a seat in fame's old temple ;  
 " Tho' *you* applaud, their wisdom will not smile ;  
 " And what they disapprove is vastly simple."

" Could gold succeed, enough the peer might raise,  
 " Whose wealth would buy the critics o'er and o'er :  
 " 'Tis merit only can command their praise,  
 " Witness the volumes of Miss Hannah More \*."

" The *Search of Happiness*, that beauteous song,  
 " Which all of us give our ears to own ;  
 " The *Captive*, *Percy*, that like mustard strong,  
 " Make our eyes weep, and understandings groan."

\* A school-mistress at Bristol, celebrated as the tenth muse,  
 authoress of the above two tragedies and poem.



Hail, Bristol town! Bœotia now no more,  
 Since Garrick's Sappho sings, tho' rather slowly :  
 All hail Miss Hannah! worth at least a score,  
 Ay, twenty score, of Chatterton and Rowley.

Men of prodigious parts are mostly shy ;  
 Great Newton's self this failing did inherit ;  
 Thus, ever, you avoid the public eye,  
 And secret in your holes a world of merit.

Yet oft your cautious modesties I see,  
 When from your bow'r with bats you wing the dark ;  
 On Sundays, when no catchpoles prow for prey,  
 On Æther dining in St. James's Park.

Mild Sirs, in frays you chuse not to appear,  
 A circumstance most natural to suppose,  
 And therefore, hide your precious heads, for fear  
 Some angry bard, abus'd, should pull your nose.

The world's loud plaudits, lo! you don't desire,  
 Nor do you hastily on looks decide ;  
 But first at every coffee-house enquire,  
 How, in its favour, runs the public tide.

There, wisdom, often in a critic's wig,  
 The face demure, knit brows, and forehead scowling,  
 I've seen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,  
 Mousing for faults, or, if you'll have it, *owling* \*.

Herculean Gentlemen! I dread your drubs ;  
 Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes !  
 Strung with new strength beneath your massy clubs,  
 Alas ! I shall not an *Antæus* rise.

Lo ! like an elephant along the ground,  
 Great Caliban, the giant Johnson stretch'd !  
 The British Roscius too your clubs confound,  
 Whose fame the farthest of the world hath reach'd.

If such so easy sink beneath your might,  
 Ye Gods ! I may be done for in a trice ;

\* Alluding to the sagacious bird of darkness seeking its prey.

Hurl'd by your rage to everlasting night—  
Crack'd with that ease a taylor cracks his lice,

If, awful Sirs, you grant me my petition;  
With other pamphlets shall my pamphlet shine:  
And should it chance to pass a first edition,  
In capitals shall store your praise divine.

Quote from my work as much as e'er you please  
For extracts, lo! I'll put no angry face on;  
Nor fill a hungry lawyer's fist with fees,  
To trounce a bookseller, like furious Mason\*.

Sage Sirs, if favour in your sight I find,  
If fame you grant, I'll bless each gen'rous giver;  
Wish you sound coats, good stomachs, masters kind †,  
Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullock's liver.

\* M—n, Precentor of York, took strange legal advantage of  
Mr. Murray, a bookseller.

† Booksellers.

ADDRESS to the REVIEWERS, in Behalf of  
a Poetical Friend, written in 1778: the  
Gentleman having considerably suffered by  
their severity.

'TIS hard, Messieurs Reviewers, 'pon my soul,  
You thus should lord it o'er the world of wit;  
No higher court your sentence to controul,  
You hang, or you reprieve, as you think fit!

Whether in calf, your labours of the year  
Thank with immortal bards or boxes line,  
Or torn, for secret services, Oh! dear!  
Are offer'd up at Cloacina's shrine;

Whether you look all rosy round the gills,  
 Or, hatchet-fac'd, like starving cats so lean ;  
 Whether your criticism each pocket fills  
 With half-pence, keeping you close shav'd and clean :

Whether in gorgeous raiment you appear,  
 Or tatters ready from your backs to fall ;  
 Whether in pompous wigs to guard each ear,  
 Or whether you've no wig or ears at all :

Whether you look like gentlemen or thieves,  
 I hate usurpers of the critic throne :  
 Therefore his compliments the poet gives,  
 And humbly hopes you'll let his lines alone :

Stay till he asks your thoughts, ye forward sages ;  
 Officiousness the modest bard abjures :  
 'Tis surely pert to meddle with his pages,  
 Who never deign'd to look in one of yours.

*The PARSON, the SQUIRE, and the SPANIEL,*

A T A L E.

A Gentleman possess'd a fav'rite spaniel;  
 That never treated man nor maid ill :  
 This dog, of which we cannot too much say,  
 Got from his godfather the name of TRAY.

After ten years of service just,  
 Tray, like the race of mortals, fought the dust—  
 That is to say, the Spaniel died :  
 A coffin then was order'd to be made,  
 The dog was in the church-yard laid,  
 While o'er his pale remains the master cry'd :  
 Lamenting

Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad friend,  
 And willing to commemorate his end,  
 He rais'd a small blue stone, just after burial,  
 And, weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial:

### TRAY'S EPITAPH.

HERE rests the relicts of a friend below,  
 Blest with more sense than half the folks I know;  
 Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,  
 He damn'd no sect, but calmly knew'd his bone;  
 Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way——  
 Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy TRAY.

---

THE curate of the **Huntintonian** band,  
 Rare breed of **Gospel-hawks** that scour the land,  
 And fierce on sins their quarry fall,  
 Those locusts, that would eat up all.

Men who, with new-invented patent eyes,  
 See Heav'n and all the angels in the skies;  
 As plain as in the box of *Showman* Swifs,  
 For little master made, or curious *mifs*,  
 We see with huge delight the king of France  
 With all his lords and ladies dance.

This curate heard th'affair with deep emotion,  
 And thus exclaim'd, with infinite devotion:

“ O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!

“ Fine doings, these, upon my word!

“ This, truly, is a very pretty thing!

“ What will become of this most shocking world?

“ How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,

“ And then to Satan's hottest flames be hurl'd!

“ Oh! by this damn'd deed how I am hurried,

“ A dog in Christian ground, indeed, be buried!

“ And have an epitaph, forsooth, so civil:

“ Egad!



" Egad! *old maids* will presently be found  
 " Clapping their dead *ram-cats* in holy ground,  
 " And writing verses on each *mousing devil*."

Against such future casualty providing,  
 The priest set off, like Homer's Neptune striding,  
 Vowing to put the culprit in the court :  
 He found him at the spaniel's humble grave ;  
 Not praying, neither singing of a stave ;  
 And then began t'abuse him, not *exhort*.—

" Son of the devil, what hast thou done ?  
 " Nought for the action can atone—  
 " I should not wonder if the Great All-wise  
 " Quick darted down his light'ning all so red,  
 " And dash'd to earth that wretched head  
 " Which dar'd so foul, so base an act devise.

" Bury a dog like Christian folk !—  
 " None but the fiend of darkness could provoke  
 " A man to perpetrate a deed so odd :  
 " Our *inquisition* soon the tale shall hear,  
 " And quickly your fine fleece shall shear ;  
 " Why such a villain can't believe in God."

" Softly, my reverend Sir," the squire replied,—  
 " Tray was as good a dog as ever died—  
 " No education could his morals mend.—  
 " And, what, perhaps, Sir, you may doubt,  
 " Before his lamp of life went out,  
 " He order'd you a legacy, my friend."

" Did he ?—poor dog," the soften'd priest rejoin'd,  
 In accents pitiful and mild ;—  
 " What ! was it Tray ? I'm sorry for poor Tray.  
 " Why truly dogs of such rare merit,  
 " Such real nobleness of spirit,  
 " Should not like common dogs be put away.

" Well, pray what was it that he gave,  
 " Poor fellow, e'er he sought the grave ?  
 " I guess I may put confidence, Sir, in ye."  
 " A PIECE OF GOLD," the gentleman replied.—  
 " I'm much oblig'd to TRAY," the parson cried ;  
 So left God's cause, and pocketed the GUINEA.

YET,



YET, shou'd I imitate the fickle wind,  
 Or like Mr. PATRIOT Eden—change my mind;  
 And for the *bard* your Majesty should fend,  
 And say, “ Well, well, well, well, my tuneful friend,  
 “ I long, I long, to give you something, PETER—  
 “ You make fine verses,—nothing can be sweeter—  
 “ What will you have ? what ? speak out, speak out ;  
 “ Yes, yes, you something want, no doubt, no doubt.”

Or should you, like some men who gravely preach,  
 Forsake your useful short-hand mode of speech,  
 And thus begin—in bible phrase sublime :  
 “ What shall be done for our rare *son of rhime* ?  
 “ The BARD *who, full of wisdom, writeth,*  
 “ The man in whom the KING *delighteth.*”

Then would the poet thankfully reply,  
 With fault'ring voice, low bow, and mawling eye,  
 All meekness ; such a simple, dove-like thing !  
 “ Blest be the bard who verses can indite,  
 “ To yield a *second Solomon* delight !  
 Thrice blest *who findeth favour with the KING!*

“ Since 'tis the royal will to give the bard  
 “ In whom the KING *delighteth* some reward,  
 “ Some mark of royal bounty to requite him ;  
 “ O KING, *do any thing but KNIGHT HIM !*”

• Peter layeth out thus ironically for a pension.

PETER's

# PETER'S PENSION,

A SOLEMN EPISTLE TO A VERY SUBLIME PERSONAGE.

---

MY HEART IS INDITING A GOOD MATTER—I SPEAK OF THE THINGS WHICH I HAVE MADE UNTO THE KING. PS. XLV.

---

**D**READ Sir, the ram's horns that blew down  
The walls of Jericho's old town,  
Made a most monstrous uproar, all agree—  
But lo! a louder noise around us rages,  
About two most important personages;  
No less, my royal liege, than *you* and *me*!

In short, not greater the Philistines made,  
When Delilah, a little artful jade,  
(Indeed a very pretty girl)  
Snipp'd off her lover, Mr. Samson's, curl,  
Who well repaid the clamour of the bears,  
By pulling down the house about their ears.

Prodigious is the shake around,  
Still London keeps (thank God) her ground;  
Yet, how th' exchange and coffee-houses ring!  
Nothing is heard but Peter and the K— :  
The handsome bar-maids stare as mute as fishes;  
And fallow waiters, fright'ned, drop their dishes.

At first, 'twas thought the triumph of the Jews  
On some great vict'ry in the boxing way;  
The news, the very Antichristian news,  
Of Israel's hero \* having won the day,  
And Humphries, a good Christian boxer beat:  
Enough to give all *Cbristendom* a sweat.

\* Daniel Mendoza.

Again,

Again, 'twas thought great news of the Grand Turk,  
Who on his hands hath got some serious work ;

'Twas fancied he had lost the day ;  
That ev'ry *Mussulman* was killed in battle ;  
A fate most proper for such heathen cattle,  
—Who do not pray to God our way.

But lo ! unto the lofty skies,  
Of sound this wonderful ascension,  
Doth verily, my liege, from this arise,  
That you have giv'n the gentle bard a pension !

Great is the shout, indeed, Sir, all abroad,  
That you have order'd me this handsome thing ;  
On which, with lifted eye, I've said, " Good God !  
" Though great my merits, yet how great's the K—."

And yet, believe me, Sir, I lately heard,  
That all your doors were doubly lock'd and barr'd,  
Against the poet for his tuneful art ;  
And that the tall, stiff, stately, red machines,  
Your grenadiers,—the guards of kings and queens,  
Were ordered all to stab me to the heart :

That if to house of Buckingham I came,  
Commands were given to Mrs. *Brigg*,  
A comely, stout, two-handed dame,  
To box my ears, and pull my wig ;  
The cooks to spit me,—curry me the grooms,  
And kitchen queans to baste me with their brooms.

You're told that in my ways I'm very evil,  
So ugly ! fit only to travel for a show,  
And that I look so grimly where I go,  
Just like a devil !  
With horns, and tail, and hoofs that make folks start,  
And in my breast a millstone for a heart.

This cometh from a certain painter, Sire ;  
Bid story-mousing *Nicholas* enquire :  
Your page, your Mercury, with cunning eyes ;  
Who, jumping at each sound, so eager opes,  
His pretty wither'd pair of Chinese chops,  
Like a Dutch dog that catches butterflies.

He,

He, Sire, will look me o'er, and will not fail,  
To swear that I've no horns, nor hoofs, nor tail.

Lord! Lord! these sayings grieve me and surprise!  
Dread Sir, don't see with other people's eyes——

No devil am I with horns, and tail, and hoofs——  
As for the likeness of my heart of stone——

That, Sir, is full as tender as your own——

Accept, my liege, some simple love-sick proofs.

## A P O E M

TO AN UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

SAY, lovely maid with downcast eye,  
And cheek with silent sorrow pale;  
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh;  
That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Those tears which thus each other trace,  
Bespeak a breast o'erwhelm'd with woe;  
Thy sighs a storm that wrecks thy peace,  
Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, does some fav'rite YOUTH,  
Too often blest, thy beauties flight?  
And leave those thrones of love and truth,  
That lip and bosom of delight.

What, though to other nymphs he flies,  
And feigns the fond impassion'd tear;  
Breathes all the eloquence of sighs,  
That, treach'rous, won thy artless ear.

Let not those nymphs thy anguish move,  
For whom his heart may seem to pine——  
That heart shall ne'er be blest by LOVE,  
Whose guilt can force a pang from thine.

For



FOR CYNTHIA.

AH! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh,  
That a coldness will creep o'er my heart;  
That a sullen indifference will dwell on my eye,  
When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,  
And brighten the gloom of the night,  
Till life be extinguish'd, from memory stray,  
Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, shall *gratitude* say with a tear,  
"That no longer I think of those charms  
Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,  
And faded at length in my arms."

Why, yes! it may happen, thou *damsel divine*,  
To be honest, I freely declare,  
That e'en now to thy converse I so much incline,  
I've already forgot thou art fair.

TO LAURA.

How happy was my moan of *love*,  
When first thy beauty won my heart!  
How guiltless of a wish to rove!  
I deem'd it more than death to part!

Whene'er from thee I chanc'd to stray,  
How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,  
That spread with flow'rs my distant way,  
And shew'd delight on ev'ry scene!

For fortune, envious of my joys,  
Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms—  
From me thy sweetest smile decoys,  
And gives thee to another's arms.



Yet, though my tears are doom'd to flow,  
 May tears be never *Laura's* lot!  
 Let love protect thy heart from woe;  
 His wound to mine shall be forgot.

## HYMN TO MODESTY.

O MODESTY, thou shy and blushing maid,  
 Don't of a simple shepherd be afraid;  
 Wert thou my lamb—with sweetest grass I'd treat thee  
 I am no WOLF, so savage that should eat thee:  
 Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,  
 And give a goddess to my cell.

Thy fragrant breast, like *Alpine* snows so white,  
 Where all the nestling loves delight to lie;  
 Thine eyes that shed the milder light  
 Of night's pale wand'rer o'er the cloudless sky.  
 O nymph, my panting, wishing bosom warm,  
 Seeks thee around me, with thy *latent* charm!  
 Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,  
 And give a goddess to my cell.

Thy flaxen ringlets, that luxuriant spread,  
 And hide thy bosom with an envious shade;  
 Thy polish'd cheek so dimpled, where the rose  
 In all the bloom of ripening summer blows:  
 Thy *luscious* lips that heav'nly dreams inspire,  
 By beauty form'd, and loaded with desire;  
 With sorrow, and with wonder, lo! I see  
 What *melting treasures*!—thrown away on thee.  
 Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,  
 And give a goddess to my cell.

Thou knowest not that bosom's fair design;  
 And as for those two pouting lips divine,  
 Thou think'st them form'd alone for simple chat—  
 To bill so happy with thy fav'rite dove,  
 And, playful, force, with sweetly sounding love,  
 Their kisses on a lapdog or a cat.

Then

Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,  
And give a goddess to my cell.

Such thoughts thy sweet simplicity produces !  
But I can point out far sublimer uses ;  
Uses the very best of men esteem——  
Of which thine innocence did never dream.

Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,  
And give a goddess to my cell.

Oh ! fly from *impudence*, the brazen rogue,  
Whose flippant tongue hath got the Irish brogue :  
Whose hands would pluck thee like the fairest flow'r,  
Thy cheek, eyes, forehead, lips, and neck, devour :  
Shun, shun that *Caliban*, and with me dwell,  
Then come, and give a goddess to my cell.

The world, O simple maid, is full of art,  
Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,  
Didst thou perceive but half the snares  
The dev'l for charms like thine prepares ?  
Then haste, O nymph, with me to dwell  
And give a goddess to my cell.

From morn to eve, my kifs of speechless love,  
Thy eyes' mild beam and blushes shall improve,  
And lo ! from our so innocent embrace,  
Young *MODESTIES* shall spring, a numerous race !  
The *blushing* girls in ev'ry thing like *thee* !  
The bashful boys prodigiously like me !  
Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,  
And give a goddess to my cell.

---

IS not this pretty, Sir ? can ought be sweeter ?  
Instead of that vile appellation dev'l,  
So blackguard, so unfriendly, and uncivil,  
Should not I be baptiz'd the *gentle* PETER ?

Great is the buz about the court,  
And at th' exchange, where Jews, Turks, Christians  
meet,

Or Smithfield fair, where beasts of ev'ry sort,  
Pigs, sheep, men, bullocks, all so friendly greet.

Busy, indeed, is many a fly court leech !  
Afraid to trust each other with a speech——  
In hems and ahs ! and half words hinting :  
Some whisp'ring, list'ning, tip-toe walking, squinting ;  
For lo, so warily each courtier speaks,  
They seem to talk with halters round their necks.

Some praise the k—— for nobleness of spirit,  
For ever studying how to find out merit ;  
While from its hole their heart doth sily peep,  
And ask the *tongue* with marv'ling eyes,  
How it can dare to tell a heap  
Of such unconscionable, bare-fac'd lies.——

“ How are the mighty fall'n ! ” the people cry——  
Meaning M E,

“ Another hog of *Epicurus's* sty ;  
“ This vile apostate bends to *Baal* the knee ;  
“ Lo, for a little meat and guzzle,  
“ This sneaking cur, a dog, too takes the muzzle.

“ In lyric scandal soon will be a chasm——  
“ He wrote for bribes, 'tis plain, and now he has 'em.  
“ This mighty war-horse will be soon in hand,  
“ By means of meat, the price of venal notes,  
“ Calm as a *hackney* coach-horse on the stand,  
“ Tossing about his nose-bag and his oats.

“ Whate'er he hath said, he does again unsay,  
“ In native impudence so rich——  
“ Explain the plainest of all things away,  
“ And call'd his muse a forward b——h ;  
“ Treat fire of friendly promises a smoke,  
“ And laugh at truth and honour as a joke : ”  
Such, Sir, is your good people's howl,  
As thick as small birds pest'ring a poor owl.

In vain I tell the world around,  
That I have not a pension found ;

Which

Which speech of truth the mob enrages ;

“ PETER, this is an errant lie——

“ The fact is clear, too clear,” they cry,

“ Thou hast already *touch’d* a quarter’s wages.

“ Varlet, it always was thy vile intention——

“ Thou hast, thou hast, thou liar ! got a pension.”

Still, to support my innocence, I’ve said,  
Most sinfully, I own——“ I ha’n’t, by G—— :”——

Yet, had I sworn my eyes out of my head,  
They never had believ’d—how vastly odd !

The morning and the evening papers,  
Struck by the sound, are in the vapours,

And mourn and droop to think I’m dead——

Stunn’d by the unexpected news,

The *magazines* and the *reviews*

For grief can scarcely lift the *head*.

“ Nothing but poor, mechanic stuff,” they cry,

“ Shall now be quoted for the public eye ;—

“ Nothing original in song ;

“ No novelty of images and thought

“ Before our fair tribunal shall be brought !

“ But trifling transpositions of our tongue :

“ The sonneteers now must be call’d to rave,

“ And we must pay them too for ev’ry stave,

“ Forth from their garrets high, or cellars low,

“ To us they run, as soon as this they know ;

“ *Buckle* and *pipe* makers now will dine,

“ And once more boast their porter and surloin.—

“ Penury, avaunt ! their pockets now may chink,

“ And future gazetteers afford them drink.—

“ The papers thus deserted, in a flurry,

“ Print all their paltry nonsense in a hurry ;

“ For still the public must be sooth’d with song,

“ However weak or foolish, right or wrong.—

“ Nothing but a solemn pomp of words,

“ Bearing a lifeless thought, shall readers meet——

“ The picture of a funeral that affords ;

“ So solemn marching through the staring street.



Where flags, and horse, and foot, a forrow ape,  
 " With all the dread dismality of crape,  
 'Near the poor corpse—perhaps a puny brat,  
 " Or dry old maid as a cat."——

No, Sir! you never offer'd me a pension—  
 But then I guess it is your kind intention—  
 Yes, Sir, you mean a small *douceur* to proffer;  
 But give me leave, Sir, to decline the offer.

I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir, for your good will;  
 But *oratorios* have half undone ye:  
 'Tis whisper'd, too, that thieves have robb'd the till,  
 Which kept your bread and butter money:  
 So much with *saving wisdom* are you taken,  
 That Drury and the Garden seem forsaken—  
 Since *cost* attendeth those theatric borders,  
 Content you go to RICHMOND-HOUSE with *orders*.

Form'd to delight all eyes, all hearts engage,  
 When lately the sweet *Princess* \* came of age,  
 Train oil, instead of wax, was bid t' illumine  
 The goodly company and dancing room!  
 This never had been done, I'm very sure,  
 Had not you been, *some way or other*, poor.

You now want guineas to buy live-stock, Sir,  
 To graze your Windfor hill and dale;  
 And farmers will not let their cattle stir,  
 Until the money's down upon the nail.

I'm told, your sheep have died by dogs and bitches,  
 And that your fowls have suffer'd by the fitches;  
 And that your man-traps, guards of goose and duck,  
 And cocks and hens, have had but *so so* luck.  
 Scarce fifty rogues, in chase of fowls and eggs,  
 Have in those pretty engines lost their legs.

The Bulse, Sir, on a visit to the Tow'r,  
 Howe'er the royal visage may look sour,

\* Princess Royal.



Howe'er the object of a deep devotion,  
Must cross, they say, once more the ocean \*.

Indeed, I hope the di'monds will *be off*,  
Or scandal on us rolls in floods——  
Some Nabob may be vile enough  
To bring an action for stol'n goods——  
An action, to speak lawyer-like, of *trover*,  
But Heav'n forbid it should ever come over !

For money matters, I am sure,  
The Abbey music was put off ;  
Because the royal purse is poor,  
Plagu'd with a dry consumptive cough ;  
Yet in full health again that purse may riot,  
By God's grace and a skim-milk *diet*.

Cloze as a vice behold the nation's fist !  
Vain will be mouths made up for the *civil list* ;  
And, humble pray'rs, so very stale,  
Will all be call'd an old wife's tale.

Your faithful commons to your cravings  
Will not give up the nation's savings——  
Your fav'rite minister, I'm told, runs *restiff*,  
And growls at such petitions like a mastiff.

What, if my good friend HASTINGS goes to pot ?  
ADAMS and ANSTRUTHER have flung hard stones——  
He finds his situation rather hot——  
B—R—E, F—X, and SH—R—D—N may break his  
bones.

As surely as we saw and felt the *bulse*,  
Hastings has got a very aukward pulse ;  
Therefore in jeopardy the culprit stands !  
Like patients whose disorders doctors slight  
Too often, he may bid us all good night ;  
And slip, poor man, between our hands.

Then, Sir ! Oh ! then, as long as life endures,  
Nought but the remembrance of the *bulse* is ours ;

\* Indian must be supposed.

And

And to a stomach that like *ours* digests,  
Slight is the dinner on *remember'd* feasts.

I think we cases understand, and then  
Symptoms as well as most ingenious men;  
But, Lord, how oft the wisest are mistaken!  
Therefore I tremble for his badger'd bacon.

We may be out, with all our skill so clever,  
And what we think an ague, prove jail-fever.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Sir, the KING,  
As sacred hist'ries sweetly sing,  
Was, on all-fours, turn'd out to grafs,  
Just like a horse, or mule, or ass:  
Heavens, what a fall from kingly glory!  
I hope it will not so turn out,  
That we shall have (to make a rout)  
A second part of that old story!

This pension was well meant, O glorious KING,  
And for the bard a very pretty thing;  
But let me, Sir, refuse it, I implore,  
*I* ought not to be rich whilst *you* are *poor*.  
No, Sir, I cannot be your humble hack;  
I fear your Majesty would break my back.

I dare refuse you for another reason—  
We differ in religion, Sir, a deal;  
You fancy it a sin ally'd to treason,  
And vastly dang'rous to the common weal,  
For subjects minuets and jiggs to play  
On the LORD'S DAY.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of fiddling,  
And, in my morals, what the world calls *middling*:  
I've ask'd my conscience, that came straight from  
heav'n,

Whether I stood a chance to be forgiv'n,  
If on a Sunday, from all scruples free,  
I scrap'd the *Old Black Joke* and *Chere Amie*.

“ Ah, fool (exclaim'd my conscience), no! no! no!  
“ God never against music made a rule;

“ On

“ On Sundays you may safely take your bow—  
“ And play as well the fiddle as the fool.”

A late archbishop \*, too, O KING,  
Who knew most secrets of the skies,  
Said, Heav'n on Sundays relish'd pipe and string,  
Where sounds on sounds unceasing rise—  
And ask'd, as *Sunday* had its music *there*,  
Why *Sunday* should not have its music *here* ?

In consequence of this divine opinion,  
That *Prince* of PARSONS in your great dominion,  
Inform'd his fashionable wife,  
That she might have her *Sunday* routs and cards,  
And meet at last with Heav'n's rewards,  
When death should take her precious life.

Thus dropping pious qualms, religious doubts,  
His lady did enjoy her *Sunday* routs !  
Upon *Good Friday*, too, that awful day,  
Lo ! like VAUXHALL was LAMBETH all so gay !

Now, if his present GRACE, with keener eyes,  
Could squint a little farther in the skies,  
He might be able to inform his dame,  
Of two importer's, p'rhaps, call'd SIN and SHAME,  
Who may a pleasure from our grasp remove,  
Pretending to commissions from *above*.

Like this, a secret, could his Grace explore,  
What a *merry* day for us and *Mistress* MOORE !  
For lo, two greater foes we cannot name  
To this world's joys than Messrs. SIN and SHAME.

Then might we think no more of praise and pray'r,  
But leave at will our maker in the lurch ;  
Sleep, racket, lye-a bed, or take the air,  
And leave to owls and bats to fill the church.

SUNDAY, like other days, would then have life ;  
Now prim, and starch, and silent, as a quaker—  
And gloomy in her looks, as if the wife  
Or widow of an undertaker.

Happy should I have been, my liege,  
 So great a monarch to oblige;  
 And, Sir, between you, and the post,  
 And me, you don't know what you've lost——

The loss of me, so great a bard,  
 Is not, O king! to be repair'd.  
 My verse, superior to the hardest rock,  
 Nor earthquake, storms, nor sea, nor fire;—  
 Fears nought.

Surpassing, therefore, Mistress DAMER's block,  
 That boasts so strong a likeness of you, SIRE.  
 That block, so pond'rous, must with time decay,  
 And all the lines of wisdom wear away:  
 I grant the lady's *loyalty* and LOVE,  
 Yet, "none but Phidias should attempt a JOVE."

The *Macedonian* HERO grac'd the stone  
 Of fam'd *Praxiteles* alone;  
 Forbidding others to attempt his nob,  
 It was so great and difficult a job.

Augustus swore an oath so dread,  
 He'd cut off any poet's head,  
 But Virgil's, that should dare his praise rehearse,  
 Or even mention his name in verse.  
 Then, Sir, if I may be a little free,  
 My art would suit your merits to a T.

Lord! in my adamantine lays  
 Your virtues should like bonfires blaze——  
 So firm your tuneful jeweller would set 'em,  
 They'd break the teeth of time to eat 'em.

Wrapp'd in the splendour of my golden line,  
 For ever would your M—j—ty be fine!  
 Appear a gentleman of first repute,  
 And always glitter in a birth-day suit.

Then to old stories would I give the lie,  
 That dar'd attack you, and your fame devour;  
 Who ought like Egypt's pyramids to tow'r;  
 Such as the following fable, for EXAMPLE  
 Of impudence, unprecedented sample!



# THE ROYAL SHEEP,

## A FABLE.

SOME time ago, a dozen lambs,  
Two *reverend* patriarchal rams,  
And one good motherly old ewe,  
Died on a sudden down at KEW ;

Where with the sweetest innocence, alas !  
Those pretty inoffensive lambs,  
And rev'rend patriarchal rams,  
And motherly old ewe, were nibbling grafs :  
All the fair property of our great king,  
Whose deaths did much the royal bosom wring :  
'Twas said that dogs had tickled them to death :  
Play'd with their gentle throats, and stopp'd their  
breath.

Like Homer's heroes on th' enfanguin'd plain,  
Stalk'd Mr. R—b—nf—n \* around the slain !  
And never was more fright'ned in his life !  
So shock'd was Mr. R—b—nf—n's whole face,  
Not stronger horrors could have taken place,  
Had *Cerberus* devour'd his wife !

With wild despairing looks and sighs,  
And wet and pity-asking eyes,  
He, trembling, to the royal presence ventur'd—  
White as the whitest napkin when he enter'd !  
White as the man who fought King PRIAM's bed,  
And told him that his warlike son was dead.

“ O ! please your M—j—ty ” he, blubb'ring, cried—  
And then stopp'd short——

\* The *bird*.

“ What ? ”

"What? what? what? what? the staring k—g  
replied,

"Speak, Robinson, speak, speak, what, what's the  
"hurt?"

"O Sire," said R—b—nf—n again——

"Speak,"—said the King—"put, put me out of  
"pain—

"Don't, don't in this suspense a body keep"—

"O Sire," cried *Robinson*, "the sheep, the sheep!!!"

"What of the sheep," replied the King, "pray, pray,

"Dead, R—b—nf—n, dead, dead, or run away?"

"Dead," answer'd R—b—nf—n, "dead, dead, dead,  
"dead!!!!"

Then like a drooping lily hung his head!

"How? how?" the Monarch ask'd, with visage sad.

"By dogs," said R—b—nf—n, "and likely mad!"

"No, no, they can't be mad, they can't be mad—

"No, no, things arn't so bad, things arn't so bad,"

Rejoin'd the King:

"Off with them quick to market, quick, depart—

"In with them, in, in with them in a cart.

"Sell, sell them for as much as they will bring."

Now to Fleet-market, driving like the wind,

Amidst his murder'd mutton rode the HIND,

All in the royal cart so great,

To try to sell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,

And ewes, and rams,

Design'd for many a London dinner,

Reach'd the leathern ears of Sh—r—ff Sk—NN—R,

Who, with a hammer and a conscience clear,

Pompously gets ten thousand pounds a year;

And who if things go tolerably fair,

Will be one day proud LONDON's prouder MAYOR.

The alderman was in his pulpit shining,

'Midst gentlemen with night-caps, hair, and wigs;

In language most rhetorical defining

The sterling merit of a lot of pigs:

When

When suddenly the news was brought,  
That in Fleet-market were unwholesome sheep,  
Which made the preacher from his pulpit leap,  
As nimble as a taylor, or as thought.

For justice panting, and unaw'd by fears,  
This king, this emperor of auctioneers,  
Set off—indeed a furious face he put on—  
Like lightning did he gallop up Cheapside!  
Like thunder down through Ludgate *did* he ride—  
To catch the man who sold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet-market full of wrath he came,  
And with the spirit of an ancient Roman,  
Exceeded, I believe by no man,  
The *auctioneer alderman*, so virtuous, cried out  
“Shame.”

“D—mme,” to R—b—n—n said Master SKINNER,  
“Who on such mutton, Sir, can make a dinner?”—  
“You, if you please,”

Cried R—b—n—n, with perfect ease.

“Sir!!!” quoth the red hot alderman again—

“You,” quoth the HIND, in just the same cool strain.

“Off, off,” cried Sk—nn—er, “with your carrion  
“heap—

“Quick, d—mme, take your nasty sheep.

“Whilst I command, not e’en the k—g

“Shall such vile stuff to market bring,

“Nor London stalls such garbage bear—

“So take away your stinking fare.”

“You,” replied R—b—n—n, “you cry out shame!

“*You* blast the sheep, good Master Sk—nn—er,  
pray;

“*You* give the harmless mutton a bad name!

“*You* impudently order it away!

“Sweet Master ALDERMAN, don’t make this rout:

“Clap on your spectacles upon your snout;

“And then your keen surveying eyes regale

“With those same fine large letters on the cart

D

“Which

" Which brought this *blasted* mutton here for sale."—  
 Poor Sk—nn—r read, and read it with a start.  
 Like HAMLET fright'ned at his father's ghost,  
 The alderman stood staring like a post;  
 He saw G. R. inscrib'd in handsome letters,  
 Which prov'd the sheep belong'd unto his betters.

The alderman now turn'd to deep REFLECTION;  
 And, being blest with proper recollection,  
 Exclaim'd, " I've made a great mistake!—Oh! sad—  
 " Indeed, the sheep are really not so bad.

" Dear Mr. R—b—nf—n, I beg your pardon,  
 " Your Job-like patience I've born hard on;  
 " Whoever says the mutton is not good,  
 " Knows nothing, Mr. R—b—nf—n, of food.

" I verily believe I could turn glutton,  
 " On such neat, wholesome, pretty-looking mutton—  
 " Pray, Mr. R—b—nf—n, the mutton sell—  
 " I hope, Sir, that his M—j—ty is well."—

So saying, Mr. R—b—nf—n he quitted,  
 With cherubimic smiles and placid brows,  
 For such embarrassing occasions fitted—  
 Adding just five-and-twenty bows.

To work went R—b—nf—n on to sell the sheep,  
 But people would not buy, except *dog-cheap*;  
 And length the sheep were sold—without the fleece—  
 And brought K—g G—e just half-a-crown a-piece.

Now for the other laughing, saucy, *lying* story,  
 Made, one would think, to tarnish kingly glory.

## THE K—G AND PARSON YOUNG.

THE K—g, God bless him, met old *Parson*  
 YOUNG

Walking on Windsor terrace one fair morning—  
 Delightful was the day—the scent was strong—  
 A heav'nly day for howling and for horning;

For



For tearing farmer's hedges down, and hallooings,  
Shouts, curses, oaths, and such like pious doings.

"Young," cried the K—g, "d'ye hunt, d'ye hunt  
"to-day?"

"Yes, yes,—what, what? yes, yes, fine day, fine  
"day."

Low with a rev'rend bow the priest replied,

"Great K—g! I have really no horse to ride;

"Nothing, O Monarch, but my founder'd mare,

"And she, my *liege*, as blind as she can stare."

"No horse," rejoin'd the K—g, "no horse, no  
"horse!"

"Indeed," the parson added,—"I have none:

"Nothing but poor old *Dobbin*, who, of course,

"Is dangerous—being blinder than a stone."

"Blind, blind, YOUNG? never mind, you must, must  
"go,

"Must hunt, must hunt, YOUNG—stay behind?—

"no, no!"

What pity that the K—g, in his discourse,

Forgot to say, "I'll lend you, YOUNG, a horse!"

The K—G to YOUNG—behaving thus so kind,

Whate'er the danger, and howe'er inclin'd,

At home with *politesse* YOUNG could not stay—

So up his *Rev'rence* got upon the MARE,

Resolv'd the chace with M—j—y to share,

Whate'er the dangers of the DAY.

Rous'd was the deer!—the K—g and Parson YOUNG,

Castor and Pollux, rode side by side;

When lo! a ditch was to be sprung!

Over leap'd G. THE THIRD with kingly pride.

Over jump'd *Tinker*, *Towzer*, *Rockwood*, *Fowler*,

Over jump'd *Mendal*, *Brushwood*, *Tubal*, *Fowler*,

*Trimbus* and *Lightning*, *Musie*, *Ranter*, *Wonder*,

And fifty others with their mouths of thunder—

Great names! whose pedigrees so fair,

With those of *Homer's* heroes might compare.

Thus gloriously attended, leap'd the K——G,  
 By all those hounds attended with a spring!—  
 Not CÆSAR's self a fiercer look put on,  
 When with his HOST he press'd the *Rubicon*!

But wayward fate the parson's palfrey humbled,  
 And gave the mare a sudden check——  
 Unfortunately poor blind *Dobbin* stumbled,  
 And broke his Reverence's neck.

The M——rch, gaping, with amaze look'd round  
 Upon his dead companion on the ground——  
 "What, what?" he cried, "YOUNG dead! YOUNG  
 "dead!  
 "Humph!—take him up—and put him home to bed."

Thus having finish'd—with a chearful face——  
 NIMROD the *Second* join'd the *jovial* chace.

## A MORAL REFLECTION.

FOOLS would have stopp'd when Parson YOUNG  
 was kill'd,

And, loosing ev'ry thought of hound and deer,  
 With weakness, call'd compassion, fill'd,  
 Had turn'd *Samaritan*, and dropp'd a *tear*.

But better far the royal sportsman knew——

He guess'd the consequence, without a doubt——  
 Full well he guess'd he should not have a view——  
 And that he should be shamefully thrown out.

P'rhaps, from the royal eye a tear *might* hop;  
 Yet pages swear they never saw it drop.

But M——j——ty may say—"What, what, what's death?  
 "Nought, nought, nought, but a little loss of breath."

To Parson YOUNG 'twas *more*, I'm very clear——  
 HE LOST by death some hundred pounds a-year.

A great

A great deal, my dear LIEGE, depends  
On having *clever* bards for friends——

What, had ACHILLES been without his HOMER ?—  
A taylor, woollen-draper, or a comber !  
Fellows that have been dead a hundred year,  
None but the Lord knows how or where——

In POETRY's rich grafts how virtues thrive !—  
Some when put in, so lean, scarce seem alive ;  
And yet, so speedily a bulk obtain,——  
That ev'n their *owners* know them not again.

Could you, indeed, have gain'd my muse of fire,  
Great would your luck have been, indeed, great Sire !  
Then had I prais'd your nobleness of spirit !

Then had I boasted that myself,  
*High* PETER, was the first blest, tuneful elf,  
You ever gave a farthing to for merit.

Though money be a pretty handy tool ;  
Of *Mammon*, lo ! I scorn to be the fool.  
If fortune calls, she's wellcome to my cot,  
Whether she leaves a guinea or a groat :  
Whether she brings me from the butcher's shop—  
The whole sheep, or a single *chop*.

For lo ! like ANDREW MARVELL I can dine,  
And deem a mutton bone extremely fine——  
Then, Sir, how difficult the task you see,  
To bribe a *moderate* GENTLEMAN like ME.

I will not swear, *point blank*, I shall not alter—  
A saint—my namesake e'en was known to falter.

Nay more—some clever men in opposition,  
Whose souls did really seem in good condition ;  
Who made of PITT such horrible complaint,  
And damn'd him for the worst of knaves ;  
Alter'd their mind—became his humble slaves,  
And publish'd their new patron for a SAINT.

And who is there that may not change his mind ?  
When can you folks of that description find ?

Who will not sell their souls for cash,  
That most angelic diabolic trash !!

E'en grave divines accept of glitt'ring gold !  
The best of consciences are bought and sold :  
As in a \* tale I've shewn most edifying,  
To prove to all the world, that I'm not lying.

\* *Vide* the tale intituled, The Parson, the Squire, and the Spaniel.

---

A  
BENEVOLENT EPISTLE

TO

SYLVANUS URBAN,

ALIAS

MASTER JOHN NICHOLS,

PRINTER, COMMON COUNCILMAN OF FARRINGDON  
WARD, AND CENSOR-GENERAL OF LITERATURE.

NOT FORGETTING

MASTER WILLIAM HAYLEY,

POET AND ESSAYIST.

---

HOW now, prithee, John,  
Do not quarrel, man,  
Let us be merry and  
Drink about.

---

*Carb.*

I Who ambitious that the brats, my rhymes,  
Should see the gentlefolks of future times ;  
Rise like *antiques* in value, nor expire,  
Till ruin spreads his universal fire :

Dread



Dread thought ! that to destruction must be giv'n  
 This charming world, this handsome work of heav'n !  
 I, who regardful of the courtier throng,  
 To K—gs, and Lords, and Commons tun'd the song ;  
 Bade Tom \* no more indulge the golden dream,  
 And kindly wish'd his wit a wiser theme ;  
 Struck to the lime and mortar † knight the string,  
 And hail'd of butterflies the nursing king ‡,  
 Who scorning suns and moons, with happier eyes,  
 Behold from dunghills purple emp'rors § rise ;  
 More blest on this our earth a frog to see,  
 To find a cockle-shell, and boil a flea ||,  
 Thorn'd well in yonder skies, with glory crown'd,  
 Where frogs, nor fleas, nor cockle-shells are found ;  
 More blest to mark a bat's than angel's wing ;  
 To hear a grasshopper than seraph sing ;  
 More pleas'd to view (if rumour justly paints)  
 The tails of tadpoles than the heads of saints ;  
 And hear (if fame to credence may be giv'n)  
 One humming bird than all the host of heav'n ;  
 I, who to men of canvass struck the lyre,  
 And set the *academy* with rhyme on fire ¶,  
 O'er Mount Parnassus Jove-like cast my shoe ;  
 At poets smil'd, and poetesses too,  
 Prefac'd the ballad of the good *Old Bailey*,  
 To all the cold composition of HAYLEY,  
 Whose rhymes, as soon as litter'd, join the heaps,  
 Where midst her shadowy gulph oblivion sleeps :  
 So deep who scarce can dive into himself !  
 So lofty too the tenant of the shelf !  
 Now stiffer than recruits, so raw at drill ;  
 Now *petit maitre* of the MUSES' HILL :  
 I, who to grave reviewers figh'd my pray'r,  
 Submissive bending at the critic's chair ;

\* Late Mr. Warton, Poet Laureat. *Vide* Brother Peter to Brother Tom.

† Sir William Chambers.

‡ Sir Joseph Banks.

§ Rare species of butterfly.

|| *Vide* the Ode upon Boiled Fleas.

¶ Stirred the ingenious artists up to emulation, not put them in a violent passion, as *some* uncandid critics might insinuate.

And,

And, blushing, begg'd one little laurel sprig,  
 To bring importance, and adorn my wig :  
 I, who SAM WHITEBREAD's brewhouse prais'd in song,  
 So highly honour'd by the *royal* throng ;  
 Be-rhym'd a goodly monarch and his spouse,  
 Miss Whitebread's *curtsies*, MISTER Whitebread's bows ;  
 Amounting, hist'ry says, to many a score,  
 Such too, as Chiswell-street ne'er saw before,  
 Not e'en forgetting with my classic force,  
 The brewers's bull-dog and his marv'ling horse ;  
 The curious draymen into puncheons creeping,  
 And, charm'd with greatness, through the bung-holes

*peeping :*

I, who to PITT the chords in anger struck,  
 Who whelm'd his prince so gracefully with muck ;  
 LYCURGUS PITT, whose penetrating eyes  
 Beholds the fount of freedom in EXCISE ;  
 Whose patriot logic possibly maintains  
 Th' identity of liberty and chains :  
 I, who of LEEDS and HAWKSB'RY deign'd to sing  
 The blessed fav'rites of a blessed \* \* \* \* ;  
 High on the lab'ring pinions of an ode  
 Heav'd BRUDENELL's folly, what a leaden load !  
 BRUDENELL, who bids us all the proverb feel,  
 " The largest calves are not the sweetest veal."   
 I, who on such rich subjects deign'd to shine,  
 Now tune to once a printer's DEVIL the line ;  
 But now no more a devil with Atlas mien,  
 The great supporter of a magazine \* ;  
 No more, no more a devil with humble air,  
 But fit companion for our great LORD MAYOR !  
 How like the worm which crawls at first the earth,  
 But, getting a new coat, disdains its birth ;  
 Spreads its gold tissues to the solar ray,  
 And wings o'er trees and tow'rs its airy way !

With anger foaming, and of vengeance full,  
 Why belloweth JOHN NICHOLS like a bull ?

\* The Gentleman's, as it is modestly called ; to whose gentility Mr. Hayley is a constant contributor, in the way of ingenious rhyme and liberal criticism.

Say,

Say, Goddess, could a few poetic stripes  
Make JOHN so furious, kick about his types :  
Spin round his Pandemonium like a top,  
And, thund'ring to its centre, shake the shop ?  
Could *Satire's* twig produce so dire a din ?  
And dwells such softness in a PRINTER'S skin ?

Illib'ral ! never, never have I said,  
That thou wert not an honest man in TRADE !  
Whether from principle or jail dismay  
Springs thy morality, we dare not say :  
Since jails, those iron agents of the *law*,  
Keep many a graceless rogue in pious awe.  
Yet, son of ink, devoutly let us hope  
Thou lov'st a virtue more than dread'st a *rope* ;  
Nay, to thy honour let me this declare,  
To make the rigid sons of conscience stare,  
That when thou money lendest, such thy purity,  
Detesting bad, thou seekest good security.  
Inclin'd for ever, John, to take thy part,  
Thus have I pour'd the dictates of my heart :  
" If midst a vulgar mass his stars unkind,  
" Have plac'd most niggardly a pigmy mind,  
" 'Tis not John's fault—John should not blush for  
    " shame,  
" His parsimonious planets are to blame.  
" What though in wisdom's crucible his head  
" Prove that it dealeth less in gold than lead ;  
" Unskill'd on classic ground to cut a caper,  
" Yet knoweth, John, the price of print and paper :  
" His nice discerning knowledge none deny,  
" On crown, imperial, fool's cap, and demy,  
" On blankets, sheep skins \*, urine, John can think ;  
" Myself would take his sentiments on ink :  
" Myself would take his sentiments on letters :  
" On syllables, indeed, I'd ask his betters.  
" The meanest mortal let us not deride.  
" Lo ! beasts of burden oft must be your guide ;  
" Yes, thro' the dark and unknown tract, of course,  
" I yield up all opinion to my horse."

\* Necessary for making printer's balls.

Truth,



Truth, let fair truth for ever rule my rhymes !  
 I'm told this lady visit'ft thee sometimes !  
 How kind ! how humble ! thus the god of day  
 Deigns to a mudpool to impart his ray !  
 Amidst the passion's roar, a clam'rous host,  
 Oft is the gentle voice of reason lost !  
 How triest thou, butcher-like, to carve my work,  
 And treat each sweet-soul'd stanza like a TURK !  
 From such sad readers Heav'n the muse protect,  
 Proud to find fault, and raptur'd with defect !  
 Yet though thou *frown'st* on Peter's ev'ry line,  
 Behold the diff'rence, JOHN !—he *smiles* on *thine*.

Say not I hate each man of verse and prose ;  
 I rev'rence genius, John, where'er it grows :  
 Whene'er it beams through ignorance's might,  
 I mark the stranger with as keen delight,  
 As looks the pilgrim on Bassora's tow'rs,  
 Her streams, ambrosial blooms, and myrtle bow'rs,  
 Who long denied of hope's sweet cup to taste,  
 Had sigh'd amidst the solitary waste.

Blame not the bard, thou man of *letter'd* pride,  
 Who taking not Dame Prudence for their guide,  
 Didst stone the poet's mansion like an ass,  
 Forgetting that thy own was made of glass.  
 Know, John, that passion maketh man a swine :  
 Know this, and bid thy conduct copy mine.  
 When deeming me a Saracen in heart,  
 Why, simple John, attempt my road to thwart ?  
 Amidst thy walks should bullies meet thine eye,  
 Compos'dly let those bullies pass thee by :  
 To blust'ring bravoës, for my ease and pride,  
 I give the wall, and, smiling, turn aside.  
 Thus, if a log or rock the stream oppose,  
 That sweetly lambent from its fountain flows,  
 No foamy turbulence the rills betray,  
 But, easy yielding, wind in peace away !  
 My hate of courtiers how thine anger drew,  
 I own I loath St. James's servile crew :  
 Where'er the smiles of royalty are found,  
 The *lazy clan* of courtiers crouch around :

Thus,



Thus, on the country towns when Phœbus shines,  
Amidst the radiance ev'ry cur reclines :  
And lo ! neglectful of the mice and rats,  
Each street presents us with a dozen cats.

Truth needs not, John, the eloquence of oaths,  
No more so than a decent suit of cloaths  
Requires of broad gold lace, th' expensive glare  
That makes the linsy-woolsey million stare ;  
Besides a proverb suited to my wish,  
Declares that *swearing never catches fish*.  
'Tis vulgar—I have said it o'er and o'er ;  
Then keep thy temper, man, and swear no more.  
Struck, nay half petrified, that Banks should dare,  
Indecent fellow ! ravish Newton's chair ;  
Mock such as wisdom's sacred mines explore,  
And kick the arts and sciences to door ;  
Making (methinks a monstrous impropriety)  
A fly club of a great and fam'd society :  
The muse, with virtuous indignation stung,  
In rhymes strong chains the brazen culprit hung ;  
When, with the fury of a thousand foes,  
Howl'd the wild tempest of thy verse and prose !  
Shock'd that an idle gossip, Madam THRALE \*,  
And he † a feather genius in thy scale,  
High panting for the echo of a name,  
Should meanly crucify poor Johnson's fame ;  
I own I glow'd with more than mortal ire,  
And fix'd to satire's scourge my sharpest wire ;  
When lo ! the poet's visage to begrime,  
Forth rush'd thy muddy sluice of prose and rhyme :  
For this, against my will, indeed with tears,  
I shew'd a grinning land thy ass's ears.

Fir'd, that the muse should daringly suggest,  
That stars have beam'd upon the blackest breast ;  
Just like their heav'nly cousins all so bright,  
O'er the dark mantle of old Mother NIGHT ;  
Should hint (by fortune's wild vagaries plac'd  
That crowns may feel themselves at times disgrac'd ;

\* Now Piozzi.

† Boswell.

To take a king's and courtier's part so prone,  
Full at my forehead didst thou fling the stone ;  
But thanks to Phœbus, who secur'd my crown,  
Thou could'st not bring the great Goliath down !

Griev'd that th'ambitious muse a prince should praise,  
Whose name diffuses lustre o'er her lays ;  
A prince whose only fault is want of art,  
Whose horrid vice, benevolence of heart ;  
Which little object souls profusion call,  
And o'er each action vainly spit their gall :  
Griev'd that the muse attack'd with scorn a MAN,  
Unlucky form'd on nature's hungry plan ;  
Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,  
And fears to give a farthing to the poor ;  
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,  
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate ;  
Whose matchless avarice is meat and drink,  
That dreads to spill a single drop of ink ;  
On each superfluous letter vents a sigh,  
And saves the little dot upon an *i*.  
Happy e'en nature's tenderest ties to slight,  
And vilely rob an offspring of his right ;  
Forth rush'd thy venom—harmless, too, it flow'd,  
For man defies the poison of a toad ;  
Vex'd that the muse (as if she utter'd treason)  
Should try to bring poor *B—fw—ll* back to reason ;  
Herculean toil, to keep such folly under !!  
Loud from thy head's dark cloud I felt the thunder !  
When mad t'induce the world to deem thee wise,  
Thou star'dst through spectacles with sapient eyes ;  
Say, did I cry, th' imposture to expose,  
“ See John's whole stock of wisdom on his nose ! ”  
Cat-like, because the world my lyric read,  
Thine envy claw'd the laurel on my head ;  
Yet claw'd I not again with cat-like spleen,  
The drooping leaves of thy sad magazine.  
Touch'd not *thy* trash, nor HAYLEY's tinsel stuff ;  
Nor fresh, stale, new antiquities of GOUGH \*.

\* A fabricator of antiquities, and one of Sir Joseph's copper farthing oracles, and constant tea and toast men.

Indeed

Indeed I'm tender conscienc'd on that score,  
 And learn to look with pity on the poor :  
 No Mahawk I, in scenes of horror bred,  
 I scorn to scalp the dying or the dead.  
 Yet well thou knowest that with trifling toil,  
 On satire's gridiron I could bid thee broil——  
 Turn tuneful butcher, cut thee into quarters,  
 And give thee, John, for one of *Folly's* martyrs.—  
 I see thy vanity in all its fulness ;  
 The turbot, ven'son of aspiring dulness !  
 And let me, Oh ! rare epicure, remark,  
 That thou hast got a gullet like a spark.  
 Myself as merciful as man can be,  
 I grieve to find that mercy not in *thee*.  
 Behold, amidst their short'ning, panting breath,  
 Poor souls, the dying dread thee more than death.

“ Oh ! save us from JOHN N—CH—LS ! ” is the cry,  
 “ Let not that death-hunter know where we lie ;  
 “ What in delirium from our lips may fall,  
 “ Oh ! hide—our letters, burn them, burn them all !  
 “ Oh ! let not from the tomb our ghosts complain !  
 “ O Jesu ! we shall soon be up again ;  
 “ Condemn'd, alas ! to grin with grisly mien,  
 “ 'Midst the pale horrors of his MAGAZINE :  
 “ Like felons first in Newgate-ballads sung,  
 “ Then (giv'n to infamy) on *Hounslow* hung ! ”

Know when thou took'st of Aristarch the chair,  
 My eyes expanded only to a stare :  
 Softly, indeed, unto myself I sigh'd,  
 “ JOHNSON \*, thy place is d—mnably supply'd ;  
 “ Not that I think this idol of a million,  
 “ Longinus, Aristotle, or Quintillian ;  
 “ Who gives (against sound taste, so apt to sin)  
 “ A pyramid's importance to a pin :  
 “ On ev'ry theme alike his pompous art,  
 “ The gen'ral conflagration or a fart.”

\* The late Dr. Johnson for many years superintended this magazine, a post of honour afterwards assumed by Mr. Deputy N—ch—ls.

When into Fame's fair dome, t'insult her throne,  
 So free, as if the house had been thy own,  
 Thou dar'dst to shove a vile conundrum crew,  
 Speak, did I tell the nation with my pen,  
 How fame in anger kick'd them out again ;  
 Threw at their heads the lumber of their brains,  
 And call'd thee a pert puppy for thy pains ?  
 On such mark'd impudence did I harrangue,  
 And give to public scorn the pigmy gang ?  
 Short are the hours that smuggled praise can last,  
 An echo, a poor meritricious blast ;  
 A sudden gust that bids old ruins stare,  
 And howling, whirls a feather through the air.  
 Flatt'ry, a little sly deceiving lass,  
 With smile resistless, and a front of brass,  
 Shall reign, perchance, the idol of a day ;  
 Then like a batter'd harri-dan decay ;  
 Whilst TRUTH, unfading, lifts the head on high,  
 And dares the tooth of e'en old time defy ;  
 Lifts her fair head, and looks with brow sublime,  
 On all the fading pageantries of time,  
 Whose leather stretching conscience interest sways,  
 Sham'd that th' Hesperian fruit desired praise ;  
 Should fall through sordid avarice and spleen  
 Upon thy head, and cram thy magazine.  
 Charm'd as a child whose doting eye regards  
 Its imitation of St. Paul's with cards ;  
 When fir'd by Plutarch's venerable name,  
 Whose genius rais'd a pyramid to fame ;  
 Thou gave of BOW—ER's life a gossip's story,  
 And only rear'd a dunghill to thy glory ;  
 I rail'd not at thine infant emulation,  
 Nor spread thy weakness, John, around the nation ;  
 Nay, griev'd was I, as all the world can tell,  
 That thou should'st write a book that would not sell.  
 Oft have I whisper'd to myself, " Enough  
 " Of this most tiresome fellow's monthly stuff :  
 " A magazine ! a pedlar's, huckster's shop,  
 " That harbours brush, and cabbage-net, and mop,  
 " Pan, gridir'n, button, buckle, bodkin, bread,  
 " Tape, turnip, malkins, nightcaps, green and red,  
 " Pins,



" Pins, pipkins, garters, oatmeal, Jordan dish,  
 " Stale loaves, rusty nails, and stinking fish ;"  
 Yet bade I not the world its laugh prepare,  
 To meet thy miserable monthly ware :  
 Nay, man, I've prais'd thee—for example, said,  
 " Lo ! in this cumbrous magazine display'd  
 " Once in a year a verse to raise our wonder,  
 " Which proves that John may make a lucky blunder ;  
 " How like the heavy mountain, on whose side  
 " A daisy starts in solitary pride !"  
 Lo ! from ebriety their sons to save,  
 The Greeks oft shew'd the lads a drunken slave :  
 I thus might thee, Oh ! gingling John, display,  
 A SAD example in the rhyming way,  
 For printer's and their dæmons to avoid,  
 Whose labours might more wisely be employ'd ;  
 But pity sweetly whispers in my ear,  
 " Expose not folly that deserves a tear ;  
 " Set not the roaring lion at a rat,  
 " Nor call down thunder to destroy a gnat."  
 When MAD for honours \*—softly have I said,  
 " What imp could put it in the printer's head ?  
 " Oh ! may the fates the maniac over-rule,  
 " For titles cannot dignify a fool !"  
 Complain not that I've wrong'd thy reputation,  
 By calling thee the silliest in the nation :  
 No, John, be comforted,—it cannot be ;  
 I think I know a few that equal thee.  
 Swear, swear not that I've said, to wound thy fame,  
 That hirelings wrote each work which <sup>robs</sup> wears thy name ;  
 How false ! I know thou wrotest many a line,  
 For all the blunders of the book are thine.  
 A literary jackdaw, thou, God wot !  
 Yet by that thievish name I call'd thee not ;  
 A carrion-crow that lives upon the dead ;  
 Yet hawk-like pounc'd I not upon thy head ;  
 A daring coiner ? lo ! I let thee pass,  
 Nor once impeach'd thy literary brags !  
 Speak !—when enamour'd of thy monthly hash,  
 Thou clapp'st another sixpence on thy trash ;

\* Alluding to John's ambition to become a Common-Council man.

Once didst thou hear me in a passion roar,  
 " Was ever impudence like this before ?"  
 " Instead of making in the affair a fuss,  
 " In soft soliloquy I whisper'd thus :  
 " How blest the fool ! the fool thinks all he knows ;  
 " With joy he wakes, with joy his eye-lids close ;  
 " Pleas'd through thee to spread his own renown,  
 " With calm contempt he looks on others down ;  
 " Self and his own dear works th' eternal theme,  
 " His daily idol and his nightly dream ;  
 " Thrice envied being, whom no tongue can wound,  
 " In pride's impenetrable armour bound !  
 " How much in happiness beyond the wise,  
 " Who view the greatest men with pitying eyes,  
 " O'er human imbecility who groan,  
 " And sigh to think how little can be known !"

Oh, do not to the muse's hill resort,  
 Æsop's dull brute—a bumpkin 'midst a court ;  
 With brother council crack the clumsy joke ;  
 'Midst beer and brandy, bread and cheese, and smoke ;  
 Descend the ladder to the clouds below,  
 Where *ordinary* men of TWO-PENCE go ;  
 Where vagrant knives and forks are bound in chains,  
 And never table-cloth is spoil'd by stains ;  
 Where in the board's black hole (superb design !)  
 Pepper and salt in matrimony join ;  
 And in another hole, with frown and smile,  
 Much, too, like marriage, vinegar and oil !—  
 Where—for a towel (œconomic thought !)  
 A monstrous mastiff's after dinner brought,  
 Complacent waits on gentlemen's commands,  
 And yields his back so rough to wipe their hands—  
 Such is the scene where thou should'st ever sit,  
 Form'd to thy taste, and suited to thy wit—  
 Deal not in hist'ry. often have I said,  
 'Twill prove a most unprofitable trade :  
 Talk not of PAINTING, for thou know'st her not ;  
 Such coy acquaintance will not boil thy pot :  
 Nor make strong love to MUSIC, she's a dame  
 Who smiles not on the souls of earth, but flame.

Push

Push not thy brain to thought—thou canst not think—  
 From metaphysic should thy genius shrink !  
 To thee superior see the goddess rise,  
 And hide her lofty head amidst the skies !  
 Behold eternal 'midst her beauties shroud,  
 And 'tis not thy weak eyes can pierce the cloud.  
 Curs'd with the common furor of inditing,  
 Yet if thy head possess the mangle of writing :  
 Go with *biography*, and cool thy rage,  
 Pen lives that cannot well disgrace thy page ;  
 Describe whom ev'ry nobler virtue curses,  
 A pair who mump with millions in their purses.  
 If loftier subjects thy ambition call,  
 Descant upon the giants of Guildhall.

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*The Poet complaineth of the Cruelty of Authors, Authoresses, and the Blue Stocking Club.*

## ELEGY TO APOLLO.

**G**REAT are my enemies in trade, God knows !  
 There's not a poet but would stop my note ;  
 With such a world of spite their venom flows,  
 With such good-will the knaves could cut my throat.

Yet, how have I offended, Phœbus, say,  
 To get so much ill-blood, such cursing looks ?  
 It is because my more ambitious lay  
 Disdains to visit trunk-makers and cooks.

To go with them to grocers, and to men  
 Who fortune in that weed tobacco see ;  
 From thence come deeply laden back again,  
 With sugar, pigtail, pepper, and rappee ?

The man of words, of stilt—supported phrase,  
 The glist'ning Hayley scorns whate'er I write ;  
 This will-o'-wisp of verse disdains my lays ;  
 Tales, odes, or any thing, yield him delight !

So softly, yet in ware so humbly dealing !  
 So classically tasteless ! big with nought !  
 So tender, yet so destitute of feeling !  
 So sentimental, too, without a thought !

I see the band of *blue* stockings arise,  
 Historic, critic, and poetic dames !  
 This lifts her palms, and that her marv'ling eyes,  
 And squeaks, " The fellow's stuff should feel the  
 " flames."

" Such is the way his works should come to light ;"—  
 Thus rail those dames of classic erudition ;  
 Thus leagu'd with wit, unmerciful they bite  
 Thy fav'rite bard, O Phœbus, and physician.

And now I hear a score in union bawl,—  
 " In cold contempt shall poor PIZZI sigh ?  
 " Miss HANNAH MORE into oblivion fall ?  
 " Dear Mistress MONTAGUE neglected lie ?

" Those rich Corinthian pillars of the club,  
 " Sink to the ground so vile, with dust bespread ;  
 " Whilst he of motley-poetry the SCRUB\*,  
 " Erects colossus-like his brazen head !

" Oh ! let the scullion use his vapid book,  
 " Instead of dishclouts, when her hands she wipes :  
 " Oh ! let the kindled leaves assist the cook,  
 " And of old washerwomen light the pipes !"

Thus in my condemnation all agree,  
 The mighty cloud-capp'd PETTICOATED WISE ;  
 Whilst pleas'd (as conscious of the just decree)  
 In proud disdain their snuff-clad noses rise !

\* The Poet here fancifully alludeth to Mr. Scrub, the servant of all work, in Farquhar's play of the *Beaux Stratagem*.



The Misses sad of elegy my foes,  
 Say my rude genius wants the genuine fire ;  
 Bald all my rhimes, my verses measured prose,  
 That bears would better touch the muse's lyre.

The riddle and conundrum-mongers cry,  
 " Pshaw ! damn his lyric odes and satires all ;  
 " His strength in fields DIARIAN dares he try ?  
 " Soon would the almanac record his fall ! "

Thus with dread voice my enemies exclaim !  
 Thus am I doom'd to gulp the bitter pill !  
 Themselves, fair traders of the mount they name,  
 But *me* a smuggler on thy sacred hill !

God of us lyrics, shall I rouse my rhyme,  
 Confound the gang, and vindicate my lay,  
 Or calmly leave them to devouring time,  
 Who dines upon such *witlings* every day ?

SOME discontents arising among the more enlightened members of the R—y—l S—c—ty, on account of Sir Joseph's non-communication of wisdom to the Royal Journals, spurred the knight on at last to open his mouth.—He told an intimate friend that he had made a discovery that would astonish the world, enrich the journals, and render himself immortal.—With the most important confidence and philosophic solemnity, he affirmed, that he was upon the very eve of proving what had never entered into the soul of man, viz. That FLEAS were LOBSTERS.—Accordingly, JONAS DRYANDER was ordered to go and collect fifteen hundred fleas, and boil them ; which, if they changed to the fine crimson of the lobster, would put the identity of the lobster species beyond the possibility of a doubt.

At

—At length, the beds of the president were ransacked by his FLEA-CRIMP, JONAS.—Fifteen hundred of the hopping inhabitants were caught, and passed the dreadful ordeal of boiling water: with what success, O gentle reader, the Ode will inform thee.

## SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND THE

## BOILED FLEAS.

**B**LEST be the man who thought upon a college,  
 The market of all sorts of knowledge,  
 Th' Emporium, as we classic people say:  
 Nay, he upon societies who thought,  
 To learning's stock a deal of treasure brought,  
 Dragging obscurity so deep to day;  
 Making the dame turn out her bag,  
 Conceal'd beneath her inky cloak;  
 Examining the smallest rag,  
 Blacken'd by time's most sacred smoke.

To use a simile a little rough,  
 Stripping dame nature to her very buff;  
 Or, to be somewhat more in speech refin'd,  
 By dint of pow'rs of eye and mind,  
 Enlight'ning what through darkness might escape,  
 Embroid'ring thus with silver-spangles crape.

The mention of societies recalls  
 Of SOMERSET \* the lofty walls,  
 The hive where fam'd Sir Joseph reigns queen bee;  
 Though men, to whom Sir Joseph is not known,  
 Most certainly must take him for a drone,  
 Whose face by floven nature's hard decree,

\* The Royal Society hold their meetings there now.

Seems

Seems form'd fair ladies' pockets to alarm,  
Rather than steal their tender hearts by charm.

Well! so much for Sir Joseph's face,  
And eke about the hive-like place,  
Where our Sir Joseph reigns queen bee;  
And verily queen bee's a proper name,  
For, reader, know it is a royal dame,  
Who to her subjects issueth decree.

Sendeth her subjects east and west,  
To pitch on flow'rs and weeds the best,  
And bring sweet treasure to the hive:  
She keepeth, too, of gentleman a band,  
To say soft things, and flatter, kiss her hand,  
Who eat the honey for such deeds, and thrive.

Sir Joseph has his flatt'ers, too, in hand,  
Who say soft things—yea, very soft, indeed,  
For which the gentle flatt'ring band  
Gain butter'd toast, sweet flatt'ry's oily meed.

A girl for novelty where'er it lies,  
In mosses, fleas, or cockle-shells, or flies,  
Sir Joseph ever seeks for something new:  
Of this, whene'er he sits, he gravely talks,  
Or whilst he eats, or drinks, or runs, or walks,  
Amidst his royal and attendant crew.

One morning, at his house in Soho-square,  
As with a solemn awe-inspiring air,  
Amidst some royal sycophants he sat,  
Most manfully their masticators using,  
Most pleasantly their greasy mouths amusing,  
With coffee, butter'd toast, and bird's nest char;  
In Jonas Dryander, the fav'rite, came,  
Who manufactures all Sir Joseph's fame——  
“What luck?” Sir Joseph bawl'd—“fay, Jonas,  
“fay.”—  
“I've boil'd just fifteen hundred,”—Jonas whin'd—  
“The dev'l a one change colour could I find;”  
Intelligence creating dire dismay!!——

Then

Then Jonas curs'd, with many a wicked wish,  
Then shew'd the stubborn fleas upon a dish.—  
“ How,” roar'd the President, and backward fell—  
“ There goes, then, my hypothesis to hell !! ”  
And now his head in deep despair he shook ;  
Now clos'd his eyes, and now upon his breast,  
He, mutt'ring, droop'd, his sable beard unblest ;  
Now twirl'd his thumbs, and groan'd with piteous  
look.

Dead struck sat AUBERT, BLAGDEN, PLANTA, WOYDE,  
Whose jaw-bones in the mumbling trade employ'd,  
Half open'd, gap'd, in sudden stupor lost ;  
Whilst from the mouth of ev'ry gaping man,  
In many rills the cream-clad coffee ran,  
Supporting dainty bits of butter'd toast.

When gaining speech, the parasitic crowd  
Leap'd up, and roar'd in unison aloud :  
“ Heav'ns ! What's the matter ? Dear Sir Joseph,  
“ pray ?  
Dumb to their questions the *great man* remain'd :  
The knight, deep pond'ring, nought vouchsaf'd to say :  
Again the GENTLEMEN their voices rais'd ;  
Sudden the president of flies, amaz'd,  
Strides round the room, with disappointment mad,  
Whilst ev'ry eye, enlarg'd with wonder, rolls ;  
And now his head against the wainscot leaning,  
“ Since you *must* know, *must* know,” he said, “ the  
“ meaning,  
“ Fleas are not lobsters, damn their souls \* ”

\* The author would not have so frequently taken the liberty of putting vulgarisms into the worthy President's mouth, had he not known that Sir Joseph was the most accomplished swearer of the Royal Society.

INSTRUC-



## I N S T R U C T I O N S

TO A LATE CELEBRATED

L A U R E A T.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI!

*Old Sun Dials.*

**T**OM, soon as e'er thou strik'st thy *golden* lyre,  
 Thy brother Peter's muse is all on fire,  
 To sing of kings and queens, and such rare folk :  
 Yet, 'midst thy heap of compliments so fine,  
 Say, may we venture to believe a line ?  
 You Oxford wits most dearly love a joke !

Son of the NINE, thou writest well on *nought*——  
 Thy thund'ring stanza, and its pompous thought,  
 I think must put a dog into a laugh :  
 EDWARD and HARRY were much braver men,  
 Than this new christen'd hero of thy pen ;  
 Yes, laurell'd ODEMAN, braver far, by half.

Though on Blackheath, and Wimbledon's wide plain,  
 George keeps his hat off in a show'r of rain ;  
 Sees swords and bayonets without a dread,  
 Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head.  
 Although at grand reviews he seems so blest,  
 And leaves at six o'clock his downy nest,  
 Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, or bolsters,  
 Unlike his officers, who, fond of cramming,  
 And at *reviews* afraid of thirst and famine,  
 With bread and cheese, and brandy, fill their holsters.

Sure, Tom, we should do justice to Queen Bess ;  
 His present Majesty, whom Heav'n long bless

With

With wisdom, wit, and arts of choicest quality,  
Will never get, I fear, so fine a niche  
As that old queen, though often call'd old b—ch,  
In fame's colossal-house of immortality.

As for John Dryden's Charles—that king,  
Indeed, was never any mighty thing——  
He merited few honours from the pen——  
And yet he was a dev'lish hearty fellow,  
Enjoy'd his girl, and bottle—and got mellow—  
And mind kept company with *gentlemen*!

For, like some kings, in hobby grooms,  
Knights of the manger, curry-combs, and brooms,  
Lost to all glory, Charles did not delight——  
Nor jok'd by day with pages, servant-maids,  
Large, red poll'd, blowzy, hard two-handed *jades*;  
Indeed, I know not what Charles did by *night*.

Reader, I am of Candor a great lover;  
In short, I'm Candor's self all over;  
Sweet as a candied cake from top to toe;  
Make it a rule that virtue shall be prais'd:  
And humble merit from her back be rais'd:  
What thinkest thou of Peter now?

Thou criest, "Oh! how false! behold thy king,  
"Of whom thou scarcely say'st a handsome thing;  
"That king hath virtues that should make thee stare."  
Is it so?—then the sin's in me——  
'Tis my vile optics that can't see——  
Then pray for them when next thou say'st a pray'r.

But p'rhaps, aloft on his imperial throne,  
So distant, O ye gods, from ev'ry one,  
The royal virtues are, like many a star,  
Remov'd from this our pigmy system too far;  
Whose light, though flying ever since creation,  
Hath not yet pitch'd upon our nation.

Then may the royal ray be soon explor'd—  
And, Thomas, if thou'lt swear thou art not hum-  
ming,

I'll take my spying-glasses, and bring thee word,  
The instant I behold it coming.

But, Thomas Wharton, without joking,  
Art thou, or art thou not, thy sovereign mocking ?  
How can'st thou seriously declare,  
That G—— the Third,  
With Cressy's Edward can compare,  
Or Harry ?—'tis too bad, upon my word.  
G——e is a clever king, I must needs own,  
And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaim'st, " Add-rot it, Peter, pray,  
" What to the devil shall I sing or say ? "

I'll tell thee what to say, O tuneful Tom—  
Sing how a monarch when his son was dying,  
His gracious eyes and ears were edifying,  
By Abbey company and kettle-drum :  
Leaving that son to death and the physician,  
Between two fires—a forlorn—hope condition ;  
Two poachers, who make man their game,  
And, special marksmen ! seldom miss their aim.

Say, though the monarch did not see his son,  
He kept aloof through fatherly affection—  
Determined nothing should be done,  
To bring on useless tears and dismal recollection.  
For what can tears avail, and piteous sighs ?  
Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes :  
And what are sighs and tears but wind and water,  
That shew the leakiness of mortal nature.

Reader, thou'lt with my simile not quarrel :  
Like air and any sort of drink,  
Whizzing and oozing through each chink,  
That prove the weakness of the barrel.

Say—for the Prince, when wet was ev'ry eye,  
And thousands pour'd to heav'n the pitying sigh,  
Devout ;  
Say how a K—, unable to dissemble,  
Order'd the SIDDONS to his house, and KEMBLE,  
To spout !!

Gave them ice-creams and wines so dear—  
 Who ne'er could get till *then* a thimbleful of beer!  
 For which they've thank'd the author of this metre—  
*Videlecit*, the moral-mender, Peter,  
 Who in his works is often heard t'exclaim,  
 And call such *royal avarice* a shame.

Say!—but I'll teach thee *how* to *say* an ODE,  
 Thus shall thy labours visit fame's abode—  
 In company with my immortal lay—  
 And look, TOM—thus I fire away.—

## A NEW WAY OF MAKING A BIRTH-DAY ODE.

THIS day, this very day gave birth  
 Not to the *brightest* monarch upon earth,  
 Because there are some brighter and as big—  
 Who love the arts that man exalts to heav'n—  
 G——e loves them likewise when they're giv'n  
 To four-legg'd gentry, christen'd dog and pig\*,  
 Whose acts in this our *unenlighten'd* nation  
 Have much improv'd the British education,

Full of the art of brewing beer,  
 The monarch heard of Mr. WHITEBREAD's fame.  
 Quoth he, one day, unto the queen, " My dear,  
 " Whitebread hath got a marvellous great name;  
 " Shame, shame, we have not yet this brew-house  
 " seen ;"  
 Thus said the king unto the queen.

Red hot with novelty's delightful rage,  
 To Mr. Whitebread forth he sent a page,

\* The dancing dogs and learned pig have made a part of royal amusement.



To say that majesty propos'd to view,  
 With thirst of knowledge deep inflam'd,  
 His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogheads fam'd,  
 And learn the noble secret how to *brew*.

Of such unthought-of honour proud,  
 Most lowly Mr. Whitebread bow'd;  
 So *bumbly*, so the humble story goes,  
 He touch'd e'en *terra-firma* with his nose;  
 Then said unto the page, "*Hight*, Billy Ramus,  
 " Happy are we that our great K—— should name us  
 " As worthy unto majesty to shew  
 " How very dext'rously we brew."

Away sprung Billy Ramus quick as thought,  
 To majesty the welcome tidings brought:  
 Then told how Whitebread star'd like any stake,  
 And trembled—then the civil things he said—  
 On which the K—— did smile and nod his head;  
 For monarchs love to see their subjects quake;  
 Such horrors unto kings most pleasant are,  
 Proclaiming rev'rence and humility—  
 High thoughts, too, all those shaking fits declare  
 Of kingly grandeur and great capability!

People of worship, wealth, and birth,  
 Look on the humbler sons of earth,  
 Indeed in a most humble light, God knows!  
 High stations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,  
 Where ships below appear like little skiffs,  
 The people walking on the Strand like *crows*.

Muse, sing the stir that Mr. Whitebread made;  
 Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid  
 He should not charm enough his guests *divine*:  
 His *maids* had all new aprons, gowns, and smocks;  
 And lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,  
 To make the brewers and the draymen *fine*.

Busy as horses in a field of clover,  
 Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools, were tumbled over,  
 Amidst the Whitebread-rout of preparation  
 To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now mov'd KING, QUEEN, and PRINCESSES so grand,  
To visit the first brewer in the land——  
Who sometimes drank his beer, and munch'd his meat  
In a snug corner christened Chifwell-street.

Lord AYLESBURY, and Denbigh's Lord *also*,  
His Grace the Duke of MONTAGUE *likewise*,  
With Lady HARCOURT, join'd the *raree-show*,  
And fix'd all Smithfield's marv'ling eyes——  
For lo! a greater show ne'er grac'd those *quarters*  
Since *Mary* roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Arriv'd, the K—— broad grinn'd, and gave a nod  
To Mr. Whitebread, who had God

Come down with his angels to behold his beer,  
With more respect he never could have met——  
Indeed the man was in a sweat,

So much the BREWER did the K—— revere.

Her majesty contriv'd to make a *dip*——  
Light as a feather then the K—— did skip,  
And ask'd a thousand questions with a laugh,  
Before poor Whitebread well could answer half.

Dear Tom! my ode should have a *smile*——

Well! in Jamaica, on a tam'rind-tree,

Five hundred parrots, gabbling just like Jews,  
I saw—Such noise the feather'd imps did make,  
As made my *pericranium* ake——

Asking and telling parrot news.

Then was the brewhouse fill'd with gabbling noise,  
Whilst draymen and the brewhouse boys  
Did eat the questions which the king did ask:

In diff'rent parties were they staring seen,

Wond'ring to think they saw a king and queen:  
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen fix'd themselves (a pretty luncheon)  
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon,  
And through the bung-hole wink'd with curious eye,  
To view, and be assured what sort of things  
Were princesses, and queens, and kings;  
For whose most lofty stations thousands sigh!

And

And lo ! of all the gaping puncheon clan,  
Few were the mouths that had not got a man !

Now majesty into a pump so deep  
Did with an opera-glass of DOLLAND peep,  
Examining with care each wond'rous matter

That brought up water——  
Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,  
A chatt'ring bird we often meet ;  
A bird for curiosity well known,  
With head awry  
And cunning eye,  
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

Thus, Tom, my similies I scatter,  
And so proceed in my poetic matter.

And now his curious M——y did stoop  
To count the nails on ev'ry hoop :  
And lo ! no single thing came in his way,  
That full of deep research he did not say,  
“ What's this ? he, he ! what's that ? what's this ?  
“ what's that ? ”

So quick the words, too, when he deign'd to speak,  
As if the syllables would break their neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,  
Our sovereign peeps into the world of *small* !  
Thus microscopic geniuses explore

Things that too oft provoke the public scorn,  
Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,  
By finding systems in a pepper-corn.

Now Mr. Whitebread, ferious, did declare,  
To make the majesty of England stare,  
That he had butts, enough, he knew,  
Plac'd side by side, would reach along to Kew :  
On which the K—— with wonder swiftly cried,  
“ What ? if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,  
“ What would they do plac'd end to end ? ”

To whom with knitted calculating brow,  
The man of beer most solemnly did vow,  
Almost to Windsor that they would extend ;

On which the K——, with wond'ring mien,  
Repeated it unto the wond'ring queen :  
On which quick turning round his halter'd head,  
The brewer's horse with face astonish'd neigh'd ;  
The brewer's dog, too, pour'd a note of thunder,  
Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail with wonder.

Now did the K—— for other beers enquire,  
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Trueman's, Thrale's *intire*—  
And, after talking of these different beers,  
Ask'd Whitebread, if *his* porter equall'd *theirs* ?

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,  
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion ;  
A kind of question to the man of cask,  
That not e'en Solomon himself would ask.

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took  
A very pretty memorandum book,  
With gilded leaves of ass's skin so white,  
And in it legibly began to write——

#### MEMORANDUM.

A charming place beneath the grates,  
For roasting chefnuts and potatoes.

#### M E M.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer.  
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitebread, and elsewhere.

#### Q U E R E.

Is there no cheaper stuff, that can be found ?  
Would not horse-aloes do as well if ground ?

#### M E M.

To try it, soon at home on our small beer,  
'Twill save perhaps a twenty pounds a-year.

#### M E M.

——To remember to forget to ask  
Old Whitebread to my house one day.——

M E M.



M E M.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask  
The brewer offer'd me away.

Now having pencill'd his remarks so *brew'd*—  
Sharp as the point of a new pin,  
His MAJESTY his watch most sagely view'd,  
And then shut up his leaves of ass's skin.

To Whitebread now deign'd majesty to say,  
" Whitebread, are all your horses fond of hay ?

" Yes, please your MAJESTY," in humble notes,  
The brewer answer'd—" also, Sir, of *oats*.  
" Another thing my horses, too, maintains—  
" And that, an't please your majesty, are grains."

" Grains, grains ? " said MAJESTY, " to fill their  
" crops ?  
" Grains, grains ?—that come from hops—yes, hops,  
" hops."—

Here was the KING like hounds sometimes *at fault*—  
" Sire," cried the humble brewer, " give me leave  
" Your sacred majesty to undeceive.  
" Grains, Sire, are never made from *hops*, but *malt*."

" True," said the cautious *monarch*, with a smile,  
" From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while."  
" Yes," with the sweetest bow, rejoin'd the brewer,  
" An't please your MAJESTY, you did, I'm sure."  
" Yes," answer'd MAJESTY, with quick reply,  
" I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.

Reader, whene'er thou dost espy a nose  
That bright with many a ruby glows ;  
*That* nose, thou may'st pronounce, nay safely swear,  
Was nurs'd on something better than *small beer*.

Thus, when thou findest kings in brewing wise—  
In nat'ral hist'ry holding lofty station ;  
Thou may'st conclude, with marv'ling eyes,  
Such kings have had a goodly education—

Now

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,  
That daily asks the draymen all to dine :  
On which the bell rung out (how very proper !)  
To shew it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their sov'reign's curious eye,  
Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful sprigs,  
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty,  
Appear'd the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs :  
On which th'observant MAN who fills a throne,  
Declar'd the pigs were vastly like his own.

Now did his MAJESTY so gracious say  
To Mr. Whitebread, in his flying way,

" Whitebread, d'ye *nick* th'excisemen now and then ?

" Hæ, Whitebread, when d'ye think to leave off  
" trade ?

" Hæ ? what ? Miss Whitebread's still a maid, a  
" maid !

" What, what's the matter with the men ?

" D'ye hunt ?—hæ, hunt ? No, no, you are too *old*—

" You'll be LORD MAYOR—LORD MAYOR one day.

" Yes, yes, I've heard so—yes, yes, so I'm told :

" Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay—

" I'll prick you ev'ry year, man, I declare :

" Yes, Whitebread,—yes, yes,—you shall be Lord  
" Mayor.

" Whitebread, d'ye *keep* a coach, or *job* one, pray ?

" Job, Job, that's cheapest—yes, that's best, that's  
" best—

" You put your liv'ries on your draymen—hæ ?

" Hæ, Whitebread ? you have feather'd well your  
" nest.

" What is the price, now, of all your stock ?

" But, Whitebread, what's o'clock ? pray what's  
" o'clock ? "

Now Whitebread inward said, " May I be curst

" If I know what to answer *first*."

Then search'd his brains with ruminating eye—

But ne'er the man of malt an answer found,

Quick on his heel, lo ! MAJESTY turn'd round,

Skipp'd off, and baulk'd the pleasure of reply.

Kings

Kings in inquisitiveness should all be strong—  
 From curiosity doth wisdom flow :  
 For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,  
 The more a man *enquires*, the more he'll *know*.

Reader, didst ever see a water-spout ?  
 'Tis possible that thou wilt answer " No."  
 Well then ! he makes a most infernal rout :  
 Sucks like an elephant the waves below,  
 With huge proboscis, reaching from the sky,  
 As if he meant to drink the ocean *dry* :  
 At length *so full*, he can't hold one drop more—  
 He bursts, down rush the waters with a roar.

Thus have seen a monarch at reviews  
 Suck from the tribe of officers the news,  
 Then bear in triumph off each *wond'rous matter*,  
 And fouce it to the QUEEN with *such a clatter* !

I always would advise folks to ask questions—  
 For, truly, questions are the keys of knowledge :  
*Soldiers* that forage for the mind's digestions—  
 Cut figure at the Old Bailey, and at College :  
 Make Chancellors, Chief Justices, and Judges,  
 Ev'n of the lowest *green-bag* drudges.

The fages say, Dame TRUTH delights to dwell,  
 Strange mansion ! in the bottom of a well—  
 Questions are then the windlass and the rope  
 That draw the grave old *gentlewoman* up.  
 Damnable \* jokes, and unmannerly suggestions,  
 Reflecting upon kings for asking questions.

Now, having well employ'd his royal lungs—  
 On nails, hoops, staves, pumps, barrels, and their  
                   bungs,  
 The K—— and Co. sat down to a collation,  
 Of flesh, and fish, and fowl of ev'ry nation.

Dire was the clang of plates, of knife, and fork,  
 That merc'less fell, like tomohawks, to work,

\* Alluding to the late Dr. Johnson's laugh at a great personage,  
 for a laudable curiosity in the Queen's library, some years since.

And fearless scalp'd the fowl, the fish, and cattle,  
Whilst Whitebread, in the rear, beheld the battle.

The conqu'ring monarch stopping to take breath

Amidst the regiments of death,

Now turn'd to Whitebread with complacence round,

And, merry, thus address'd the man of beer—

“ Whitebread, is't true? is't true? I hear, I hear—

“ You're of an ancient family renown'd—

“ What? what? I'm told that you're a limb

“ Of Pym, the famous fellow Pym;

“ What, Whitebread, is it true what people say?

“ Son of a round-head, are you? hæ? hæ? hæ?

“ I'm told that you send bibles to your votes—

“ A snuffing round-headed society—

“ *Pray'r books*, instead of cash, to buy them coats—

“ *Bunyans and Practices of Piety*:

“ Your Bedford votes would wish to change their fare;

“ Rather have cash—yes, yes—than books of pray'r.

“ Thirtieth of January don't you feed?

“ Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head.”

Now having wonders done on flesh, fowl, fish,

Whole hosts o'erturn'd—and seiz'd on all supplies,

The royal visitors express'd a wish

To turn to House of Buckingham their eyes.

But first the monarch, so polite,

Ask'd Mr. Whitebread if he'd be a knight—

Unwilling in the list to be enroll'd,

Whitebread contemplated the knights of PEG,

Then to his gen'rous sov'reign made a leg,

And said, “ He was afraid he was *too old*.”

He thank'd, however, his most gracious KING,

For offering to make him *such a THING*.

But, ah! a different reason 'twas, I fear!

It was not age that bade the man of beer

The proffer'd honour of the MONARCH shun;

The tale of Margaret's knife, and royal fright,

Had almost made him damn the name of knight:

A tale that furrow'd such a world of fun.

He



He mock'd the prayer \*, too, by the K— appointed,  
Ev'n by *himself*, the Lord's ANOINTED—

A foe to fast, too, is he, let me tell ye,  
And though a presbyterian cannot think,  
Heav'n (quarrelling with meat and drink)  
Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly.

Now from the table, with Casarian air,  
Up rose the MONARCH, with his laurell'd brow,  
When Mr. Whitebread, waiting on his chair,  
Express'd much thanks, much joy, and made a bow.

Miss Whitebread now so thick her courtesies drops,  
Thick as her worthy father's Kentish hops,  
Which hop-like courtesies were return'd by dips  
That never hurt the royal knees and hips :  
For hips and knees of QUEENS are sacred things,  
That only bend on GALA days  
Before the best of kings,  
When odes of triumph sound his praise.

Now through a thund'ring peal of kind huzzas,  
Proceeding some from *bir'd*, and *unkind* jaws,  
The *raree-show* thought proper to retire ;  
Whilst Mr. Whitebread and his daughter fair  
Survey'd all Chiswell-street with lofty air,  
For lo! they felt themselves some *six feet* higher.

SUCH, THOMAS, is the way to write !  
Thus should'st thou birth-day songs indite ;  
Then stick to *earth*, and leave the lofty sky,  
No more of *ti tum*, and *ti tam ti*.

Thus should an honest laureat write of *kings*—  
Not praise them for *imaginary things* :  
I own I cannot make my stubborn rhyme  
Call ev'ry king a character *sublime* ;  
For conscience will not suffer me to wander  
So very widely from the paths of *candour*.

\* For the miraculous escape from the attempt of the insane  
Margaret Nicholson.

I know full well some kings \* are to be seen,  
 To whom my verse so bold would give the spleen ;  
 Should that bold verse declare they wanted brains—  
 I won't say that they never brains possess—  
 They may have been with such a present blest,  
 And therefore fancy that some still remains.

For ev'ry well-experienced surgeon knows  
 That men, who with their legs have parted,  
 Swear that they've felt a pain in all their *toes*,  
 And often at the twinges *started* ;  
 Then started upon their oaken stumps, in vain !  
 Fancying the toes were all come back again.

If men, then, who their *absent toes* have mourn'd,  
 Can fancy those same toes at times return'd ;  
 So kings, in matters of *intelligences*,  
 May fancy they have stumbled on their *senses*.

Yes, Tom—mine is the way of writing ode—  
 Why lifteth thou thy pious eyes to GOD ?  
 Strange disappointment in thy looks I read ;  
 And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,  
 “ Is this an action, P—t—r ? this a deed,  
 “ To raise a monarch to the sky ?  
 “ Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the *Whitebread* throng,  
 “ Rare things to figure in the muse's song !”

Thomas, I here protest I want no quarrels  
 With kings and brewers, porter, pumps, or barrels—  
 Far from my dove-like temple be such strife !  
 But this, I'll tell thee, Thomas, for a fact,  
 Thy CÆSAR never did an act  
 More wise, more glorious, in his life.

Now God preserve all wonder-hunting KINGS,  
 Whether at Windsor, Buckingham, or Kew-House,  
 And may they never do more foolish things !  
 Than visiting SAM WHITEBREAD and his brewhouse.

\* Foreign kings.

## ODE UPON ODE;

O R,

## A PEEP AT ST. JAMES'S.

Just as the maggot bites, I take my way—  
 To painters now my court respectful pay;  
 Now (ever welcome!) on the Muse's wings,  
 Drop in at *Windsor*, on the best of KINGS;  
 Now, at St. James's, about HANDEL prate,  
 Hear odes, see Lords and 'Squires, and smile at State.

## P R O Æ M I U M.

KNOW, reader, that the LAUREAT's post sublime  
 Is destin'd to record, in tuneful rhyme,  
 The deeds of British monarchs, twice a year:  
 If *great*—how happy is the tuneful tongue!  
 If *pitiful*—(as Shakespeare says) the song  
 "Must suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

But bards must take the *uphill* with the *down*:  
 Kings cannot always oracles be hatching;  
 Maggots are oft the tenants of a crown—  
 Therefore, like those in cheese, not worth the  
 catching.

O gentle reader! if, by God's good grace,  
 Or (what's more sought) good interest at Court,  
 Thou get'st, of lyric trumpeter, the place,  
 And hundreds are, like gudgeons, gaping for't;  
 Hear! (at a palace if thou mean'st to thrive)  
 And of a staunch old coachman learn to drive.

G

Whence'er

Whene'er employ'd to celebrate a king,  
 Let fancy lend thy muse her loftiest wing—  
 Stun with thy minstrelsy the fright'ned sphere;  
 Bid thy voice thunder like a hundred batteries;  
 For common sounds, conveying common flatteries,  
 Are zephyrs whisp'ring to the royal ear.

Know—glutton-like, on praise each monarch crams:  
 Hot spices suit alone their pamper'd nature:  
 Alas! the stomach, parch'd by burning drams,  
 With mad-dog terror starts at simple water.

Fierce is each royal *Mania* for applause;  
 And, as a horse-pond wide, are monarch maws,—  
 Form'd, therefore, on a pretty ample scale:  
 To sound the *decent* panegyric note,  
 To pour the *modest* flatt'ries down their throat,  
 Were offering shrimps for dinner to a whale.

And mind, whene'er thou strik'st the lyre to kings,  
 To teach to Abigails of courts, the strings;—  
 Give the queen's toad-eater a handsome sop,  
 And swear she always has more grace  
 Than ev'n to sell the *meanest* place—  
 Swear, too, the woman keeps no tittle-shop;

Sells not, like Jews in Paul's Church-Yard, their ware,  
 Who on each passenger for custom stare;  
 And, in the happy tones of traffic, cry,  
 "Sber! wat you buy, Sber?—Madam! wat you buy?"

Thus, reader, ends the prologue to my Ode!  
 The true-bed courtiers wonder whilst I preach,—  
 And, with grave vizards, and stretch'd eyes to God,  
 Pronounce my sermon a most impious speech.  
 With all my spirit—let them damn my lays—  
 A courtier's curses are exalted praise.

---

I HEAR a startled moralist exclaim,  
 "Fie, PETER, PETER! fie for shame!  
 "Such counsel disagrees with my digestion."  
 Well! well then, my old SOCRATES, to please thee,  
 For much I'm willing of thy qualms to ease thee,  
 I'll nobly take the other side the question.



*Par Exemple :*

Fair praise is sterling gold—all should desire it—  
 Flatt'ry, base coin—a cheat upon the nation :  
 And yet, our vanity doth much admire it,  
 And really gives it all its circulation.

Flatt'ry's a sly insinuating screw—  
 The world—a bottle of tokay so fine—  
 The engine always can its cork subdue,  
 And make an easy pris'ner of the wine.

Flatt'ry's an ivy wriggling round an oak—  
 This oak is often honest blunt JOHN BULL—  
 Which ivy would its great supporter choak,  
 Whilst JOHN (so thick the walls of his dark scull)  
 Deems it a pretty ornament, and struts—  
 Till MASTER IVY creeps into JOHN's guts ;

And gives poor thoughtless JOHN a set of gripes ;  
 Then, like an organ, opening all his pipes,  
 JOHN roars ; and, when to a consumption drain'd,  
 Finds out the knave his folly entertain'd.

Praise is a modest unassuming maid,  
 As simply as a quaker-beauty drest :—  
 No ostentation hers—no vain parade :  
 Sweet nymph ; and of the sweetest words possess ;  
 Yet, heard with rev'rence when she silence breaks,  
 She dignifies the man to whom she speaks.

FLATT'RY's a pert French milliner—a jade  
 Cover'd with *rouge*, and flauntingly array'd—  
 Makes faucy love to ev'ry man she meets,  
 And offers ev'n her favours in the streets.

And yet, instead of meeting public hisses—  
 Divines so grave—philosophers can bear her ;  
 What's stranger still, with childish rapture hear her ;  
 Nay, court the smiling harlot's *very kisses*,

A N  
O D E.

**R**ICH as Dutch cargoes from the fragrant east,  
Or custard pudding at a city-feast,  
Tom's incense greets his sovereign's hungry nose :  
For, bating birth-day torrents from Parnassus,  
And new year's spring-tide of divine molasses,  
Fame in a scanty rill to Windsor flows !

Poets (quoth tuneful Tom), in ancient times,  
Delighted all the country with their rhymes ;—  
Sung knights and barbed steeds with valour big :—  
Knights who encounter'd witches, murder'd wizards,  
Flogg'd Pagans till they grumbled in their gizzards :  
Rogues ; with no more religion than a pig :

—Knights who illumin'd unbelieving souls  
Through pretty little well-form'd eye-let-holes,  
By pious pikes, and godly lances made—  
Tools ! that work'd wonders in the holy trade ;

With battle-axes fit to knock down bulls,  
And therefore qualified (I wot) full well,  
With force, the sacred oracles to tell  
Unto the thickest unbelieving souls :

—Knights, who, so famous at the game of tourney,  
Took boldly to the Holy-Land a journey,  
To plant, with swords, in hearts, the gospel-seeds ;  
Just as we hole for cucumbers, hot-beds,  
Or pierce the bosom of the fallen earth,  
To give to radishes or onions birth :

—Knights, who, when tumbled on the hostile field,  
And to an enemy oblig'd to yield,

Could

Could neither leg, nor arm, nor neck, nor nob, stir  
 Poor devils! who were like alligators hack'd,  
 At length by hammers, hatchets, sledges, crack'd;  
 Dragg'd from their coats of armour—like a lobster.

Great (says the Laureat) were the poet's puffings  
 On idle daring red-crosses raggamuffins,  
 Who for their childishness deserv'd a birch:  
 Quoth Tom, A worthier subject now, thank God!  
 Inspires the lofty dealer in the ode,  
 Than blockheads battling for old Mother Church.

Times (quoth our courtly bard) are alter'd quite—  
 The poet scorns what charm'd of yore the fight—  
 Goths, women, Vandals, castles, horses, mares:—  
 The polish'd poet of the present day,  
 Doth in his tasty shop display,  
 Ah! vastly prettier-colour'd wares.

—The poet “ moulds his harp to matters mild,”  
 Quoth Tom—to monarchs, who with rapture wild,  
 Hear their own praise with mouths of gaping wonder,  
 And catch each crotchet of the birth-day thunder:

Crotchets that scorn the praise of *common* folly—  
 Though not most *musical*—most *melancholy*:  
 Ah! crotchets doom'd to charm our ears no more,  
 Although by Mr. PARSONS fet in *score*;

Drear and eternal silence doom'd to keep,  
 Where the dark waters of oblivion sleep—  
 To speak in humbler English—doom'd to rest,  
 With court addresses, in a musty chest.

Yet all the Lady *Amateurs* declar'd,  
 They were the *charming'st* things they ever heard:  
 As for example—all the angel GIDEONS—  
 That is, my Lady, and her daughters fair,  
 With coal-black eye-brows, and sweet Hebrew air—  
 The lovely produce of the two religions.

Thus, in their virtues, greyhounds best succeed,  
 When sportsmen very wisely cross the breed:

And thus, with nobler lustre, shines the fowl  
Begot between a game-hen and an owl.

Sir SAMPSON too declar'd, with voice divine,  
" *Dat shince be haf turn Chreeftian, and eat hog,*  
" *He nebber did hear Moosic haf sho fine ;*  
" *No ! nebber shince be lefs de Shinnygogue."*

HIS GRACE OF QUEENSBURY, too, with eyes though  
dim,

And one deaf ear, was there in wonder drown'd !  
List'ning, in attitude of Corp'ral Trim,  
He rais'd his thin grey curl to catch the sound :

Then swore the airs would never meet their matches,  
But in his own immortal glees and catches.  
Yet were those crotchets all condemn'd to rest  
In the dark bosom of a musty chest !

Crotchets that form'd into so sweet an air,  
As charm'd my LADY MAYORESS and LORD MAYOR ;  
Who thought (and really they were true believers)  
The music equall'd marrow-bones and cleavers.

Strains ! that the reverend BISHOPS had no qualms,  
In saying, that they equal'd David's Psalms :  
But not surpass'd in melody the bell,  
That mournful soundeth an ARCHBISHOP's knell :  
Strains ! that Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY deem'd divine,  
Sweet as the quavers of his fattest swine,

EV'n great \* LORD BRIDENELL's self admir'd the  
strain,

In all the tuneful agonies of pain ;  
Who, winking, beat with duck-like nods the time,  
And call'd the music and the words sublime.

Too, all the other Lords, with plaudits swarming,  
Cried *Bravo ! Bravo ! charming ! Bravo ! charming !*  
And majesty itself, to music bred,  
Pronounc'd it " very, very good, indeed !"

\* A prodigious great amateur. Without his Lordship there can  
be no rehearsal.

Indulging,



Indulging, p'rhaps, the *very* nat'ral dream,  
That all its charms were owing to the *theme*.

Not but some small degree of harmless pleasure  
Might in the brace of r—y—I bosoms rise,  
To think they heard it without waste of treasure:  
As sixpences are lovely in their eyes.

A few months since, I heard a forward dame  
Thus, in a tone of impudence, exclaim—  
“ Good God! how kings and queens a song adore!  
“ With what delight they order an *encore*!  
“ When that same song, *encor'd*, for *nothing* flows!  
“ This MADAM MARA to her sorrow knows.”

“ To Windsor, several times, and eke to Kew,  
“ The r—y—I mandate MADAM MARA drew.  
“ No cheering drop was MARA ask'd to sip—  
“ No bread was offer'd to her quiv'ring lip.  
“ Though faint, she was not suffer'd to sit down—  
“ Heav'n help the *goodness—grandeur* of the cr—n!

“ Now tell me, Ladies, will it be believ'd,  
“ How much for song and chaise-hire she receiv'd?  
“ How much, pray think ye? ”—Fifty Guineas—  
“ No.”—

Most surely, forty.—“ No, no.”—Thirty.—“ Poh!  
“ Pray, ladies, guess in reason—come—again”—  
Alas! you jeer us—twenty, at the least;  
No man could ever be so great a b—st,  
As not to give her twenty for her pain.—

“ To keep you, then, no longer in suspense,  
“ For MADAM MARA'S chaise-hire and sweet note,  
“ Out of their *wonderful* benevolence,  
“ Their bounteous m——ies gave—not a groat.”

“ Ay!” cried a second slanderer, with a sneer,  
“ I know a story like it—You shall hear—  
“ Poor MRS. SIDDONS, *she* was order'd out—  
“ To wait upon their m—j—ies, to *spout*—  
“ To read old Shakespear's *As you like it* to 'em;  
“ And how to mind their stops and commas, shew 'em.  
“ She

“ She read, and spouted—almost lost her breath—  
 “ And, standing all the time, was tir’d to death ;  
 “ Whilst both their m—j—ies, in royal style,  
 “ At perfect ease were sitting all the while.  
 “ Not offer’d to her was one drop of beer,  
 “ Nor wine, nor chocolate, her heart to cheer.  
 “ Ready to drop to earth, she must have sunk,  
 “ But for a child, that at the hardship shrunk—  
 “ A little PRINCE, who mark’d her situation,  
 “ Thus, pitying, pour’d a tender exclamation :

“ La ! Mrs. SIDDONS is quite faint, indeed.  
 “ How pale ! I’m sure she cannot longer read ;  
 “ She somewhat wants, her spirits to repair,  
 “ And would, I’m sure, be happy in a *chair*.”

“ What follow’d ? Why, the r—y—l pair arose,  
 “ Surly enough—one fairly may suppose ;  
 “ And to a room adjoining made retreat,  
 “ To let her, for one minute, *steal* a seat.”

“ At length the actress ceas’d to read and spout  
 “ Where generosity’s a crying sin :  
 “ Her curt’sy dropp’d—was nodded to—came out—  
 “ So rich !—How rich ?—As rich as she *went in*.”

Such are the stories twain—Why, grant the fact,  
 Are PRINCES, pray, like *common folks* to act ?

Should MARA call it *cruelty*, and blame  
 Such r—y—l conduct, I’d cry, Fie upon her ;  
 To Mrs. SIDDONS freely say the same—  
 Sufficient for *such people* is the *honour* !

Ev’n I, the BARD, expect no gifts from KINGS,  
 Although I’ve said of them such *handsome* things—  
 Nay, not their eye’s attention, whose bright ray  
 Would, like the SUN, illumine my poor lay,  
 And, like the sun, so kind to procreation,  
 Increase within my brain the maggot nation.  
 So much for idle tales.—Now, MUSE, thy strain  
 Digressive, turn to drawing-rooms again.

There,

There, too, was PITT, who scrap'd and bow'd to ground,

And whisper'd majesty, 'twas vastly fine;—

Then wish'd such harmony could once be found

Where *he*, each day, was treated like a swine

By that arch-fiend, Charles Fox, and his vile party—

Villains! in nought but black rebellion hearty.

Fellows! who had the impudence to place

The  *sacred sceptre*  underneath the  *mire* ,

And twisted ropes, with malice disappointed,

To hang or hamper the poor LORD'S AN—ED,

To whom a certain sage so earnest cried,

“ Don't mind—don't mind—the rogues their aim have  
“ miss'd—

“ Don't fear your place, whilst I am well supplied—

“ But mind the poverty of civil life.”

“ Swear that no k—g's so poor upon the globe:—

“ Compare me—yes, compare me to poor Jon:—

“ The House will credit thee—I know the minnies;—

“ And wife and I are fond of bags of guineas.”

“ What? what, PITT—ha? we must have a  *other*   
“ grant.

“ What, what? You know that  *B—* , my old dead  
“ Aunt,

“ Left not a sixpence, PITT, these eyes to bless;—

“ But from the parish sav'd that I— *I*  at  *Her* —

“ But mind me— *ha* , to plague her heart when dying,

“ I was a Nimrod Rill—a constant hunter!

“ And when in state as dead's a snark rel'ying,

“ I did not care a button for the brazier.

“ And three days after she was dead,

“ Which some folks thought prodigiously profane,

“ I took it—yes—I took it in my head,

“ To order Sir John Brute at Drury-lane.

“ Had she respected  *me* , I do aver,

“ I should have stay'd at home, and thought of  *Her* .”

Lord

LORD ROCHFORD too, the gentle youth was there,  
Whose sweet *falsetto* voice is often sported  
In glees and catches ; so that all who hear  
Believe a pretty *semi-vir* imported.

To strains that did such honour to a throne :  
There UXBRIDGE taught the audience how to *think* ;  
With much significant and knowing wink,  
And speeches clad in wisdom's critic tone ;  
Who look'd musicians *through* with half-shut eyes ;—  
Most solemn, most *chromatically* wise !

SANDWICH, the glory of each jovial meeting,  
*This* fidler, now—now *that*, so kindly greeting,  
Appear'd, and shrewdly pour'd his *babs* and *bums* \*  
Great in tattoo, my Lord, and cross-hand roll ;  
Great in the death-march-stroke sublime of SAUL ;  
He beats Old \* ASSBRIDGE on the kettle-drums.

What pity ! to our *military* host,  
That such a charming drummer should be lost !

Yet was there *one* who much the day decried—  
Old LADY MARY DUNCAN, (says report)  
“ What, no dear, dear *Castrato* here ! ” she sigh'd,  
“ Why then—p—x take the voices and the court ;  
“ Then Lord have mercy on my tortur'd ears,  
“ And shield me from the shouts of such HE-BEARS.”  
“ Where, where is PACCHIEROTTI's *heart-felt strain* ?  
“ Where RUBINELLI's *softenuto* note ?  
“ That tickled oft my sighing soul to *pain*,  
“ That bade my senses in Elysium float ?  
“ Avaunt ! you vile black-bearded rogues—avaunt !  
“ 'Tis smother chins, and sweeter tones, *I want*.”

My LORD OF EXETER was also there ;  
Who, marv'ling, cock'd his time-discerning ear,  
And feel, through life, his glories overcast  
At that dull † Board, where never could he learn,  
Of ships, the difference between *stem* and *stern*,  
Hen-coops and boats, the rudder and the mast.

\* A kettle-drummer of great note.

† Admiralty.



Say—'midst the tuneful tribe was EDMUND BURKE ?  
 No !—MUN was cutting out for HASTINGS, work !  
 Writing to Cousin WILL and Co, to league 'em  
 Against that rogue, who like a ruffian rose,  
 And tweak'd a bulse of jewels from the nose  
 Of dames, in India, christen'd *Munny Begum*.

EDMUND ! who formerly look'd fierce as Grimbald  
 On that most horrid imp SIR THOMAS RUMBOLD,  
 Vow'd, like a sheep, to flea that Eastern thief ;—  
 Till *strange good fortune* open'd EDMUND's eyes :  
 Oh ! then he heard of INNOCENC the cries,  
 And, like Jew-converts, damn'd his old belief.

Yet, let *some* praise for MUN's conversion pass  
 To that great wonder-worker, SAINT DUNDAS.

EDMUND ! who battled hard for POWELL's life,  
 And swore no man, in virtue, e'er went further :  
 To prove which oath, this POWELL took a knife,  
 And made the world believe it, by *self-murder*.

Reader—suppose I give thee a small ode  
 Made when vile TIPPOO SAIB in triumph rode,  
 And play'd the dev'l on our Indian borders,  
 In person, or by vile Satanic orders :  
 When Mr. BURKE, so famous for fine speeches,  
 From *trope to trope*, a downright rabbit, skipping,  
 Meant, school-boy-like, to take down HASTINGS's  
*breeches*,  
 And give the noble governor a whipping ?

If rightly, reader, I translate thy phiz,  
 Thou smil'st consent.—I thank thee—Here it is.

But mark my cleanliness ere I begin :  
 Know, I've not caught the *itch* of party-sin.  
 To PITT, or FOX, I never did belong :  
 TRUTH, TRUTH I seek—so help me GOD OF SONG !

P'rhaps, to a *beathen oath* thou may'st *demur* :  
 Well then—suspicion that I mayn't incur,

But,

But, like a *Christian* swear—I do not *sham*—

By all the angels of yon lofty sky,  
Where burning Seraphims and Cherubs cry,  
I'm of no party—curse me if I am!

By all those wonder-monger saints and martyrs,  
Cut for the love of God in halves and quarters;  
By each black soul in purgatory frying;  
By all those whiter souls, though we can't see 'em,  
Singing their *Ave-Mary* and *Te Deum*  
On yon bright clouds—I swear I am not lying.

No! free as air the MUSE shall spread her wing,  
Of *whom*, and *when*, and *what* she pleases, sing:  
Though Privy Councils, jealous of her note,  
Prescrib'd, of late, a halter for her throat.

Let folly spring—my eagle, falcon, kite,  
Hawk—satire—what you will—shall mark her flight;  
Through huts or palaces ('tis just the same),  
With equal rage, pursue the panting game;  
And lay (by princes, or by peasants, bred)  
Low at the owner's feet, the cuckow dead.

## ODE TO EDMUND.

MUCH edified am I by EDMUND BURKE!  
Well-pleas'd I see his patriot-mouth at work,  
Grinding away for poor Old England's good.  
He gives of elocution such a feast!  
He tells of such vile doings in the East!  
And fights, as 'twere for his own flesh and blood.  
*Shroff, Chout, Lack, Omra, Dustuck, Nabob, Bunder,*  
*Crere, Choultry, Begum*, leave his lips in thunder.

With matchless *pathos*, MUN describes the gag,  
Employ'd by that vile son of HYDER NAIG,

Nam'd

Nam'd **TIPPOO**.—Gags! that British mouths detest;  
Occasion'd partly by that man so sad,  
That **HASTINGS**!—oh! deserving all that's bad—  
That villain, murd'rer, tyrant, dog, wild-beast!

Poor EDMUND sees poor Britain's setting fun ;  
Poor Edmund *groans*,—and Britain is *undone* !

Reader! thou hast, I do presume,  
(God knows though) been in a snug room,  
By coals or wood made comfortably warm;  
And often fancied that a storm *without*  
Hath made a diabolic rout——  
Sunk ships—tore trees up—done a world of harm.

Yes! thou hast lifted up thy tearful eyes,  
Fancying thou heard'st of mariners the cries;  
And sigh'd, "How wretched now must thousands be!"  
"Oh! how I pity the poor souls at sea!"  
When, lo! this dreadful tempest, and his roar,  
A zephyr—in the key-hole of the door!

Now, may not Edmund's howlings be a sigh  
 Pressing through Edmund's lungs for loaves and  
 fishes,  
 On which he long hath look'd with *longing* eye,  
 To fill poor Edmund's not o'er-burthen'd dishes ?  
 Give Mun a sop—forgot will be complaint,  
 Britain be safe, and Hastings prove a *saint*.

NOW for the drawing-room—O muse fo madding,  
Delighted in digression to be gadding.

HAMPDEN and FORTESCUE (brave names!) attended—  
The *last*, in catches, wonderfully mended.  
The lovely LADY CLARGES, too, was there,  
To all the graces as to music born ;  
Whose note so sweetly melting sooths the ear !  
Soft as the robin's to the blush of morn !

H

There,

There, too, the rare *viol-di-gamba* PRATT,  
 Whose fingers fair, the strings so nicely pat,  
 And bow, that brings out sounds unknown at Babel—  
 Though not so sweet as those of Mr. Abel.

Dear maid ! the daughter of that Prince of Pratts,  
 Who music *cons*, as well as law ; and swears  
 The girl shall *scrub* no souls but Handell's airs.  
 To whom he thinks our great composers, cats.

*Id est*, Sacchini, Haydn, Bach, and Gluck,  
 And twenty more, who never had the luck  
 To please the nicer ears of *some crown'd* folk :  
 Ears, that, like other people's, though they grow,  
 Poor creatures ; really want the sense to know  
 Psalm-tunes, so mournful, from the Old Black Joke.

That musty music-hunter, too—*Mus. D.*  
 Much-travell'd BURNEY, came to hear and see :  
 He, in his tour, who found such great protectors—  
 Kings, Queens, Dukes, Margraves, Margravines, Electors,

Who ask'd the doctor many a gracious question,  
 And treated him with marv'ulous hospitality ;  
 Guessing he had as clever a digestion  
 For meat and drink, as music of rare quality.—

Not with much glee the doctor heard the ode,  
 But turn'd his disappointed eyes to God ;  
 And wish'd it his own setting, with a sigh :—  
 For, ere to SALISBURY's house the doctor came—  
 To get, as ode-setter, enroll'd his name—  
 Behold ! behold ! *the wedding was gone by.*

Ah ! how unlucky that the prize was lost !  
 PARSONS, who daring dash'd thro' thick and thin—  
 ECLIPSE the second !—got like lightning *in*,  
 When BURNEY just had reach'd the *distance-post*.

Yet, gentle muse, let candour *this* allow,  
 That, though his heart was mortified enow,  
 The doctor did his rival's art admire,  
 And own'd his *maiden* crotchets full of fire—

Crotchets !



Crotchets! though sweet—alas! condemn'd to lie  
Hid, like most royal virtues, from our eye!

Crotchets, that songful Mr. PARSONS ties  
To Tom's big phrase, to make sublimer cries:  
Thrice happy union to entrance the soul!  
How like the notes of cats, a vocal pair,  
By boys (to catch their wild and mingled air)  
Tied tail to tail, and thrown across a pole!

But where was great SIR WATKYN all this time?  
Why heard he not the air and lofty rhyme?  
The sleek Welsh deity, who music knows—  
The Alexander of the \* Tot'n'am troops,  
Who, tutor'd by his stampings, nods, grunts, whoops,  
Do wond'rous execution with their bows?

Sir Watkyn, deep in dismal dudgeon gone,  
Far in his Cambrian † villa sat alone:  
To ‡ Mrs. WALSINGHAM he scrubb'd his base,  
Whilst anger swell'd the volume of his face,  
Flaming, like suns of London in a fog,  
Of Mrs. Walsingham he fung with ire;  
His eyes as red as ferrets' eyes, with fire;  
His mighty soul for vengeance all agog.

Achilles thus, affronted to the beard,  
His sledge-like fist o'er Agamemnon rear'd,  
And down his throat would fain his words have ramm'd;  
Who, after oaths (a pretty decent volley)  
And rating the long monarch for his folly,  
Inform'd the king of men he might be d—mn'd;  
Then to his tent majestic strode to strum,  
And scrape his anger out on tweedle-dum.

“ He moulds his harp (quoth Tom) to manners  
“ mild; ”

To kings, for babe-like manners, *simple styl'd*,

\* Sir Watkyn is a member of the Ancient Music Concert in Tottenham-street, and much attended to both for his art and science.

† Wynnestay.

‡ The quarrel between the Knight and the Lady was a wonderful one—*Tantane animis cœlestibus iræ?*

And grac'd with virtues that would fill a tun :  
 To *him* the poet humbly makes a leg,  
 Who, goose-like, brooding o'er the fav'rite egg  
 Of genius, gives the phoenix to the sun :

To *him*, who for such eggs is always watching,  
 And never more delighted than when hatching ;  
 Which makes the number offer'd to the sun  
 So vast !—why, verily as thick as peas,  
 That people may collect, with equal ease,  
 A *thousand* noble instances, as *one*.

What numbers Wisdom to his care hath giv'n !  
 All hatch'd—some living—others gone to Heav'n :  
 Thus, in the \* pinnick's nest the cuckow lays,  
 Then, easy as a Frenchman, takes her flight :—  
 Due homage to the eggs the pinnick pays,  
 And brings the little lubbers into light.

The modern poet sings, quoth Tom again,  
 Of m——chs, who, with œconomic fury,  
 Force all the tuneful world to Tot'n'am-lane,  
 And lock up all the doors of harmless Drury †.

Say, why this curse on Drury's harmless door,  
 That thus, in anger, M——y should lock it ?  
 Muse, are the Tot'n'am-street subscribers poor ?  
 Will Drury keep some pence from Tot'n'am's pocket ?  
 Doth threat'ning bankruptcy extend a gloom  
 O'er the proud walls of Tot'n'am's regal room ?

Perchance, 'tis Mara's song that gives offence !  
*Hinc illæ lacrymæ !*—Oh dear !—oh dear !

\* A bird so called in some countries, that attends upon the  
 wise bird, and feeds him.

† The oratorios were to have been performed at Drury-lane, this  
 year, under the conduct of Mr. LINLEY and Dr. ARNOLD.—  
 MADAM MARA was to have exhibited her amazing powers. This  
 would have been a death-stroke to the pigmy performance in  
 Tottenham-Court Road. How should the pigmy be saved ?—  
 By killing the *Giant* :—and lo ! his death-warrant hath been sign-  
 ed.—By what power of constitution ? None !—Can the *Grand*  
*Monarque* do more ? *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur achiivi.*

The

The song that once could charm the r——l sense,  
 Delights, alas! no more the royal ear.  
 Gods! can a guinea deaden ev'ry note,  
 And make the nightingale's a raven's throat.

But let me give his m——y a hint,  
 Fresh from my brains prolific mint—  
 Suppose we *amateurs* should, in a fury,  
 Just take it in our John-Bull heads to say  
 (And lo! 'tis very probable we *may*),  
 “We *will* have oratorios at Drury?”

How must he look?—Blank—wonderfully blank;  
 And think such speech an insult on his rank.  
 What could he do? oppose with ire so hot?  
 I think his m——y had better *not*!

Kings should be never in the *wrong*\*—  
 They never *are*, some wise-acres declare.—  
 Poh! such a speech may do for birth-day song;  
 But makes us philosophic people *stare*!

I know a certain owner of a c——n,  
 Not quite a hundred miles from Windsor town,  
 Who harbour'd, of his neighbour, horrid notions—  
 A widow gentlewoman—who, he said,  
 Popp'd from her window ev'ry day her head  
 Impertinent, to watch his royal motions.

\* Yet let us give an instance of wrong proceeding.—A certain K—— and Q——, instead of having concerts at their palace, in the style of other princes, such as the King of France, the Emperor, the Empress of Russia, &c. have entered into a private subscription for a concert in a pitiful street.—They pay their six guineas a-piece; and, what is more extraordinary, get in their children, as we are told, *gratis*! What is still more extraordinary, they have entered into a bond for *borrowing* two thousand pounds for putting the house into a decent repair; fit for the reception of the K—— of the first empire upon earth. Of whom has this money been borrowed?—Marvelling reader! of the poor musicians fund!—which money might have been placed out at a much superior advantage. Let me add, that the subscribers order a formal rehearsal previous to every concert; so that, in fact, they get a double concert for their money;—undoubtedly, to the vast satisfaction of the fingers of the happy CRAMER, BORGHINI, SHIELD, CERVETTO, &c. who, in this instance, earn their money not very unlike the patient and laborious animal called a *drayhorse*.

"What? what? (quoth m——y) I'll teach her  
" eyes

"To take my motions by surprise——

"One cannot breakfast, dine, drink tea, nor sup,

"But, whip! the woman's head at once is out,

"To see and hear what we are all about :—

"I'll cure her of that trick—and block her up."

Mad as his military Grace \*

For fortifying ev'ry place

From dockyards to a necessary house—

The m——ch dreamt of nothing but the wall—

The faucy spy in petticoats to maul,

And make her eagle pride crawl like a louse.

Now workmen came, with formidable stones,

To block up the poor widow JONES—

Who mark'd this dread blockade, and, with a frown—

And to the cause of freedom true—

One of the old hen's chicks so blue,

Fast as the K—— built up, the dame pull'd down.

'Twas up—'twas down—'twas up again—'twas down—

Much did the country with this battle ring,

Between the valiant widow and the k——,

That admiration rais'd in Windsor town :

The mighty, batt'ling Broughtons and the Slacks,

Ne'er knew more money betted on their backs.

Sing, heav'nly muse, how ended this affray ?

Just as it happens, faith, nine times in ten,

When dames so spirited engage with men—

That is—the valiant widow won the day.

The k—— could not the woman maul ;

But found himself most shamefully defeated ;

Then very wisely he retreated,

And very prudently gave up the wall.

Now sing, O muse, the warlike ammunition

Us'd by the dame in her besieg'd condition,

\* Duke of Richmond.



That on the host of vile invaders flew :  
 Say, did no god nor goddess cry out, Shame!  
 And nobly hasten to relieve the dame  
 From such a resolute and hostile crew ?

Yes—NEPTUNE, like her guardian-angel, kind,  
 Join'd the poor Widow Jones, and ran up stairs ;  
 There fiercely caught up certain earthen wares,  
 And, pleas'd his fav'rite element to find,  
 Bid, on their heads, the briny torrents flow,  
 And wash'd, like shags, the combatants below.

The goddess CLOACINA too, so hearty,  
 Rush'd to the widow's house, and join'd the party.  
 But say, what ammunition fill'd her hand,  
 Much glory for the widow to acquire,  
 To bid the enemy retire,  
 And give to public scorn the daring band ?

What that *strong* ammunition was, the bard  
 Heard as a secret—therefore must not tell :  
 Nor would he, for a thousand pounds reward,  
 To beaux reveal it, or the sweetest belle.  
 Yet nature possibly hath made a snout,  
 Blest with sagacity to smell it out.

Reader, don't stand so, staring like a calf—  
 Thy gaping attitude provokes my laugh—  
 Thou think'st that monarchs never can act ill :  
 Get thy head shav'd, poor fool ! and think so still.

Whether thou deem'st my story false or true,  
 I value not a rush.  
 Wilt have another ?—" No."—Nay, prithee do.  
 " I won't."—Thou shalt, by heavens ! so prithee  
 hush !

But ere I give the tale, my tuneful bride,  
 My Lady Muse, shall talk of kings and pride.  
 Some kings on thrones are children on the lap—  
 Children, that all of us see ev'ry day—  
 Brats that kick, squall, and quarrel with their pap,  
 Tearing and swearing they will have their way :  
 And

And what, too, their great reputation rifles,  
Kings quarrel, just like children, about *trifles*.

Moreover—'tis a terrible affair  
For kingly worship to be kick'd by fellows,  
Who probably feed half their time on air,  
Mending old kettles or old bellows.

My LADY PRIDE's a very lofty being,  
Much pleas'd with people's scraping, bowing, kneel-  
ing,  
Fruitful in egotisms, and full of brags—  
Her Ladyship in nought can brook denial;  
And, as for insult, 'tis a killing trial,  
And more especially for men of rags.

For PRIDE, such is her stateliness, alas!  
Rather than feel the kickings of an *ass*,  
Would calmly put up with a leg of *horse*!  
Though pelting her with fifty times the force:  
Nay, though her brains came out upon the ground,  
Were Brains within her head-piece to be found.

## A KING AND A BRICK-MAKER,

### A TALE.

A KING, near Pimlico, with nose and state,  
Did very much a neighb'ring brick-kiln hate,  
Because this kiln did vomit nasty smoke;  
Which smoke—I can't say very neatly bred,  
Did very often take it in the head  
To blacken the great house, and try the K—— to  
choak.

His sacred majesty would sputt'ring say,  
Upon a windy day,

" I'll make the rascal and his brick-kiln hop—  
 " P-x take the smoke—the sulphur !—Zounds !—  
 " It forces down my throat by pounds—  
 " My belly is a downright blacksmith's shop."

One day he was so pester'd by a cloud—  
 He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud :  
 " Go," (roar'd his m——y unto a page)  
 Work'd, like a lion, to a dev'lish rage,  
 " Go, tell the rascal who the brick-kiln owns,  
 " That if he dares to burn another brick,  
 " Black all my house like hell, and make me sick,  
 " I'll tear his kiln to rags, and break his bones."

Off set the page, and soon his errand told :  
 On which the brick-maker—a little bold,  
 Exclaim'd, " He break my bones, good Master Page!  
 " He say my kiln shan't burn another brick,  
 " Because it blacks his house, and makes him sick !  
 " Go—give my compliments to master's rage,  
 " And say, more bricks I am resolv'd to burn ;  
 " And if the smoke his worship's stomach turn.  
 " To stop his royal mouth and snout—  
 " Nay, more, good page—his m——y shall find  
 " I'll always take th'advantage of the wind,  
 " And, dam'me, try to smoke him out."

This was a dreadful message to a k——  
 From a poor ragged rogue that dealt in mud :  
 Yet, though so impudent a thing,  
 The fellow's rhet'ric could not be withstood.

Stiff as against poor HASTINGS, EDMUND BURKE,  
 This BRICK-MAKER went tooth and nail to work,  
 And form'd a true VESUVIUS on the eye :  
 The smoke in pitchy volumes roll'd along,  
 Rush'd through the royal dome with sulphur strong,  
 And then ascending darken'd all the sky.

Thus did this cloud of darkness daily shade  
 The building for the Lord's anointed made,  
 And blacken'd it like palls that grace a burying :  
 Thus

Thus was this man of mud and straw employ'd,  
And, at the thought so wicked, overjoy'd,  
Of smoking his liege sov'reign like a herring :

Of serving him as we do parts of swine,  
Thought, with green peas, a dish extremely fine.  
But lo! this baneful rogue of brick  
Fell, for his sov'reign, fortunately sick,  
And ere the wretch could please his spleen and pride  
Of turning monarchs into bacon——died.

The modern bard (quoth Tom) sublimely sings  
Of sharp and prudent œconomic kings,  
Who rams, and ewes, and lambs, and bullocks feed,  
And pigs of ev'ry sort of breed :

—Of kings who pride themselves on fruitful fows ;  
Who sell skimm'd milk, and keep a guard so stout  
To keep the geese, the thievish rascals, out,  
That ev'ry morning us'd to suck the \* cows :

—Of kings who † cabbages and carrots plant  
For such as wholesome vegetables want ;—  
Who feed, too, poultry for the people's sake,  
Then send it through the villages in carts,  
To cheer (how wond'rous kind !) the hungry hearts  
Of such as *only* pay for what they take.

The poet now, quoth Tom's rare lucubration,  
Singeth commercial treaties—commutation—  
Taxes on paint, pomatum, milk of roses,  
Olympian dew, gloves, sticking-plaster, hats,  
Quack medicines for sick Christians, and sound rats,  
And all that charms our eyes, or mouths, or noses.

The modern bard, says Tom, sublimely sings  
Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious kings,

\* Is it possible for this story to be true ? We would rather give it as apocryphal.

† Mr. Warton says in his Ode, "*Who plant the Civic Bay ;*"—but he assuredly meant cabbages and carrots :—the fact proves it.



Who love their wives so constant from their heart—  
 Who down at Windsor daily go a shopping—  
 Their heads so lovely into houses popping,  
 And doing wonders in the haggling art.

And why, in God's name, should not queens and kings  
 Purchase a comb, or corkscrew, lace for cloaks,  
 Edging for caps, or tape for apron-strings,  
 Or pins, or bobbin, cheap as other folks?

Reader! to make thine eyes with wonder stare,  
*Farthings* are not beneath the royal care!  
 Farthings are helpless children of a guinea:  
 If not well watch'd, they travel to their cost!  
 For, lo! each copper-visag'd little ninney  
 Is very apt to stray, and to be lost.

Extravagance I never dar'd defend—  
 I'd have a monarch save a candle-end;  
 Since 'tis an axiom sure, the more folks *save*,  
 The more, indisputably, they must *have*,  
 Crown'd heads of *saving* should appear examples;  
 And Britain really boasts two pretty samples!

The modern poet sins, quoth Tom again,  
 Of sweet excisemen, an obliging train;  
 Who, like our guardian-angels, watch our houses,  
 And add another civil obligation,  
 That addeth greatly to our reputation—  
 Hug, in our absences, our loving spouses.

Reader! when tir'd, I'm fond of taking breath.—  
 Now, as thou dost admire the true sublime,  
 And, consequently, my immortal rhyme,  
 'Tis clear thou never can'st desire my death.—

*Swans*, in their songs, most musically die—  
 If that's the case, then, Reader, so might *I*.  
 Let me then join thy wishes—stay my rapture,  
 And nurse my lungs to sing a second Chapter.

T H E  
S E C O N D   C H A P T E R,

I N   C O N T I N U A T I O N .

“ G R A N T me an honest fame, or grant me  
“ none,”

Says POPE (I don't know where), a little liar;  
Who, if he prais'd a man, 'twas in a tone  
That made his praise like bunches of sweet briar,  
Which, whilst a pleasing fragrance it bestows,  
Pops out a pretty prickle on your nose.

Were *some folks* to exclaim, who fill a throne,  
“ Grant me an honest fame, or grant me none ;”  
Such princes were upon the forlorn hope,—  
Soon, very soon, to reputation dead ;  
Their idle laureats, faith, might shut up shop,  
And bid their lofty genius go to bed.

Muse, this is all well said ; but, not t'offend ye,  
I beg you will not cultivate digression—  
Plead not the poet's *quidlibet audendi* ;  
For surely there are limits to th'expression.  
Then cease to wanton thus in episode,  
And tell the world of Mr. WARTON's ode.

The modern poet, Laureat Thomas says,  
To BOTANY's grand island tunes his lays,  
Fix'd for the swains and damsels of St. Giles's,  
Whose knowledge in the *bocus-pocus* art  
Bids them from BRITAIN somewhat sudden start,  
To teach the southern climes their ministerial wiles :

Improve

Improve the wisdom of the common weal,  
And teach the simple natives how to steal,  
The picklock-sciences, so dark, explain,  
And to ingenious murder turn each brain.

Quoth Tom again—the modern poet sings  
Of sweet, good-natur'd, inoffensive kings;  
Who, by a miracle, escap'd with life—  
Escap'd a damsel's most tremendous knife:  
A knife that had been taught, by toil and art,  
To pierce the bowels of a pye or tart.

Thus, having giv'n a full display  
Of what our laureat says, or meant to say;  
I'll beg of Thomas to instruct my ears,  
Why, in his verses, he should call  
The knights who trac'd the high-arch'd hall,  
A set of bears?

Why the bold steel-clad knights of elder days  
Are not intitled to a little praise,  
Who, for God's cause, did palace, house, and *but sell*,  
As well as monarchs of the present date,  
Whose dear religion, of which poets prate,  
Might lodge, without much squeezing, in a nut-shell?

“What king hath small religion?” thou repliest—  
“If G . . . . the Th . . . thou meanest—bard, thou  
“lieft.”

Hold, Thomas—not so furious—I know things  
That add not to the piety of . . . .  
I've seen a k . . . at chapel, I declare,  
Yawn, gape, laugh, in the middle of a pray'r—  
When inwards his sad optics ought to roll,  
To view the dark condition of his soul;  
Catch up an opera-glass with curious eye,  
Forgetting God, some strangers phiz to spy,  
As though desirous to observe, if Heav'n  
Had Christian features to the visage giv'n;  
Then turn (for kind communication keen)  
And tell some new-found wonders to the . . . .

" Ah! Peter, Peter," Laureat Thomas cries,  
 " Thou hast no fear of KINGS before thy eyes;  
 " Great—little—all, with thee, are equal jokes,  
 " And mighty monarchs merely common folks.  
 " Ah! wicked, wicked, wicked Peter, know—" *Know what?*—" That monarchs are not merely *show*:  
 " *Souls* they possess, and on a glorious scale."  
 To this I answer, Thomas, with a *tale*.

A Duke of Burgundy (I know not *which*)  
 Thus on a certain time address'd a poet—  
 " I'm much afraid of that same scribbling itch—  
 " You've wit—but pray be cautious how you shew it;  
 " Say nothing in your rhymes about a king—  
 " If praise—'tis lies—if blame—a dangerous thing."

That is, the DUKE believ'd the KING uncivil,  
 Might kick the saucy poet to the devil.

T. W.

PETER, there's odds 'twixt staring and stark mad—

P. P.

Who dares deny it? So there is, egad!

T. W.

Thou think'st *no prince* of common-sense possessest—

P. P.

Thomas, thou art mistaken, I protest—  
 On STANISLAUS the muse could pour her strain,  
 Who, dying, sunk a SUN upon Lorraine:  
 Too, like the parted SUN, with glory crown'd—  
 He fill'd with blushes deep th' horizon round.  
FREDERICK the GREAT, who died the other day,  
 Had for himself, indeed, a deal to say.

We must not touch upon the King's *belief*—  
 (Because I fear he seldom said his pray'rs—

Nor dare we say the HERO was no THIEF,  
 Because he plunder'd ev'ry body's wares.

I'm



I'm told the EMPEROR is vastly wise—  
 And hope that Madam Fame hath not told lies :  
 Yet, in his disputations with the Dutch,  
 The monarch's oratory was not much :  
 Full many a trope from bayonet and drum  
 He threaten'd—but, behold ! 'twas all a hum.

Wise are our gracious Q——'s *superb* relations,  
 The pride and envy of the German nations—  
 People of fashion, worship, wealth, and state—  
 Lo ! what demand for them, in heav'n, of late !

Lo ! with his knapsack, ev'n just now departed,  
 As fine a soldier, faith, as ever started—  
 Whom death did almost *dread* to lay his *claws* on—  
 Old Captain—what's his name ?—\* SAXEHILBERG-  
 HAUSEN :

For whom (with zeal, for *folks of worship*, burning)  
 We once again are blacken'd up by mourning ;  
 To shew, by glove, cloth, ribband, crape, and fan,  
 A peck of troubles for th'old gentleman.

*Good lack-a-daisie then !* what dozens  
 Our Q—— hath got of uncles, aunts, and cousins !  
 Egad, if thus folks continue dying,  
 Each Briton doom'd to dismal black,  
 Must alway bear a hearse-like back,  
 And, like Heraclitus, be always *crying*.

*Great* is the northern EMPRESS, I confess !  
 Much, in her humour, like our good Queen Bess :  
 She keeps her fair court-dames from getting † drunk ;  
 And all so temperate herself, folks say,  
 She scarcely drinks a dozen drams a-day !  
 And, in *love-matters*, is a queen of *spunk*.

And when on horseback—lo ! with *manly* pride,  
 This brave Semiramis doth sit *astride* !

\* Great uncle to our most gracious Q. He died in the EMPEROR's service.

† At an assembly, some years since, at Petersburg, which was honoured with the EMPRESS's presence, one of the rules was,  
 " That no lady should come *drunk* into the room."

Yet like I not such women for a wife—  
 Such heroines, in a matrimonial strife,  
 Might hammer from one's tender head *hard* notes :  
 I own my delicacy is so great,  
 I cannot in dispute, with rapture, meet  
 Women who look like men in petticoats.

Oft in a learn'd dispute upon a cap,  
 By way of *answer*, one might have a *slap*—  
 P'rhaps on a simple petticoat or gown—  
 Nay! possibly on Madam's being *kiss*!  
 And really, I would rather be knock'd down  
 By weight of argument, than weight of *fi*st.

I like not dames whose conversation runs  
 On battles, sieges, mortars, and great guns—  
 The *milder* beauties win my soften'd soul ;  
 Who look for fashions with desiring eyes !  
 Pleas'd when on *wigs* the conversations roll,  
 Cork-rumps, and merry-thoughts, and lovers' sighs,

LOVE ! when I marry, give me not an ox—  
 I hate a *woman* like a *sentry-box* ;  
 Nor can I deem the *dame* a charming creature  
 Whose hard face holds an *oath* in ev'ry feature.

In women—angel-sweetness let me see—  
 No galloping horse-godmothers for *me*.  
 I own I cannot brook such manly *belles*  
 AS MADEMOISELLE D'EONS, and HANNAH SNELLS.  
 Yet men there are (how strange are *love's* decrees !)  
 Whom vulgar, coarse *jack-gentlewomen* please.

How different, SILVIA, from thy form so fair !  
 That triumphs in a love-inspiring air ;  
 Superior beaming, ev'n where thousands shine—  
 Thy form !—where all the tender graces play,  
 That, blushing, seem in ev'ry smile to say,  
 " Behold ! we boast an origin divine !"—

See too the QUEEN of FRANCE—a gem, I ween !—  
 With rev'rence let me hail that charming queen,

Bliss

Bliss to the King, and lustre to her race :  
 Though VENUS gave of beauty half her store,  
 And all the GRACES bid a world adore—  
 Her smallest beauties are the charms of *face*.

T. W.

Heav'ns! why *abroad* for virtues must you roam?

P. P.

Because I cannot find them, Tom, *at home*.

I beg your pardon—yes—the PRINCE OF WALES  
 (Whose actions smile contempt on *scandal's* tales)  
 Ranks in the muse's favour, high—  
 I wish *some folks*, that I could name with ease,  
 Blest with *his* head—*his* heart—*his* pow'r to please—  
 Then *pity's* soul would cease from many a sigh.

The crouching courtiers that surround a throne,  
 And learn to speak and grin from *one* alone,  
 Who watch, like dancing-dogs, their master's nod—  
 Are ready now, if horse-whipp'd from their places,  
 At CARLTON-HOUSE to shew their supple faces,  
 And call the PRINCE they vilify, a GOD.

T. W.

Think'st thou not CÆSAR doth the arts possess?

P. P.

Arts in abundance!—Yes, Tom—yes, Tom—yes!

T. W.

Think'st thou not CÆSAR would each joy forego,  
 To make his children happy?

P. P.

No, Tom—no.

T. W.

What! not *one* bag, to bless a child, bestow?—

P. P.

Heav'n help thy folly!—no, Tom—no, Tom—no!  
 The fordid souls that avarice enslaves,  
 Would gladly grasp their guineas in their graves:  
 Like that old *Greek*—a miserable cur,  
 Who made himself his own executor.

A cat is with her kittens much delighted;  
 She licks so lovingly their mouths and chins:  
 At ev'ry danger, Lord! how puss is frightened—  
 She curls her back, and swells her tail, and grins:  
 Rolls her wild eyes, and claws the backs of curs  
 Who smell too curious to her children's furs.

This happens whilst her cats are *young*, indeed:  
 But when *grown up*, alas! how chang'd their luck!  
 No more she plays at bo-peep with her breed,  
 Lies down, and, mewing, bids them come and suck.

No more she sports and pats them, frisks and purs;  
 Plays with their little tails, and licks their furs;  
 But when they beg her blessing and embraces,  
 Spits, like a dirty vixen, in their faces.

Nay, after making the poor lambkins fly,  
 She watches the dear babes with squinting eye;  
 And if she spies them with a bit of meat,  
 Springs on their property, and steals their treat—

No more a tender love she seems to feel—  
 The dev'l, for *her*, may eat 'em at a meal—  
 With all *her* soul—the jade, so wond'rous saving,  
 Cries, “Off! you now are at your own beard-shaving.”

So—to some K——s this evil doth belong—  
 Th'intelligence is good, I make no doubt—  
 Who really love their offspring when they're young,  
 But lose that fond affection when they're stout!  
 Far off they send them—nor a sixpence give—  
 I wonder, Thomas, where such mo——hs live!

Should



Should such one, Thomas, come across thy way,  
 And for thy flatt'ry, offer butts of sack ;  
 Say plainly, that he would disgrace thy lay ;  
 And turning on him thy Pindaric back,  
 Bid, like a porcupine, thine anger bristle,  
 Nor damn thy precious soul to whet thy whistle.

---

A N

## APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

### ODE UPON ODE.

---

The Bard whose verse can charm the best of kings,  
 Performeth most extraordinary things !

---

**R**EADER, I solemnly protest  
 I thought that I had work'd up all my rhyme !  
 What stupid dæmon hath my brain possess'd ?  
 I prithee pardon me this time.

Afford thy patience through more ode :  
 'Tis not a vast extent of road ;  
 Together let us gallop, then, along :  
 Most nimbly shall old Pegasus my hack stir,  
 To drop the image—prithee hear my song,  
 Some “ more last words of Mr. Baxter.”

A wond'rous

**A wond'rous fav'rite with the tuneful throng,  
Sublimely great are PETER's pow'rs of song :  
His nerve of satire, too, so very tough,  
Strong without weakness, without softness rough.**

What Horace said of streams in easy lay  
The marv'ling world of PETER's tongue may say ;  
His tongue so copious in a flux of metre,  
" *Labitur et Labetur !*"

World, stop my mouth—I am resolv'd to rhyme,  
I cannot throw away a vein sublime :  
If I may take the liberty to brag,  
I cannot, like the fellow in the bible,  
Venting upon his mother a rank libel,  
Conceal my *talent* in a rag.  
Kings must continue still to be my theme—  
Eternally of kings I dream.

As beggars ev'ry night, we must suppose,  
Dream of their vermin, in their beds ;  
Because, as ev'ry body knows,  
Such *things* are always running in their heads.

Befides, were I to write of common folks,  
No foul would buy my rhymes, nor yet my jokes :  
The what becomes of mutton, beef, and pork—  
How would my masticating muscles work ?

Indeed, I dare not say they would be idle,  
But, like my Pegasus's chops, so stout,  
Who plays and wantons with his bridle,  
And nobly flings the foam about ;  
Lo, mine would work—" On what ? " my reader  
cries,  
With a stretch'd pair of unbelieving eyes—  
Heav'n help thy most unpenetrating wit !  
On a hard morsel—hunger's iron bit.

By all the rhyming goddesses and gods  
I will—I *must* persist in odes——  
And not a pow'r on earth shall hinder——

## I hear

I hear both universities exclaim \*,  
 " PETER, it is a glorious road to fame;  
 " EUGE POETA MAGNE—Well said PINDAR !"

Yet some approach with apostolic face,  
 And say, " O PETER, what a want of *grace*,  
 Thus in thy rhymes to roast the K——g !"  
*I roast a king !* by heav'ns, 'tis not a fact——  
 I scorn the wicked and disloyal act——  
 Who dares assert it, says a sland'rous thing.

Hear what I have to say of kings——  
 If, unsublime, they deal in childish things,  
 And yield not, of reform, a ray of hope ;  
 Each mighty monarch streight appears to me  
 A roaster of himself—*felo de se*——  
 I only act as cook, and *disb him up*.

Reader ! another simile as rare——  
 My verses form a sort of bill of fare,  
 Informing guests what kind of flesh and fish  
 Is to be found within each dish ;  
 That *eating people* may not be mistaken,  
 And take for *ortolan* a piece of *bacon*.

Whene'er I have heard of kings  
 Who place in gossiping and news their pride,  
 And knowing family concerns—mean things !  
 Very judiciously, indeed, I've cried,  
 " I wonder  
 " How their blind stars could make so gross a blunder !  
 " Instead of sitting on a throne  
 " In purple rich—of state so full,  
 " They should have had an apron on,  
 " And, seated on a three-legg'd stool,  
 " Commanded of dead hair, the sprigs——  
 " To do their duty upon wigs.

\* The violence of the universities might arise from his m—j—y's sending the royal children to Germany for education : but have not their majesties amply made up that to Oxford, by a visit there ? and is not Cambridge to receive the same honour ?

- “ By such mistakes is nature often foil’d :  
 “ Such improprieties should never spring——  
 “ Thus a fine chatt’ring barber may be spoil’d,  
 “ To make a most indiff’rent king.
- “ Sir ! Sir ! (I hear the world exclaim)  
 “ At too high game you impudently aim——  
 “ How dare you, with your jokes and *jibes*,  
 “ Tread, like a horse, on kingly tribes ? ”

Folks who can’t see their errors, can’t *reform* :  
 No plainer axiom ever came from man :  
 And ’tis a christian’s duty in a storm,  
 To save his sinking neighbour, if he can :  
 Thus, I to KINGS my odes of wisdom pen,  
 Because that kings have souls like *common men*.

The bible warrants me to speak the truth——  
 Nor, mealy-mouth’d, my tongue in silence keep.  
 Did not OLD NATHAN tell that buckish youth,  
DAVID the KING, that he stole sheep ?  
 Stole poor URIAH’s little fav’rite lamb——  
 An ewe it chanc’d to be, and not a ram——  
 For had it been a ram, the royal glutton  
 Had never meddled with URIAH’s mutton.

What modern courtier, pray, hath got the face  
 To say to *majesty*, “ O KING !  
 “ At *such* a time, in *such* a place,  
 “ You did a very *foolish* thing ! ! ”  
 What courtier, not a foe to his own glory,  
 Would publish of his king this simple story ?

## THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

ONCE on a time, a monarch, tir’d with hooping,  
 Whipping and spurring,  
 Happy in worrying  
 A poor, defenceless, harmless buck ;  
 (The horse and rider wet as muck)  
 From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,  
 Enter’d



Enter'd, through curiosity, a cot,  
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, half-blind, good, old granny,  
In this same cot, illum'd by many a cranny,  
Had finish'd some apple-dumplings for her pot :  
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,  
When, lo! the monarch, in his usual way,  
Like light'ning spoke, "What's this? what's this?  
" what? what?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,  
His eyes did with admiring expand——  
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple :  
" 'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed," he cried :  
" What makes it, pray, so hard?" the dame replied,  
Low court'fying, " Please your majesty, the apple."

" Very astonishing, indeed!—strange thing!"  
(Turning the dumpling round, rejoin'd the king)  
" 'Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—  
" It beats all PINETTI's conjuring all to pieces—  
" Strange I should never of a dumpling dream—  
" But, Goody, tell me, where, where, where's the  
" seam?"

" Sir, there's no seam (quoth she) I never knew  
" That folks did apple-dumplings sew."—  
" No!" cried the staring monarch with a grin,  
" How? how? the devil got the apple in?"

On which the dame the curious scheme reveal'd,  
By which the apple lay so sly conceal'd,  
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;  
Who to the palace with full speed repair'd,  
And queen and princesses, so beauteous, star'd,  
All with the wonder of the dumpling art!

There did he labour one whole week to shew,  
The wisdom of an APPLE-DUMPLING MAKER ;  
And lo! so deep was majesty in *dough*,  
The palace seem'd the lodging of a *baker*.

READER,

READER, thou likest not my tale—look'st blue—

Thou art a courtier—roar'st, “Lies, lies, lies!”

Do for a moment stop thy cries—

I tell thee, roaring infidel, 'tis true.

Why should it not be true?—the *greatest men*

May ask a foolish question now and then—

This is the language of all ages:

Folly lays many a trap—we can't escape it,

*Nemo* (says one) *omnibus boris sapit*.

Far from despising kings, I like the breed,

Provided KING-LIKE they behave.

Kings are an instrument we need,

Just as we want razors for to shave;

To keep the state's face smooth—give it an air—

Like my Lord North's, so jolly, round, and fair.

My sense of kings, though freely I impart,

I hate not *royalty*, Heav'n knows my heart.

Princes and princesses I like, so loyal—

Great Geor—'s children are my chief delight;

The sweet *Augusta* and sweet Princess Royal,

Obtain my love by day, and pray'rs by night.

Yes! I like kings—and oft look back with pride

Upon the Edwards, Harrys of our isle—

Great souls! in virtue as in valour tried,

Whose actions bid the cheek of Britons smile.

Muse! let us also forward look,

And take a peep into fate's book.

Behold the sceptre young AUGUSTUS sways;

I hear the mingled praise of millions rise;

I see up-rai'd to Heav'n their ardent eyes;

That for their monarch ask a length of days.

Bright in the brightest annals of renown,

Behold fair fame his youthful temple crown

With laurels of unfading bloom;

Behold DOMINION swell beneath his care,

And genius, rising from a dark despair,

His long-extinguish'd fires relume.

Such

Such are the kings that suit my taste, I own—  
 Not those where all the *littleneffes* join—  
 Whose souls should start to find their lot a *throne*,  
 And blush to shew their noses on a coin.

Reader, for fear of wicked applications,  
 I now allude to kings of *foreign nations*.

Poets (so unimpeach'd tradition says),  
 The sole historians were of ancient days,  
 Who help'd their heroes FAME's high hill to clamber;  
 Penning their glorious acts in language strong,  
 And thus preserving, by immortal song,  
 Their names amidst their tuneful amber.

What am I doing? Lord! the very same—  
 Preserving many a deed deserving fame,  
 Which that old lean, devouring shark, call'd time,  
 Would without ceremony eat;  
 In my opinion, far too rich a treat—  
 I therefore merit statues for my rhyme.

“ All this is laudable (a quaker cries),  
 “ But let grave wisdom, friend, thy verses rule;  
 “ Put out thy IRONY's two squinting eyes—  
 “ Despise thy grinning monkey, RIDICULE.”

What! slight my sportive monkey, RIDICULE,  
 Who acts like birch on boys at school,  
 Neglecting lessons—truants, p'rhaps, whole weeks!  
 My RIDICULE, with humour fraught, and wit,  
 Is that satyric friend, a gouty fit,  
 Which bites men into health and rosy cheeks.

A moral mercury, that cleanseth souls  
 Of ills that with them play the dev'l—  
 Like mercury, that much the pow'r controuls  
 Of *presents* gain'd from ladies *over civil*.

Reader, I'll brag a little, if you please;  
 The ancients did so, therefore why not I?  
 Lo! for my good advice I ask no fees,  
 Whilst other doctors let their patients die;

K

That

That is, such patients as can't pay their cure—  
A very selfish, wicked thing, I'm sure.

Now, though I'm soul-physician to the king,  
I never begg'd of him the smallest thing,  
For all the threshing of my virtuous brains;  
Nay, were I my poor pocket's state t'impart,  
So well I know my royal patient's heart,  
He would not give me two-pence for my pains.

But hark, folks say the king is very mad—  
The news, if true, indeed, were very sad,  
And far too serious an affair to mock it—  
Yet how can this agree with what I've heard,  
That so much by him are my rhymes rever'd—  
He goes a hunting with them in his pocket.

And when *thrown out*—which often is the case  
(In bacon hunting, or of bucks of race),  
My verse so much his Majesty bewitches,  
That out he pulls my honour'd ODES,  
And reads them on the turnpike roads—  
Or under trees or hedges, by ponds and ditches.

Hark, with astonishment, a sound I hear,  
That strikes tremendous on my ear;  
It says, great ARDEN, commonly called PEPPER,  
Of mighty GEORGE's thunderbolts the keeper,  
Just like of Jupiter the famous eagle,  
Is order'd out to hunt me like a beagle.

But, eagle PEPPER, give my love  
Unto thy lofty master, Mr. JOVE,  
And ask how it can square with his religion,  
To bid thee, without mercy, fall on  
With thy short sturdy beak and iron talon,  
A pretty, little, harmless, cooing pigeon?

By Heav'ns, I believe the fact—  
A monarch cannot so unwisely act!  
Suppose that kings so rich are always *mumping*,  
Praying and pressing ministers for money;  
Bidding them on our hives (poor bees) be thumping,  
Trying to shake out all our honey;

A thing



A thing that oft has happen'd in our isle!—  
 Pray shan't we be allow'd to smile?  
 To cut a joke, or epigram contrive,  
 By way of solace for our plunder'd hive?

A King of France (I've lost the monarch's name),  
 Who avariciously got himself bad fame,  
 By most unmannerly and thievish plunges—  
 Into his subjects' purses,  
 A deep *manœuvre*, that obtain'd their curses,  
 Because it treated the gentlefolks like sponges.

To shew how much they relish'd not such squeezing,  
 Such goods and chattles seizing,  
 They publish'd LIBELS, to display their hate,  
 To comfort in some sort their souls,  
 For such a number of *legal holes*  
 Eat by this ROYAL RAT in each estate.

The PREMIER op'd his gullet like a shark,  
 To hear such satires on the GRAND MONARQUE,  
 And roar'd, "Messieurs, you soon shall feel  
 " My criticism upon your ballads,  
 " Not to your taste so sweet as frogs and sallads,  
 " A structure critical yclep'd BASTILE."

But first he told the tidings to the king,  
 Then swore *Par Dieu*, that he would quickly bring  
 Unto the grinding-stone their noses down—  
 No, not a soul of 'em should ever thrive:  
 He'd flog them like St. *Bartlemew*, alive—  
 Villains! for daring t'insult the crown.

The monarch heard Monsieur LE PREMIER out,  
 And, smiling on his loyalty so stout,  
 Replied, "Monsieur Le Premier, you are wrong—  
 " Don't of the pleasure let them be debarr'd—  
 " You know how we have serv'd 'em—faith, 'tis hard  
 " They should not for their money have a song."

OVID, sweet story-teller of old times,  
 Unluckily transported for his rhymes,

Address'd his book before he bade it walk ;  
 Therefore my worship, and my ode,  
 In imitation of such classic mode,  
 May, like two Indian nations, have a TALK.

" Dear ode ! whose verse the true sublime affords,  
 " Go, visit Kings, Queens, Parasites, and Lords ;  
 " And if thy modest beauties they adore,  
 " Inform them they shall speedily have more."

But possibly a mighty king may say,  
 " Ode ! ode !—What ; I hate your rhyme haranguing ;  
 " I'd rather hear a jack-ass bray,  
 " I never knew a poet worth the hanging.

" I hate, abhor them—but I'll clip their wings ;  
 " I'll teach the saucy knaves to laugh at kings :  
 " Yes, yes, the rhyming rogues their songs shall rue,  
 " A ragged, bold-face, ballad-singing crew,  
 " Yes, yes, the poets shall my pow'r confess ;  
 " I'll maul that spawning devil call'd the PRESS."

If furious thus exclaims a king of glory,  
 Tell him, O gentle muse, this pretty story.

---

## KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES,

### A TALE.

CANUTE was by his nobles taught to fancy,  
 That by a kind of royal *neeromancy*,  
 He had the pow'r Old Ocean to controul—  
 Down rush'd the royal Dane upon the strand,  
 And issu'd, like a second Solomon, command—  
 Poor soul !!

" Go back, ye waves, you blust'ring rogues," quoth  
 he,

" Touch not your lord and master, Mr, SEA,  
 " For,

" For, by my pow'r *almighty*, if you do" —  
 Then staring vengeance—out he held a stick,  
 Vowing to drive Old Ocean to OLD NICK,  
 Should he ev'n wet the latchet of his shoe.

The sea retir'd—the monarch fierce rush'd on,  
 And look'd as if he'd drive him from the land—  
 But SEA, not caring to be put upon,  
 Made for a moment a bold stand.

Not only make a *stand* did Mr. OCEAN,  
 But to his honest waves he made a motion,  
 And bid them give the king a hearty trimming :  
 The orders seem'd a deal the waves to tickle,  
 For soon they put *his majesty* in PICKLE ;  
 And set his royalties like geese a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,  
 Soon did they make him wish himself on shore !  
 His head and ears most handsomely they dous'd—  
 Just like a porpus, with one general shout,  
 The waves so tumbled the *poor* king about—  
 No Anabaptist e'er was half so fous'd.

At length to land he crawl'd, a half drown'd thing,  
 Indeed, more like a crab than like a king,  
 And found his courtiers making rueful faces ;  
 But what said Canute to the lords and gentry,  
 Who hail'd him from the water, on his entry,  
 All trembling for their lives or places ?

" My lords and gentlemen, by your advice,  
 " I've had with Mr. SEA a pretty bustle ;  
 " My treatment from him was not over nice,  
 " Just made a jest for ev'ry shrimp and muscle :  
 " A pretty trick for one of my dominion ! —  
 " My lords, I thank you for your *great* opinion.  
 " You'll tell me, p'rhaps, I've only lost *one* game,  
 " And bid me try another for the rubber—  
 " Permit me to inform you all, with shame,  
 " That you're a set of knaves, and I'm a lubber."

SUCH is the story my dear ode,  
Which thou wilt bear a second load!

Yet much I fear, 'twill be of no great use:  
Kings are in gen'ral obstinate as MULES:  
Those who surround them mostly ROGUES and FOOLS,  
And therefore can no benefit produce.

Yet stories, sentences, and golden rules—  
Undoubtedly were made for rogues and fools;

But this unluckily the simple fact is;  
Those rogues and fools do nothing but admire,  
And all so dev'lish modest, don't desire  
The glory of reducing them to practice.

NEW  
LYRIC ODES  
TO THE  
ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,  
FOR 1782.

Paint and the men of canvass fire my lays,  
Who shew their works for profit and for praise;  
Whose pockets know most comfortable fillings—  
Gaining two thousand pounds a-year by shillings.

ODE I.

PETER giveth an Account of his great RELATION—Boast-  
eth—Praiseth Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS and SOMER-  
SET HOUSE—Applaudeth Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,  
and sheweth deep classic Learning.

MY Cousin Pindar, in his odes,  
Applauded horse-jockeys and gods,  
Wrestlers and boxers in his verse divine!

To



Then shall not I, who boast his fire,  
And old hereditary lyre,  
To British-painters give a golden line ?

Say, shall yon dome stupendous rise,  
Striking with Attic front the skies—  
The nursing dame of many a painting ape \* :  
And I immortal rhyme refuse,  
To tell the nations round the news,  
And make posterity with wonder gape ?

Spirit of Cousin Pindar, ho !  
By all thy odes, the world shall know,  
That *Chambers* plann'd it—Be his name rever'd !—  
Sir *William's* journeymen and tools,  
(No pupils of the Chinese schools),  
With stone, and wood, and lime, the fabric rear'd !

Thus having put the Knight in rhyme,  
Stone, men, and timber, tools and lime ;  
Now let us see what this rare dome contains—  
Where rival artists, for a name,  
Bit by that glorious mad-dog Fame,  
Have fixt the labours of their brush and brains.

O muse ! Sir *Josua's* master-hand  
Shall first our lyric laud command—  
Lo ! Tarleton dragging on his boot so tight !  
His horses feel a god-like rage,  
And long with Yankies to engage—  
I think I hear them snorting for the fight !

Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing !  
I wish indeed their manes, so flowing,  
Were more like hair—the brutes had been as good,  
If, flaming with such classic force,  
They had resembled less that horse  
Call'd Trojan, and by Greeks compos'd of wood.

\* *Painting Ape*.—This expression is by no means meant to convey an idea of insult.—There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it.—The reader will please to recollect, that painting is an imitative art—Monkeys are prodigious imitators.—witness my own Odes.—Besides, Pope compliments the immortal Newton by a similar allusion.

Now to yon Angel let us go—  
 A fine performance, too, I trow,  
 Who rides a cloud—indeed a poorish hack—  
 Which to my mind doth *certes* bring,  
 That easy bum-delighting thing,  
 Rid by the Chancellor—yclep'd a sack.

Yet, *Reynolds*, let me fairly say,  
 With pride I pour the lyric lay  
 To most things by thy able hand exprest—  
 Compar'd, alas! to other men,  
 Thou art an eagle to a wren!—  
 Now, Mrs. Muse, attend on Mr. *West*.

## O D E II.

PETER *falleth foul on Mr. WEST, for representing our  
 Blessed REDEEMER like an OLD CLOTHES MAN—  
 and for misrepresenting the APOSTLES.—PETER de-  
 scribeth St. PAUL, and JUDAS and the APOSTLES—  
 Cutteth up Mr. WEST's Angels—Attacketh another Pic-  
 ture of Mr. WEST's—Weepeth over the hard Fate of  
 PRINCE OCTAVIUS and AUGUSTUS, Children of our  
 Most Glorious Sovereign.*

O WEST, what hath thy pencil done?  
 Why, painted God Almighty's Son  
 Like an old clothes-man, about London street!  
 Place in his hand a rusty bag,  
 To hold each sweet collected rag:  
 We then shall see the character complete.

Th' Apostles, too, I'm much afraid,  
 Were not the fellows thou hast made—  
 For Heav'n's sake, *West*, pray rub them out again—  
 There's not a mortal who believes  
 They look'd like old \* *Salvator's* thieves,  
 Although they might not look like *Gentlemen*.

\* *Salvator Rosa*, happy in his characters of banditti.

St. Paul most candidly declares,  
 He could not give himself high airs  
 Upon his person—which was rather homely—  
 But really, as for all the rest,  
 Save Judas, who was a rank beast,  
 They all were decent labourers, and comely.

Thy *spirits*, too, can't boast the graces—  
 Two Indian angels by their faces—  
 But speak—where are their wings to mount the wind?  
 One would suppose M<sup>r</sup>Bride \* had met 'em—  
 If thou hast spare ones, quickly get 'em,  
 Or else the lads will both be left behind.

Ghost of Octavius! tell the bard,  
 And thou, Augustus, us'd so *hard*,  
 Why *West* hath murder'd you, my tender lambs!  
 You bring to mind vile Richard's deed,  
 Who bid your royal cousins bleed,  
 For which the world the tyrant's mem'ry damns.

*West*, I must own thou dost inherit  
 Some portion of the painting spirit—  
 But trust me—not extraordinary things—  
 Some merit thou must surely own,  
 By getting up so near the throne,  
 And gaining whispers from the best of kings.

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### ODE III.

PETER *administereth sage Advice to very young Painters.*

PEOPLE must mount by slow degrees to glory—  
 'Tis stairs must lead us to the Attic story—  
 Thus thought my great old name-sake, PETER CZAR;

\* Capt. M<sup>r</sup>Bride, famous for *winging* men of war, as well as partridges.—See his Letter to the Admiralty.

Who

Who bound himself, in Holland, to a trade ;  
 A very pretty carpenter he made ;  
 And then went \* home, and built a man of war.

The lad who would a \*pothecary shine,  
 Should powder claws of crabs, and jalap, fine,  
 Keep the shop clean, and watch it like a porter :  
 Learn to boil glysters—nay, to *give* them too,  
 If blinking nurfes can't the bus'ness do ;  
 Write well the labels, and wipe well the mortar.

Before that boys can rise to master-tanners,  
 Humble those boys must be, and mind their man-  
 ners ;  
 Despising pride, whose wish it is to wreck 'em :  
 And mornings, with a bucket and a stick,  
 Should never once disdain to pick,  
 From street to street, fair lumps of *Album Græcum*.

Thus should young limning lads themselves demean ;  
 Learn how to keep their masters brushes clean,  
 And learn to squeeze the colours from the bladders—  
 Furbish up rags—the shining pallet set—  
 Keep the knives bright—and eke the easel neat—  
 Such arts to Fame's high temple are the ladders.

Young men—so useful are the arts I mention  
 (Believe me, not an atom is invention).  
 The instant that I pen this ode, I know  
 A Jew-like, shock-poll'd, scrubby, short, black man,  
 More like a cobbler than a gentleman—  
 Working on canvass, like a dog in dough.

By Heav'ns ! with scarce more knowledges than  
 these,  
 He earns a guinea ev'ry day with ease ;  
 Attempteth heads of princes, dogs, cats, 'squires—  
 Now on a monkey vent'reth—now a faint—  
 Talks of *himself*, and much himself admires,  
 And struts the veriest *Bantam cock* of paint.

\* To Russia.

But



But mind me, youths, I don't conceit advise,  
Because 'tis fulsome to men's ears and eyes;  
Whose tongues might cover you with ridicule—  
And pray, who loves the appellation, *Fool*?

Yet, if in spite of all the muse can say,  
You will *insist* on going the wrong way,  
And *wish* to be a laughing-stock—  
Copy our little old black Bantam cock—

Whose soul, moreover, of such sort is—  
With so much acrimony overflows,  
As makes him, wherefoe'er he goes,  
A walking thumb-bottle of *Aqua-fortis*.

\* \* According to the chronology of events, these Odes should have been inserted nearer the beginning of the volume; but as the *London Edition* binds them promiscuously up together, and PETER has never condescended to give a complete series of his works in uniform order, they are placed here as they were found packed close, *Sine Corio Turcico*.

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#### ODE IV.

*The Lyric Bard commendeth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH'S PIG  
—Recommendeth LANDSCAPE to the Artist.*

AND now, O muse, with song so big,  
Turn round to *Gainsb'rough's* girl and pig,  
Or pig and girl, I rather should have said:  
The pig in white, I must allow,  
Is really a well-painted sow:  
I wish to say the same thing of the maid.

As for poor St. Leger and Prince,  
Had I their places, I should wince,  
Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high:

Just

Just like your felons after death,  
On Bagshot, or on Hounslow Heath,  
That force from travellers the pitying sigh.

Yet *Gainsborough* has great merit, too,  
Would he his charming *fort* pursue—  
To mind his landscape have the modest grace—  
Yet there sometimes are Nature's tints despis'd :  
I wish them more attended to, and priz'd,  
Instead of trump'ry that usurps their place.

# ODE V.

PETER quarreleth with FAT—Proveth its fatal Incon-  
veniences—Accounteth for the Leanness and Rags of the  
MUSES—Displayeth Military Science—Telletb a won-  
derful Story of a SPANISH MARQUIS—Talketh sensibly  
of a Greyhound, a Hawk, and a Race-horse—Pointeth  
out the proper Subjects for Grease.

PAINTERS and Poets never should be fat—  
Sons of Apollo, listen well to that.  
Fat is foul weather—dims the fancy's sight :  
In poverty, the wits more nimbly muster .  
Thus stars, when pinch'd by frost, cast keener lustre  
On the Black blanket of OLD MOTHER NIGHT.

Your heavy fat, I will maintain,  
Is perfect birdlime of the brain ;  
And, as to goldfinches the birdlime clings—  
Fat holds ideas by the legs and wings.

Fat flattens the most brilliant thoughts,  
Like the buff-stop on harpsichords or spinnets—  
Muffling their pretty little tuneful throats,  
That would have chirp'd away like linnets.

Not only fat is hurtful to the arts,  
But LOVE, at fat—ev'n LOVE ALMIGHTY starts—  
LOVE hates large, lubberly, fat, clumsy fellows,  
Panting and blowing like a blacksmith's bellows.

In Parliament, amidst the various chat,  
What eloquence of NORTH's is lost by fat!  
Mute in his head-piece on his bosom hung,  
How many a speech hath slept upon his tongue!

So far Apollo's right, I needs must own,  
To keep his sons and daughters high in bone:  
The NINE, too, as from history we glean,  
Are, like Don Quixote's Rozinante, lean;

Who likewise fancy all incumbrance bad,  
And therefore travel very thinly clad;  
Looking like damsels just escap'd from jails,  
With backs *al fresco*, and with tatter'd tails.

How, with large rolls of fat, would act  
A foldier or a sailor?  
And 'tis a well-attested fact,  
Apollo was as nimble as a taylor.  
How could he else have caught that handsome flirt,  
MISS DAPHNE, racing through the pools and dirt?

The Marquis of CERONA, of great parts,  
Could scarce support himself, he was so big—  
He starv'd—drank vinegar by pints and quarts,  
And got down to a Christian—from a pig.  
Some author says, his skin (but some will doubt him)  
Would fold a half-a-dozen times about him.

Reader!—of lie I urge not an iöta:  
His skin would really round his body come,  
Though tight before as parchment on a drum—  
Just like a Portuguese Capota.—

Yes—yes—indeed, I solemnly repeat,  
Painters and bards should very little eat:  
No matter, verily, how slight their fare—  
Nay, though, camelion-like, they fed on air—

Else they're, like ladies, much inclin'd to feeding—  
Who, often when they fatten, leave off breeding;  
Or, like the Hen, facetious Æsop's story,  
So known—I shall not lay the tale before ye.

You would not load with fat a running horse,  
 Or greyhound, you design to course;  
 Nor would you fatten up the hawk,  
 You mean to nimble birds to talk.

Then pray, young Brushmen, if you wish to thrive,  
 And keep your genius and the art alive,  
 Gobble not quantities of flesh and fish up:  
 Beings who can no harm from fat receive,  
 May feast securely—then, for Heav'n's sake, leave  
 Grease to an alderman, a hog, or bishop.—

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O D E VI.

PETER *flattereth* Mr. MASON CHAMBERLIN—and *that*  
*most brilliant Landscape-painter, Mr. LOUTHERBOURG*  
 —PETER *admireth, praiseth, and consoleth the English*  
 Claude, WILSON.

THY portraits, *Chamberlin*, may be  
 A likeness, far as I can see;  
 But, faith! I cannot praise a single feature:  
 Yet, when it so shall please the Lord,  
 To make his people out of board,  
 Thy pictures will be tolerable nature.

And, *Louthembourg*, when Heav'n so wills,  
 To make brass skies and golden hills,  
 With marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing;  
 Thy reputation too will rise,  
 And people, gaping with surprise,  
 Cry, "Monsieur *Louthembourg* is most amazing!"

But thou must wait for that event—  
 Perhaps the change is never meant—  
 Till then, with me, thy pencil will not shine—  
 Till then, old red-nos'd *Wilson's* art  
 Will hold its empire o'er my heart,  
 By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But,



But, honest *Wilson*, never mind ;  
 Immortal praises thou shalt find,  
 And for a dinner have no cause to fear—  
 Thou start'st at my prophetic rhymes—  
 Don't be impatient for those times ;  
 Wait till thou hast been dead an hundred year.

## O D E VII.

PETER breaketh out into Learning, and talketh Latin—  
 Adviseth young Artists to do no more than they can do—  
 Recommendeth to each the Knowledge of his Genius—  
 PETER talketh of *Æsop's Fables* and Mr. STUBBS—  
 PETER ventureth on the Stage—Recordeth a Story of an  
 Actor, and concludeth facetiously.

“ QUI fit, *Mæcenæ, ut nemo quam sibi sortem*”—  
 Was partly written for those fools  
 Who slight the very art that would support 'em,  
 In spite of gratitude's and wisdom's rules.

It brings to mind old *Æsop's* tale, so sweet,  
 Of a poor country-bumpkin of a stag,  
 Who us'd to curse his clumsy legs and feet,  
 But of his horns did wonderfully brag.

Unlike our London poor John Bulls,  
 Who, from the wardrobe of their skulls,  
 Could, with the greatest pleasure, piece-meal tear  
 Such pretty-looking ornamental geer.

But, to the story of the Buck,  
 (Like many English ones) much out of luck.

When to a thicket Master Buck was chac'd,  
 His fav'rite horns contriv'd to spoil his trot—  
 By keeping the young 'squire in limbo fast,  
 Till John the huntsman came and cut his throat.

Unfortunately for the graphic art,  
 Painters too often their true genius *thwart*;  
 Mad to accomplish what can ne'er be done,  
 They form for criticism—a world of fun.

The man of hift'ry longs to deal in *little*,  
 Quits lasting oil for perishable spittle :

The man of miniature to hift'ry springs,  
 Mounts with an ardour wild the broom-like brush,  
 Makes for sublimity a daring push,  
 And shews, like Icarus, his feeble wings.

'Tis said that nought so much the temper rubs  
 Of that ingenious artist, Mr. STUBBS,  
 As calling him a horse-painter—How strange,  
 That STUBBS the title should desire to change!

Yet doth he curses on th' occasion utter,  
 And foolish quarrels with his bread and *butter*.  
 Yet, after landscape, Gentlemen and Ladies,  
 This very Mr. STUBBS prodigious mad is!

So quits his horse—on which the man might ride  
 To Fame's fair Temple, happy and unburt;  
 And takes a hobby-horse to gall his pride,  
 That flings him, like a lubber, in the dirt.

The self-same folly reigns, too, on the stage,  
 Such for impossibilities the rage!  
 The man of farce to tragedy aspires,  
 And, calf-like bellowing, feels heroic fires—

WESTON for *Hamlet* and *Othello* sigh'd,  
 And thought it dev'lish hard to be denied—  
 The courtly ABINGTON's untoward star  
 Wanted her reputation much to mar,  
 And sink the *Lady* to the washing tub—  
 So whisper'd—"Mrs. Abington, play *Scrub*"—  
 To folly full as great, some imp may lug her,  
 And bid her sink in *Filch* and *Abel Dragger*.

An actor, living at this time,  
 That now I pen my verse sublime,

Could

Could not, to save his soul, find out his *fort*—  
 But lo! it happen'd, on a lucky night,  
 He on the subject got a deal of light;  
 And thus doth Fame the circumstance report:

After exhibiting to pit and boxes,  
 To take a dram, the actor stroll'd to \* Fox's—  
 Where soon his friend came in, such fine things saying,  
 Offering a thousand pretty salutations,  
 With full-confirming oath-ejaculations  
 Unto this son of Thespis, for his playing.

“ By heav'ns!” quoth he, “ unrivall'd is thy merit—  
 “ Thou play'dst to-night, my friend, with matchless  
     “ spirit:  
 “ Zounds! my dear fellow, let me go to h-ll,  
 “ If ever part was acted half so well!”

The actor blush'd, and bow'd, and silly look'd,  
 To hear such compliments so nicely crook'd—  
 Getting the better of his *mauvaise honte*—  
 And staring at the other's steady front,

He ask'd,—“ What part, pray, mean ye? for, in  
     “ troth,  
 I know of none that you should so commend”—  
 What part!” replied the other, with an oath:  
 The *bind-part* of a JACK-ASS †, my dear friend!”

The play'r, pleas'd instead of being hurt,  
 Thank'd him for the discovery of his *fort*—  
 Pursued his genius—fought no higher game,  
 And by his JACK-ASS won *unenvid* fame.

\* A tavern near the play-house.

† A part in one of the pantomimes, which contains a large  
 portion of kicking, braying, obstinacy, and tail-wriggling.

## O D E VIII.

PETER abuseth Mr. and Mrs. COSWAY.

**F**IE, *Cosway*! I'm aſham'd to ſay  
 Thou own'ſt the title of R. A.—  
 I fear, to damn thee 'twas the devil's ſending—  
 Some honeſt calling quickly find,  
 And bid thy wife her kitchen mind,  
 Or ſhirts and ſhifts be making, or be mending.

If Madam cannot make a ſhirt,  
 Or mend, or from it waſh the dirt,  
 Better than paint—the poet for thee feels—  
 Or take a ſtitch up in thy ſtocking  
 (Which for a wife is very ſhocking),  
 I pity the condition of thy heels.

What vanity was in your ſculls,  
 To make you act ſo like two fools,  
 T'expoſe your daubs, though made with wond'rous  
 pains out?

Could *Raphael's* angry gholt ariſe,  
 And on the figures caſt his eyes,  
 He'd catch a piſtol up, and blow your brains out.

MUSE, in this criticifm, I fear,  
 Thou really haſt been too ſevere:  
 COSWAY paints miniature with truth and ſpirit,  
 And Mrs. COSWAY boatts a fund of merit.

Be more like courtly Horace's thy page;  
 And ſhun of furious Juvenal the rage,  
 Of whom old Scaliger aſſerts—“ *qui jugulat*”—  
*Id eſt*—the fellow would not murder boggle at.

This Scaliger employs, too, the word *trucidat*:  
 That is, the bard would daſh through thick and thin,  
 And, like a ruſſian, would ſo uſe ye, that  
 He would not leave a whole bone in your ſkin.



## O D E IX.

PETER *exhibiteth Bible Knowledge—Condemneth Imitators,  
and maketh Comparisons.*

SIR JOSHUA—for I've read my bible over,  
Of whose fine art I own myself a lover,  
Puts me in mind of Matthew, the first chapter—  
Abrâm got Isaac—Isaac, Jacob got—  
Joseph to get, was lucky Jacob's lot,  
And all his brothers,

Who very *nat'rally* made others,  
Continuing to the end of a long chapter—  
A genealogy I read with rapture.

Yet, possibly, not with so much delight,  
As Queensb'ry's DUKE, delighting in *good courses*,  
Reads (which I'm told he doth, from morn to night)  
The noble pedigrees of running-horses,  
Penn'd with a deal of subtlety and labour  
By that great turf-apostle, Mr. HEBER.

Sir JOSHUA's happy pencil hath produc'd  
A host of copyists, much of the same feature;  
By which the art hath greatly been abus'd—  
I own Sir JOSHUA *great*—but Nature *greater*.

But what, alas! is ten times worse—  
The progress of the art to curse:  
The *copyists* have been *copied* too;  
And that, I'm sure, will never do.

Such painters are like pointers hunting game—  
Intent on pleasure, and dog-fame;  
Suppose a half-a-dozen dogs, or more,  
Snuffing, and scamp'ring, crossing the field o'er.

One pointer scents the partridge—points—  
Fix'd like a statue on the pleasing gale!  
How act the others?—Stop their scamp'ring joints;  
And, lo! one's *nose* is on his neighbour's *tail*.

Perhaps

Perhaps this dog-comparifon of mine,  
 Though vaffly natural, and vaffly fine,  
 May not be fully underftood  
 By all the youngling painter brood ;  
 Therefore, that into error they may'nt roam,  
 I think I'll be a little more *at home*.

Suppofe a damfel of the Cyprian clafs,  
 A frefh-imported, lovely, blooming lafs,  
 Gay, carelefs, fmiling, ogling in the Park—  
 Suppofe thofe charms, fo pleafing to the eye,  
 Catch the wild glance, and ftart the am'rous figh,  
 Of fome young roving military fpark !

Lo ! as if touch'd by bailiffs, or by thunder,  
 Sudden he ftops—all-over ftaring wonder—  
 A thoufand fancies his warm brain furround ;  
 And nail'd, as if by magic, to the ground,  
 He *points* towards thofe fascinating charms  
 That rous'd the hoft of paffions up in arms.

A brother enfign spies the ftock-ftill lad,  
 And fudden halts—grave pond'ring what it means—  
 Another enfign, taking *this* for mad,  
 Upon his fupple-jack deep-marv'ling leans :

Another enfign after *him*, too, fauntering,  
 Stops fhort, and to his eye applies his glafs—  
 To know what ftay'd his brother enfign's cantering  
 Not dreaming of that eye-catcher, the LASS.

Thus, nofing one the other's back,  
 Stands in a goodly row the King's red pack ;  
 Except the *firft*, whom NATURE's charms inflame—  
 His nofe is properly towards the game.

E'en fo, the PRESIDENT, to NATURE true,  
 Doth mark her form, and all her haunts purfue ;  
 Whilft half the filly brushmen of the land,  
 Contented take the NYMPH at *fecond-hand* ;  
 Imps, who juft boaft the merit of *translators*—  
 Horace's *feruum pecus*—imitators.

## O D E X.

PETER *jeereth* Messieurs SERRES and ZOFFANI, and  
*praiseth* and condemneth Mr. BARRET.

SERRES and ZOFFANI! I ween,  
I better works than yours have seen—  
You'll say, no compliment can well be colder—  
Why, as you scarce are in your prime,  
And wait the strength'ning hand of time,  
I hope that you'll improve as you grow older \*.

Believe me, BARRET, thou hast truth and taste;  
Yet sometimes are thou apt to be *unchaste*:  
Too oft thy pencil, or thy genius, flags—  
Too oft thy landscapes bonfires seem to be;  
And in thy bustling clouds methinks I see  
The resurrection of OLD RAGS.

O CATTON, our poor feelings spare!  
Suppress thy trash another year;  
Nor of thy folly make us say a hard thing—  
And lo! those daubs amongst the many,  
Painted by Mr. EDWARD PENNY!  
They truly are not worth a half a farthing.

## O D E XI,

PETER *cannonadeth* FASHION—*Adviseth* People to use  
*their own Eyes and Noses*; and *ordereth* what is to be  
*done with a bad Nose*.

ONE year the pow'rs of fashion rule  
In favour of the Roman school—  
Then hey, for drawing! Raphael and Poussin.

\* The first is about 70 years of age, and the last 63 or 64.

The following year the Flemish schools shall strike—  
Then hey, for Col'ring—Rubens and Vandyke !  
And, lo ! the Roman is not worth a pin.

Be not impos'd upon by FASHION's roar—  
FASHION too often makes a monstrous noise,  
Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore  
The poorest trash, the meanest toys.

And, as a gang of thieves a bustle make,  
With greater ease your purse to take,  
So FASHION frequently, her point to gain,  
Sets up a howl enough to stun a stone,  
And fairly picks the pocket of your brain,  
That is, if any brain you chance to own.

Carry your eyes with you where'er you go—  
For not to trust to them, is to abuse 'em,  
As Nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know  
The wise old Lady meant that you should *use* 'em ;  
And yet, what thousands, to our vast surprise,  
Of pictures judge by other people's eyes !

When nature made a present of a nose  
To each man's face, we justly may suppose,  
She meant, that for itself the nose should *think* ;  
And *judge* in matters of perfume and stink ;  
Not meant it for a mule alone, poor hack !  
To bear horn spectacles upon its back—  
“ Suppose it cannot smell, what then ? ” you'll say,  
Fling it away.

---

O D E XII.

*The LYRIC BARD groweth witty on Mr. PETERS's Angel  
and Child—and Madam ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.*

**D**EAR *Peters* ! who, like Luke the Saint,  
A man of Gospel art, and paint,  
Thy pencil flames not with poetic fury :



If Heav'n's fair angels are like thine,  
Our bucks, I think, O grave divine,  
May meet in t'other world the nymphs of Drury.

The infant soul I do not much admire :  
It boasteth somewhat more of flesh than fire—  
The pictures, *Peters*, cannot much adorn ye—  
I'm glad, though, that the red fac'd little sinner,  
Poor soul ! hath made a hearty dinner,  
Before it ventur'd on so long a journey.

*Angelica* my plaudit gains—  
Her art so sweetly canvass stains !—  
Her dames, so Grecian ! give me such delight ?  
But, were she married to such gentle males  
As figure in her painted tales—  
I fear she'd find a stupid wedding-night.

---

O D E XIII.

PETER *lasbeth the Ladies.—He turneth Story-teller.—*  
PETER *grieveth.*

ALTHOUGH the ladies with such beauty blaze,  
They very frequently my passion raise—  
Their charms compensate, scarce, their want of *taste*—  
Passing amidst the EXHIBITION crowd,  
I heard some damsels *fashionably* loud,  
And thus I give the dialogue that pass'd.

- “ Oh ! the dear man ! (cried one) look ! here's a  
“ bonnet !  
“ He shall paint *me*—I am determin'd on it—  
“ Lord ! Cousin, see ! how beautiful the gown !  
“ What charming colours ! here's fine lace, here's  
“ gauze !  
“ What pretty sprigs the fellow draws !  
“ Lord, Cousin ! he's the cleverest man in town !”  
“ Ay,

" Ay, Cousin," cried a second, " very true—  
" And here, here's charming green, and red, and  
" blue——

" There's a complexion beats the *rouge* of Warren!  
" See those red lips, oh la! they are so nice!  
" What rosy cheeks then, Cousin, to entice!—  
" Compar'd to this, all other heads are carrion.—

" Cousin, this limner quickly will be seen  
" Painting the Princess Royal and the Queen:  
" Pray, don't you think as I do, *Cox*?  
" But we'll be painted *first*, that's *poz*."

Such was the very *pretty* conversation

That pass'd between the *pretty* misses,  
Whilst unobserv'd, the glory of our nation,  
Close by them hung Sir JOSHUA's matchless pieces—  
Works! that a TITIAN's hand could form alone—  
Works! that a REUBENS had been proud to own.

Permit me, Ladies, now to lay before ye  
What happen'd lately—therefore a true story.

## A S T O R Y.

WALKING one afternoon along the Strand,  
My wond'ring eyes did suddenly expand  
— Upon a pretty leash of country lasses.—  
" Heav'ns! My dear beauteous angels, how d'ye do?  
" Upon my soul I'm monstrous glad to see ye."  
" Swinge! PETER, we are glad to meet with *you*:  
" We're just to London come—well, pray how be ye?  
" We're just a going, while 'tis light,  
" To see St. PAUL's before 'tis dark.—  
" Lord! come, for once, be so polite,  
" And condescend to be our spark."

" With all my heart, my angels."—On we walk'd,  
And much of London—much of Cornwall talk'd:  
Now

Now did I hug myself to think  
 How much that glorious structure would surprise—  
 How from its awful grandeur they would shrink  
 With open mouths and marv'ling eyes!

As near to Ludgate-Hill we drew,  
 St. PAUL's just opening on our view;  
 Behold, my lovely strangers, one and all,  
 Gave, all at once, a diabolic squawl,  
 As if they had been tumbled on the stones,  
 And some confounded cart had crush'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,  
 And sticking to a ribbon-shop their eyes—  
 They all rush'd in, with sounds enough to stun—  
 And clattering all together, thus began:—

“Swinge! here are colours, then, to please!

“Delightful things, I vow to Heav'n!

“Why! not to see such things as these,

“We never should have been forgiv'n.—

“Here, here, are clever things—good Lord!

“And, Sister, here, upon my word—

“Here, here!—look! here are beauties to delight;

“Why! how a body's heels might dance

“Along from Launceston to Penzance,

“Before that one might meet with such a fight!”

“Come, Ladies, 'twill be dark,” cried I—“I fear:

“Pray let us view St. PAUL's, it is so near.”—

“Lord! PETER (cried the girls), don't mind St.

“PAUL!—

“Sure! you're a most *incurious* soul—

“Why—we can see the church another day,

“Don't be afraid—St. PAUL's can't *run away*.”

*Reader,*

If e'er thy bosom felt a thought *sublime*,  
 Drop tears of pity with the man of rhyme!

## O D E XIV.

PETER *disclaimeth Flattery—Describeth the GRAND MONARQUE—and promiseth critical Candour.*

'TIS very true, that flattery's not my *fort*—  
 I cannot to stupidity pay court—  
 And swear a face *looks sense* (the picture puffing),  
 That boasts no more *expression* than a muffin.

And yet, a Frenchman can do this,  
 And think he doth not act amiss ;  
 Although he tells a most confounded lie—  
 KING LEWIS leads me into this remark,  
 Call'd by his people all, LE GRAND MONARQUE—  
 A demi-god in every Frenchman's eye.

His portrait by some famous hand was done,  
 And then exhibited at the *Salon*—  
 At once a courtly critic *criticises*—  
 “ Where is the brilliant eye, the charming grace,  
 “ The sense profound that marks the royal face—  
 “ The *soul* of LEWIS, that so very *wise* is ?”

Yet when he bawl'd for sense, he bawl'd, I wot,  
 For furniture the head had never *got*.  
 Reader, believe me, that this *Gentleman*  
 Was form'd on Nature's very homely plan.—

Clumfy in legs and shoulders, head and gullet,  
 In mouth abroad in seeming wonder lost,  
 As if its meaning had giv'n up the ghost :  
 His eye far duller than a leaden bullet ;  
 Nature so slighting the poor royal nob,  
 As if she bargain'd for it by the *job*.

Therefore, should mighty G . . . . ., or great LORD  
 NORTH,  
 Both *Gentlefolks* of high condition,  
 Think it worth while to send their faces forth,  
 To stare amidst the ROYAL EXHIBITION.



If likenesses, I'll not condemn the pictures,  
 To compliment those mighty people's polls—  
 I scorn to pass unfair and cruel strictures,  
 By asking for the *Graces*, or their *souls*.

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## O D E XV.

PETER *praiseth Mr. STUBBS, and administereth wholesome  
 Advice—Surpriseth Mr. HONE with a Compliment—  
 Concludeth with suspecting the Ingratitude of the ROYAL  
 ACADEMICIANS.*

WELL-PLEAS'D, thy horses, *Stubbs*, I view,  
 And eke thy dogs, to nature true:  
 Let modern artists match thee if they can—  
 Such animals thy genius suit—  
 Then stick, I beg thee, to the brute,  
 And meddle not with woman, nor with man.

And now for Mr. *Nathan Hone*—  
 In portrait thou'rt as much *alone*,  
 As in his landscape stands th'unrival'd *Claude*—  
 Of pictures I have seen enough,  
 Most vile, most execrable stuff!  
 But none so bad as thine, I vow to God.

Thus, in the cause of painting loyal,  
 Sublime I've sung to artists royal—  
 With labour-pains the muse hath sore been torn!  
 And yet each academic face,  
 I fear me, hath not got the grace  
 To smile upon the bantling, now 'tis born.

MORE  
LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR 1783.

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ODE I.

*PETER puffs away.—Displays his Learning.—Praises the Reviewers.—Describes himself most pathetically.—Consoles himself.—Dislikes the Road to the Temple of Fame by means of a Pistol, Poison, or a Rope.—Addresses Great Folks.—Gives the King a broad Hint.—Asks a queer Question.—Makes as queer an Apostrophe to GENIUS.*

SONS of the brush, I'm here again!  
At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,  
Casting poetic pearl (I fear) to swine!  
For hang me, if my last year's Odes  
Paid rent for \* lodgings near the gods,  
Or put one sprat into this mouth divine.

For odes, my Cousin hath rump-steaks to eat!  
So says Pausanias—loads of dainty meat!  
And this the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit:  
The best historians one and all declare,  
With the most solemn air,  
The poet might have guttled till he split.

How different far, alas! my worship's fate!  
To soothe the horrors of an empty plate,

\* i. e. the garret.

The grave \* possessors of the critic throne,  
 Gave me, in truth, a pretty treat—  
 Of flattery, mind me, not of meat ;  
 For they, poor souls, like me, are skin and bone.

No, no! with all my lyric pow'rs,  
 I'm not like Mrs. Cosway's † *Hours*,  
 Red as cock-turkies, plump as barn-door chicken ;  
 Merit and I are miserably off—  
 We both have got a most consumptive cough ;  
 Hunger hath long our harmless bones been picking.

Merit and I, so innocent, so good,  
 Are like the little children in the wood—  
 And soon, like them, shall lay us down and die!  
 May some good Christian Bard, in pity strong,  
 Turn redbreast kind, and with the sweetest song  
 Bewail our hapless fate with wat'ry eye !

Poor Chatterton was starv'd—with all his art!  
 Some consolation this to my lean art—  
 Like him, in holes too, spider-like I mope :  
 And there my rev'rence may remain, alas !  
 The world will not discover it, the ass!  
 Until I scrape acquaintance with a rope :

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants, mount like bees ;  
 Then each my pow'rs with adoration fees—  
 Nothing their kind civilities can hinder—  
 When, like an Otho, I am found ;  
 Like Jacob's sons, they'll look one t'other round,  
 And cry, " Who would have thought this a young  
 " Pindar ?"

Hanging's a dismal road to fame—  
 Pistols and poison just the same—

\* See the Reviews for the last year.

† A sublime picture this! the expression is truly Homerial.—  
 The fair artist hath in the most surprising manner communicated  
 to canvass the old Bard's idea of the *Brandy-fac'd Hours*.—  
 See the *Iliad*.

And, what is worse, one can't come back again—  
 Soon as the beauteous gem we find,  
 We can't display it to mankind,  
 Tho' won with such wry mouths and wriggling pain.

Ye Lords and Dukes, so clever, say  
 (For you have much to give away,  
 And much your gentle patronage I lack),  
 Speak, is it not a crying sin,  
 That folly's guts are to his chin,  
 Whilst *mine* are slunk a mile into my back ?

Of as his sacred majesty I see,  
 Ah ! George (I sigh), thou hast good things with  
 thee,  
 Would make me sportive as a youthful cat :  
 It is not that my soul so loyal  
 Would wish to wed the Princess Royal,  
 Or be Archbishop—no ! I'm not for that.

Nor really have I got the grace  
 To wish for Laureat Whitehead's place ;  
 Whose Odes Cibberian—sweet, yet very manly,  
 Are set with equal strength by Mr. Stanley.

Would not one swear, that Heav'n *lov'd* fools,  
 There's such a number of them made ?  
 Bum-proof to all the flogging of the schools,  
 No ray of knowledge could their skulls pervade :  
 Yet, take a peep into those fellows' breeches,  
 We stare like congers, to observe the riches.

O genius ! what a wretch art thou,  
 That canst not keep a mare nor cow,  
 With all thy compliments of wit so frisky !  
 Whilst folly, as a mill-horse blind,  
 Beside his computer gold can find,  
 And Sundays sport a *strumpet* and a *whisky*.



## O D E II.

PETER begins to criticise.—Addresses the British Raphael.  
 —Promises Mr. West great Things, and, like Great  
 Folks, breaks his Word.—Laughs at the Figure of King  
 Charles.—Lashes that of Oliver Cromwell; and ri-  
 dicules the Picture of Peter and John running to the  
 Sepulchre.—Understands plain-work, and justly condemns  
 the Shortness of the Shirts of Mr. West's Angels.—Con-  
 cludes with making that Artist a handsome Offer of an  
 American Immortality.

NOW for my criticism on paints,  
 Where bull-dogs, heroes, sinners, saints,  
 Flames, thunder, lightning, in confusion meet!—  
 Behold the works of Mr. WEST!  
 That artist first shall be address—  
 His pencil with due reverence I greet—

Still bleeding from his last year's wound,  
 Which from my doughty lance he found;  
 Methinks I hear the trembling painter bawl,  
 “Why dost thou persecute me, Saul?”

West, let me whisper in thy ear—  
 Snug as a thief within a mill,  
 From me thou hast no cause to fear:  
 To panegyric will I turn my skill;  
 And if thy picture I am forc'd to blame,  
 I'll say most handsome things about the frame.

Don't be cast down—instead of gall,  
 Molasses from my pen shall fall:  
 And yet I fear thy gullet it is such,  
 That could I pour all Niagara down,  
 Were Niagara praise, thou wouldst not frown,  
 Nor think the wond'ring gulph one drop too much.

Ye gods! the portrait of a King!  
 A very Saracen! a glorious thing!

It

It shews a *flaming pencil*, let me tell ye—  
 Methinks I see the people stare,  
 And, anxious for his life, declare,  
 “ King George hath got a fire-ship in his belly.”

Thy Charles !—What must I say to that ?  
 Each face unmeaning, and so flat !  
 Indeed, first cousin to a piece of board—  
 But, muse, we’ve promis’d in our lays,  
 To give our *Yankey* painter praise :  
 So, Madam, ’tis but fair to keep our word.

Well then, the Charles of Mr. *West*,  
 And Oliver, I do protest,  
 And eke the \* witnesses of resurrection ;  
 Will stop a hole, keep out the wind,  
 And make a properer window-blind,  
 Than great † Coreggio’s, us’d for horse protection.

They’ll make good floor-cloths, tailor’s measures,  
 For table coverings be treasures,  
 With butchers, form for flies, most charming flappers ;  
 And Monday mornings at the tub,  
 When queens of suds their linen scrub,  
 Make for the blue-nos’d nymphs delightful wrappers.

*West*, I forgot last year to say,  
 Thy *angels* did my delicacy hurt ;  
 Their linen so much coarseness did display :  
 What’s worse, each had not above half a shirt.  
 I tell thee, cambrick fine as webs of spiders,  
 Ought to have deck’d that brace of heav’nly riders.

Could not their saddle-bags, pray, jump  
 To somewhat longer for each rump ?  
 I’d buy much better at a Wapping shop,  
 By vulgar tongues baptiz’d a sloop !  
 Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,  
 And thou shalt cut a figure in my rhyme :

\* Peter and John.

† Coreggio’s best pictures were actually made use of in the royal stables in the North, to keep the wind from the tails of the horses.

Sublimely tow'ring 'midst th'Atlantic roar,  
 I'll waft thy praises to thy \* native shore;  
 Where *Liberty's* brave sons their Poëans sing,  
 And every scoundrel convict is a *king*.

---

O D E III.

*The Poet addresses Mr. Gainsborough.—Shews great  
 Scripture Erudition—Condemns Mr. Gainsborough's  
 Plagiarism.—Gives the Artist wholesome Advice.—  
 Praises the Cornish Boy, and says fine Things to Jackson.*

**N**OW, GAINSBOROUGH, let me view thy shining  
 labours,

Who, mounted on thy painting throne,  
 On other brushmen look'st contemptuous down,  
 Like our great admirals on a gang of swabbers.

My eyes, broad staring wonder, leads  
 To yon dear † nest of royal heads!  
 How each the soul of my attention pulls!  
 Suppose, my friend, thou giv'st the frame  
 A pretty little Bible name,  
 And call'st it *Golgotha, the Place of Skulls*?

Say, didst thou really paint 'em (to be free)?  
 And angel finish'd Luke's transcendent line—  
 Perchance that civil angel was with thee—  
 For let me perish if I think them thine.

Thy ‡ dogs are good!—but yet, to make thee stare,  
 The piece hath gain'd a number of deriders—  
 They tell thee, genius in it hath no share,  
 But that thou foully stol'st the curs from *Snyders*.

\* America.

† A frame full of heads, in most *humble* imitation of the royal family.

‡ A picture of boys setting dogs to fight.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint,  
 For, to be plain, there's nothing in't—  
 The man who scorns to do it is a log :  
 An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,  
 Were modesty, one might suppose ;  
 But, z——ds ! thou must not smuggle the *whole dog*.

O GAINSBOROUGH, Nature 'plaineth fore,  
 That thou hast kick'd her out of door,  
 Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,  
 To cull such genius out for thee—  
 Lo ! all thy efforts without her are vain !  
 Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again.

Speak, muse, who form'd that matchless head ?  
 The Cornish Boy \*, in tin-mines bred ;  
 Whose native genius, like his diamonds, shone  
 In secret, till chance gave him to the *sun*.

'Tis JACKSON's portrait—put the laurel on it,  
 Whilst to that tuneful Swan I pour a sonnet.

## S O N N E T,

T O

JACKSON, OF EXETER.

ENCHANTING harmonist ! the art is thine,  
 Unmatch'd, to pour the soul-dissolving air,  
 That seems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,  
 Soothing the wounded bosom of despair !

O say, what minstrel of the sky hath giv'n  
 To swell the dirge, so musically lorn ?  
 Declare, hath dove-ey'd Pity left her heav'n,  
 And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn ?

\* OPIE.

So



So sad,—thy songs of hopeless hearts complain,  
*Love*, from his Cyprian isle prepares to fly;  
 He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,  
 And learn from thee to breathe a sweeter sigh.

---

## O D E V.

*The great Peter, by a bold Pindaric Jump, leaps from  
 Sonnet to Gull-catching.*

**R**EADER, dost know the mode of catching gulls?  
 If not, I will inform thee—Take a board,  
 And place a fish upon it for the fools—  
 A sprat, or any fish by gulls ador'd:

Those birds who love a lofty flight,  
 And sometimes bid the sun good night;  
 Spying the glittering bait that floats below!  
*Sans cérémonie*, on they rush  
 (For gulls have got no manners), on they push,  
 And what's the pretty consequence, I trow?  
 They strike their gentle jobbernols of lead,  
 Plump on the board—then lie like boobies dead.

Reader, thou need'st not beat thy brains about,  
 To make so plain an application out—  
 There's many a painting puppy, take my word,  
 Who knocks his silly head against a *board*—  
 That might have help'd the state—made a good jailer,  
 A nightman, or a tolerable taylor.

## O D E VI.

PETER discovers more Scriptural Erudition.—Grows sarcastic on the Exhibition.—Gives a wonderful Account of St. Dennis.—Blushes for the Honour of his Country.—Talks sensibly of the Duc de Chartres and the French King.

“ FIND me in Sodom out,” (exclaim’d the Lord)  
 “ Ten gentlemen, the place sha’n’t be un-  
 “ town’d—

“ That is, I will not burn it ev’ry board :”  
 The dev’l a gentleman was to be found !  
 But this was rather hard, since Heav’n well knew  
 That ev’ry fellow in it was a Jew.

This house is nearly in the same condition—  
 Scarce are *good things* amid those wide abodes—  
 Find me ten pictures in this exhibition,  
 That ought not to be d—n’d, I’ll burn my odes !  
 And then the world will be in fits and vapours,  
 Just as it was for poor Lord *Mansfield’s* papers \*.

St. Dennis, when his jowl was taken off,  
 Hugg’d it, and kifs’d it—carried it a mile—  
 This was a pleasant miracle enough,  
 That maketh many an unbeliever smile.

“ ’Sblood ! ’tis a lie !” you roar—pray do not swear,  
 You may believe the wond’rous tale, indeed !  
 Speak, haven’t you said that many a picture here,  
 Was really done by folks without a head ?  
 And haven’t you swore this instant with surprise,  
 That he who *did* that *thing* had neither hands nor eyes ?

\* To the irreparable loss of the public, and that great law expounder, burnt ! burnt in Lord George Gordon’s religious conflagration.—The newspapers howled for months over their ashes.—*Obe jam satis est.*

How

How is it that such miserable stuff  
 The walls of this stupendous building stains ?  
 The Council's ears with pleasure I could cuff;  
 Mind me—I don't say, batter out their *brains*.  
 What will Duke *Chartres* say when he goes home,  
 And tells King *Lewis* all about the room ?

Why, viewing such a set of red-hot heads,  
 Our exhibition he will liken *Hell* to ;  
 Then to the *Monarch*, who both *writes* and *reads*,  
 Give hand-bills of the wond'rous *Katterfelto* \* ;  
 Swearing th'academy was all so flat,  
 He'd rather see the *wizard* and his *cat*.

## O D E VII.

*The British Peter elegantly and happily depicts his Great  
 Cousin of Thebes—Talks of Fame.—Horsewhips the  
 Painters, for turning their own Trumpeters.*

A Desultory way of writing,  
 A hop, and step, and jump mode of inditing,  
 My great and wise relation, Pindar, boasted :  
 Or (for I love the bard to flatter)  
 By jerks, like boar-pigs making water,  
 Whatever first came in his sponce,  
 Bounce, out it flew, like bottled ale, at once,  
 A cock, a bull, a whale, a foldier roasted.

What sharks we mortals are for fame !  
 How, poacher-like, we hunt the game !  
 No matter, for it, how we play the fool—  
 And yet, 'tis pleasing our own laud to hear,  
 And really, very natural to prefer  
 One grain of praise to pounds of ridicule.

\* An ignorant and impudent German mountebank, who juggled the town out of some thousands, by his *hocus pocus* tricks, contemporary with the famous Dr. G—h—m, of Pall-mall. He amused the town for a long time with the wonderful virtues of his great black TOM CAT.

I've lost all patience with the trade—  
 I mean the painters—who can't stay  
 To see their works by criticism display'd,  
 And hear what *others* have to say ;  
 But calling Fame a vile old lazy strumpet,  
 Sound their own praise from their own \* *penny* trumpet.

Amidst the hurly-burly of my brain,  
 Where the mad lyric muse, with pain,  
 Hammering hard verse, her skill employs,  
 And beats a tinman's shop in noise ;  
 Catching wild tropes and similes,  
 That hop about like swarms of fleas—  
 We've lost Sir JOSHUA—Ah ! that charming elf,  
 I'm griev'd to say, hath this year lost *himself*.

Oh ! *Richard*, thy † *St. George*, so brave,  
 Wisdom and Prudence could not save  
 From being foully murder'd, my good friend ;  
 Some weep to see the woeful figure,  
 Whilst others laugh, and many snigger,  
 As if their mirth would never have an end.

Prithee accept th'advice I give with sorrow—  
 Of poor *St. George* the useless armour borrow,  
 To guard thy own poor corpse—don't be a mule—  
 Take it—ev'n now thou'rt like a hedgehog *quill'd*,  
 (*Richard*, I hope in God thou art not *kill'd*)  
 By the dire shafts of merc'less ridicule.

Pity it is ! 'tis true 'tis pity !  
 As Shakespear lamentably says ;  
 That thou, in this observing city,  
 Thus run'st a wh-r-ng after PRAISE :  
 With *strong desires* I really think thee fraught :  
 But, *Dick*, the nymph so coy, will not be caught.

Yet, for thy consolation, mind !  
 In this thy wounded pride may refuge find—

\* At the beginning of the exhibition, the public papers swarmed with those self-adulators.

† See Mr. Cosway's picture of Prudence, Wisdom, and Valour, arming *St. George*.



Think of the *sage* who wanted a fine *piece* :  
 Who went, *in vain*, five hundred miles at least,  
 On Laïs, a sweet *fille de joie*, to feast—  
 The Mrs. *Robinson* of Greece.

Prithee give up, and save the pains and oil ;  
 And don't whole acres of good canvass spoil :  
 Thou'lt say, " Lord ! many hundreds do like *me*."  
 Lord ! so have fellows *robb'd*—nay, further,  
 Hundreds of villains have committed *murther* ;  
 But, *Richard*, are these precedents for *thee* ?

---

## O D E VIII.

*Peter grows ironically facetious.*

**N**ATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—  
 I've said it often, and repeat it—  
 She doth not understand her trade—  
 Artists, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat* it.

Look now, for Heav'n's sake, at her skies !  
 What are they ?—Smoke, for certainty, I know ;  
 From chimney-tops, behold ! they rise,  
 Made by some sweating cooks below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes :—  
 From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses bums—  
 Then tell me, *Decency*, I must request,  
 Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty *beast* ?

Paint by the yard, your canvass spread,  
 Broad as the main-sail of a man of war—  
 Your whale shall eat up ev'ry other head,  
 Ev'n as the sun licks up each sneaking star !

I do assure you, *bulk* is no bad trick—  
 By bulky *things* both *men* and *maids* are taken—

Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,  
And make your picture look as red as bacon.

All folks love *size* ; believe my rhyme,  
*Burke* says, 'tis *part* of the *sublime*.

A Dutchman, I forget his name,—*Van Grout*,  
*Van Slabberchops*, *Van Stink*, *Van Swab*,

No matter, though I cannot make it out—  
At calling names I never was a dab.

This Dutchman, then, a man of taste,  
Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,  
Thus, like a burgomaster, spoke with judgment *vast*,  
“ No poet like my broder step de-ground :

“ He be de bestest poet, look !  
“ Dat all de vorld must please ;  
“ Vor he heb vrite von book,  
“ So *big* as all dis *cheese* !”

If at a *distance* you would paint a pig,  
Make out each single bristle on his back :

Or if your meaner subject be a wig,  
Let not the caxon a *distinctness* lack ;  
Else, all the lady critics will so stare,  
And, angry vow, “ 'Tis not a bit like hair !”

Be smooth as glass—like *DENNER*, finish high :  
Then every tongue commends—

For people judge not *only* by the eye,  
But *feel* your merit by their finger ends :  
Nay ! closely *nosing*, o'er the picture dwell !  
As if to try the *goodness* by the *smell*.

*Claude*'s distances are too confus'd—  
One floating scene—nothing made out—  
For which he ought to be abus'd,  
Whose works have been so cried about.

Give me the pencil, whose amazing style  
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile ;  
And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,  
With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make

Make all your trees alike, for Nature's *wild*—  
 Fond of variety, a wayward child—  
 To blame your taste some blockheads may presume;  
 But, mind that ev'ry one be like a broom.  
 Of steel and purest silver form your waters,  
 And make your clouds like rocks and aligators.

Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are willing  
 To gain applause—why, paint her like a shilling:  
 Or SOL's bright orb—be sure to make him glow  
 Precisely like a guinea, or a \* Jo.  
 In short, to get your pictures prais'd and fold,  
 Convert, like Midas, *ev'ry thing to gold*.

I see, at excellence you'll come at *last*—  
 Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;  
 The blues on China mugs are now surpass'd,  
 Your sun-fets yield not to brick-walls, nor buff.

In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,  
 They really look like golden-hafted knives!

Go on, my lads—leave Nature's dismal hite,  
 And she, ere long, will come and copy *you*.

## O D E IX.

*The sublime Peter concludes in a Sweat.*

**T**HUS have I finish'd, for this time,  
 My Odes, a little wild and rambling—  
 May people bite like gudgeons at my rhyme!  
 I long to see them scrambling—  
 Then very soon I'll give them more (God willing),  
 But this is full sufficient for a † *shilling*.  
 For such a trifle, *such a heap*!  
 Indeed, I sell my goods too *cheap*.

\* A Portugal Johannes.

† Since raised to eighteen-pence, with additions.

*Finish'd!* a disappointed artist cries,  
 With open mouth and straining eyes;  
 Gaping for praise, like a young crow for meat—  
 “Lord! why, you have not mention'd me!”  
 Mention *thee*?

Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *sweat*—  
 What rage for fame attends both great and small!  
 Better be *d—n'd*, than mention'd *not at all*!

SOME MORE  
 LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR 1785.

ODE I.

*The Divine PETER giveth an Account of a Conference he held last Year with Satire, who advis'd him to attack some of the R. A.'s, to tear Mr. West's Works to Pieces, abuse Mr. Gainsborough, fall foul of Mrs. Cowley's Sampson, and give a gentle Stroke on the Back of Mr. Rigaud.—The Poet's gentle Answer to Satire—The Ode of Remonstrance that Peter received on Account of his LYRICS—Satire's Reply—Peter's Resolution.*

“NOT, not this year the lyric Peter sings,—  
 “The great R. A.'s have wish'd my song  
 “to cease;  
 “I will not pluck a feather from your wings,—  
 “So, sons of canvass! take your naps in peace.”

*Such*



*Such* was my last year's gracious speech,  
 Sweet as the Kings to Commons and to Peers,  
 Always with sense and tropes as plum-cake rich;  
 A luscious banquet for his people's ears!

- "Not write!" cried Satire, red as fire with rage,  
 "This instant glorious war with dulness wage;  
 "Take, take my supple-jack,  
 "Play St. Bartholomew with many a back!  
 "Play half the academic imps alive;  
 "Smoke, smoke the drones of that stupendous hive.  
 "Begin with George's idol, West;—  
 "And then proceed in order with the rest:  
 "This moment knock me down his Master Moses\*,  
 "On Sinâi's Mountain, where his nose is  
 "Cock'd up so pertly plump against the Lord,  
 "Upon my word,  
 "With all that ease to Him who rules above,  
 "As if that Heaven and he were *hand and glove*."  
 "Indeed," quoth I, "the piece hath points of merit,  
 "Though not possess'd throughout of equal spirit."  
 "What!" answered Satire, "not knock Moses down?  
 "O stupid Peter! what the devil mean ye?  
 "He looks a poor pert barber of the town,  
 "With paper sign-board out,—'Shave for a penny.'  
 "Observe the piteous Israelite once more—  
 "Wears he the countenance that should *adore*?  
 "No! 'tis a son of lather,—a rank prig;  
 "Who, 'stead of fetching the most sacred law,  
 "With *sober LOOKS*, and *reverential AWE*,  
 "Seems pertly tripping up to fetch a *WIG*.  
 "With all her thunder bid the muse  
 "Fall furious on the group of Jews,  
 "Whose shoulders are adorn'd with *Christian faces*;  
 "For by each phiz (I speak without a gibe),  
 "There's not an Israelite in all the tribe,—  
 "Not that they are encumber'd by the GRACES.

\* Moses receiving the Law on Mount Sinai.

- " Strike off the head of Jeremiah \*,  
 " And break the bones of old Isaiah † ;  
 " Down with the duck-wing'd angels ‡, that abreast  
 " Stretch from a thing called *cloud*, and by their  
 " looks,  
 " Wear more the visage of young rooks  
 " Cawing for victuals from their nest.  
 " Deal Gainsborough a lash, for pride so stiff,  
 " Who robs us of such pleasure for a miss :  
 " Whose pencil, when he chuses, can be chaste,  
 " Give Nature's form, and please the eye of TASTE.  
 " Of cuts on Sampson § don't be sparing,  
 " Between two garden-rollers staring,  
 " Shown by the lovely Dalilah soul play !  
 " To atoms tear that || Frenchman's trash,  
 " Then bountifully deal the lash  
 " On *such* as *dar'd* to dub him an R. A."

*Thus* Satire to the gentle poet cried—  
 And *thus*, with lamb-like sweetness, I replied :—

- " Dear Satire ! pray consult my life and ease ;  
 " Were I to write whatever you desire,  
 " The fat would all be fairly in the fire,—  
 " R. A.'s furround me like a swarm of bees,  
 " Or like a flock of small birds round a fowl  
 " Of *solemn speculation*, call'd an OWL."

- Quoth I, " O Satire, I'm a simple youth,  
 " Must make my fortune, therefore not speak truth,  
 " Although as sterling as the holy bible,—  
 " *Truth* makes it (Mansfield says) the more a libel :  
 " I shall not sleep in peace within my hutch ;  
 " Like Doctor Johnson ¶, I have wrote too much."

\* A picture by Mr. West. † Another picture by West.

‡ In the Apotheosis, a picture by West.

§ A picture by Mrs. Cosway. || Rigaud.

¶ The story goes, that Sam, before his *political conversion*, replied to his present Majesty, in the library at Buckingham-house, on being asked by the Monarch, " Why he did not write more ?"—  
 " Please your Majesty, I have written *too much*." So candid a declaration, of which the sturdy moralist did not believe one syllable, procured him a pension, and a muzzle.

When Mount Vesuvius \* pour'd his flames,  
 And frighten'd all the Naples dames,  
 What did the ladies of the city do ?  
 Why, order'd a fat cardinal to go  
 With good St. Januarius's head,  
 And shake it at the MOUNTAIN, 'midst his riot,  
 To try to keep the *bully* quiet :

The parson went, and shook the jowl, and sped ;  
 Snug was the word—the flames at once kept house,  
 The bellowing mountain was as mute's a mouse.

Thus, should Lord Mansfield from his bench agree  
 To shake his lion mane-like wig at *me*,

And bid his grim-look'd myrmidons assail :—  
 With heads Medusan, and with hearts of bone ;  
 Who, if they did not *turn* me into *stone*,  
 Might *turn* my limbs, *so gentle*, into *jail*.

Read, read this Ode, just come to hand,  
 Giving the muse to understand  
 That cruelty and scandal swell her song,  
 And that 'twere better far she held her tongue.

### TO PETER PINDAR, Esq.

A THOUSAND frogs, upon a summer's day,  
 Were sporting 'midst the sunny ray,  
 In a large pool, reflecting every face ;—  
 They shew'd their gold-lac'd cloaths with pride,  
 In harmless fallies frequent vied,  
 And gambold through the water with a *grace*.

It happen'd that a band of boys,  
 Observant of their harmless joys,  
 Thoughtless, resolv'd to spoil their happy sport ;  
 One frenzy seiz'd both GREAT and small,  
 On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,  
 Meaning to *splash* them, not to do them *hurt*.

\* See Sir William Hamilton's account.

As Milton quaintly sings, ' the stones 'gan pour,'  
 Indeed an Otaheite show'r !  
 The consequence was *dreadful*, let me tell ye ;  
 ONE's eye was beat out of his head ;—  
 This limp'd away, that lay for dead,—  
 Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Amongst the *smitten*, it was found,  
 Their beauteous queen receiv'd a wound ;  
 The blow gave ev'ry heart a sigh,  
 And drew a tear from ev'ry eye :—  
 At length, King CROAK got up, and thus begun—  
 " My lads, you think this very pretty FUN !

" Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops,—  
 " Have *warmly* complimented all our chops ;—  
 " To *you* I guess that these are *pleasant stones* !  
 " And so they might be to *us frogs*,  
 " You damn'd, young, good-for-nothing dogs,  
 " But that they are so *hard*,—they break our bones."

PETER ! thou mark'st the meaning of this fable—  
 So put thy Pegasus into the stable !  
 Nor wanton thus with cruel pride,  
 Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmless people ride.

To drop the metaphor,—the Fair \*,  
 Whose works thy muse forbore to spare,  
 Is blest with talents *every* must approve :  
 And didst thou know her heart, thou'dst say—  
 " PERDITION catch the IDLE LAY !"  
 Then strike thy lyre to INNOCENCE and LOVE.

" Poh ! poh !" cried Satire, with a smile,  
 " Where is the glorious freedom of our isle,  
 " If not permitted to call names ?"  
 Methought the argument had weight—  
 " Satire," quoth I, " you're very right"—  
 So once more forth volcanic Peter flames !

\* Mrs. Cosway.



## O D E II.

*The Poet correcteth the Muse's Warmth, who beginneth with little less than calling Names—Hinteth at some academic Giants—And concludeth with a Pair of apt and elegant Similies.*

“TAGRAGS and Bobtails of the sacred brush!”  
For Heav'n's sake, muse, be prudent:—  
Hush! hush! hush!

The Ode with too much violence begins:  
The great R. A.'s, so jealous of their fame,  
Will all declare, of *them* we make a game,  
And then, the Lord have mercy on our skins!

Think what a formidable phalanx, muse,  
Strengthen'd by Messieurs Garvey and Rigaud, and Co.  
How *dangerous* such a body to abuse!

Then there's among the academic crew,  
A MAN\*, that made the president look blue;  
Brandish'd his weapon—with a whirlwind's forces,  
Tore by the roots his flourishing discourses;  
And swore his own sweet Irish howl could pour  
A half a dozen such, in half an hour.

Be prudent, muse!—once more I pray—  
In vain I preach! th'advice is thrown away:  
Ev'n now you turn your nose up with a sneer,  
And cry—“Lord! Reynolds hath no cause to fear:  
When Barry dares the president to fly on,  
'Tis like a mouse, that, work'd into a rage,  
Daring most dreadful war to wage,  
Nibbles the tail of the Nemæan lion.

Or like a louse, of mettle full,  
Nurs'd in some giant's skull—

\* Mr. Barry.

Because Goliath scratch'd him as he fed,  
 Employs with vehemence his angry claws,  
 And gaping, grinning formidable jaws,  
 To carry off the GIANT'S HEAD!

## O D E III.

*The Poet addresseth Sir William Chambers, a Gentleman of Consequence in the Election of R. A.'s—He accuseth the Knight of a partial and ridiculous Distribution of the Academic Honours—Threateneth him with Rhyme—Adviseeth a Reformation.*

ONE minute, gentle irony, retire——  
 Behold! I'm graver than a mustard-pot;  
 The muse, with bile hot as fire,  
 Could call fool, puppy, blockhead, and what not?  
 As brother Horace has it—*tumet jecur* :——  
 Nor in her angry progress will I check her.

I'm told, that Satan hath been long at work  
 To bring th'academy into disgrace;  
 Oh! may that member's b—ck—de feel his fork,  
 Who dares to violate the sacred place!  
 Who dares the devil join  
 In so nefarious a design?  
 Yet, lo! what dolts the honours claim!  
 I leave their WORKS to tell their name.

Th'academy is like a microscope——  
 For by the magnifying pow'r are seen  
 Objects, that for *attention* ne'er could hope;  
 No more, alas! than if they ne'er had *been*.

So rare a building, and so grac'd  
 With monuments of ancient taste,  
 Statues and busts, relievos and intaglios;  
 For *such poor things* to watch the treasure,  
 Is laughable beyond all measure,—  
 'Tis just like eunuchs put to guard seraglios.

Think

Think not, Sir William, I'm in jest—  
 By Heav'n! I will not let thee rest :  
 Yet thou may'st bluster like bull-beef so big ;  
 And of thy own importance full,  
 Exclaim—" Great cry and little wool !"  
 As Satan holla'd, when he shav'd the pig.

Yes, thou shalt feel my tomahawk of satire,  
 And find that *scalping* is a serious matter :  
 Shock'd at th'abuse, how rage inflames my veins !  
 Who can help *swearing*, when such wights he sees  
 Crept to th'academy by ways and means,  
 Like mites and skippers in a Cheshire cheese ?

*What beings* will the next year's choice disclose,  
 The academic list to grace ?  
 Some *skeletons of art*, I do suppose,  
 That ought to blush to shew their face.

Sir William! tremble at the muse's tongue ;  
 Parnassus boasts a formidable throng !  
 All people recollect poor Marfyas' fate,  
 Save such as are dead, drunk, or fast asleep :  
 Apollo tied the culprit to a gate,  
 And slay'd him as a butcher slays a sheep :  
 And why ?—Lord! not as history rehearſes,  
 Because he scorn'd his *pip*ing,—but his *verses* :  
 In vain, like a poor pilloried punk, he bawl'd,  
 And kick'd, and writh'd, and said his pray'rs, and  
 sprawl'd ;  
 'Twas all in vain—the god pursu'd his sport,  
 And pull'd his *bide* off,—as you'd pull your *shirt* !  
 Then bid not rage the muse's soul inflame,  
 Whose thundering voice *damnation* makes or *fame*.

You'll ask me, perhaps, " Good Master Peter, pray  
 " What right have *you* to speak ?"—then pertly  
 smile :  
 I'll tell you, Sir—My pocket help'd to pay  
 For building that expensive pile,  
 A pile that credit to the nation gains,  
 And does *some* honour to your worship's brains.

It made a tax on candles and shoe-leather,  
 Of monstrous use in dirty weather :  
 It made a tax on butchers' shops,  
 So spread its influence o'er poetic chops ;  
 A most alarming tax to ev'ry poet,  
 Whose poor lank greyhound ribs with sorrow shew it.

Therefore, Sir Knight, pray mend your manners,  
 And don't chuse cobblers, blacksmiths, tinkers, tanners :  
*Some people love the converse of low folks,*  
 To gain broad grins for good-for-nothing jokes—  
*Tho' thou, 'midst dulness, may'st be pleas'd to shine—*  
 REYNOLDS shall ne'er fit cheek-by-jowl with SWINE.

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O D E IV.

*The Poet again payeth his Respects to Sir William Chambers—Complaineth of his Illiberality in his Choice of R. A.'s—Adviseeth him to keep Company with Prudence, whom he describeth most naturally—He threateneth the Knight—And concludeth with a beautiful Simile.*

THE muse is in the fidgets—can't sit still—  
 She must have t'other talk with you, Sir Will.  
 Since her last Ode, with sorrow hath she heard  
 You want not men with heav'nly genius blest,  
 But with the title of R. A. conferr'd  
 On such as catch the bugs, and sweep the spiders best,  
 Wash of the larger statues best, the faces,  
 And clean the dirty linen of the GRACES :  
 Scour best the skins of the young marble brats,—  
 Trap mice, and clear th'academy from rats.

You look for men whose heads are rather *tubbish*,  
 Or, drum-like, better form'd for *sound* than *sense* ;—  
 Pleas'd with the fine Arabian to dispense,  
 You want the *big-bon'd drayhorse* for your *rubbish*.

Raife



Raise not the muse's anger, I desire ;  
 High-born, she's hotter than the lightning's fire,  
 And proud (believe the poet's word) !  
 Proud as the lady of a new-made lord ;  
 Proud as, in all her gorgeous trappings drest,  
 Fat Lady Mayorefs at a city-feast ;  
 Whose spouse makes wigs, or some such glorious thing,  
 Shoes, gloves, hats, nightcaps, breeches, for the King !

PRUDENCE, Sir William, is a jewel,—  
 Is cloaths, and meat, and drink, and fuel !  
 PRUDENCE ! for man the very best of *wives*,  
 Whom BARDS have *seldom* met with in their lives ;  
 Which, *certainly*, doth account for, in some measure,  
 Their grievous want of worldly treasure,  
 On which the *greatest blockheads* make their *brags* ;  
 And sheweth why we see, instead of lace,  
 About the poet's back, with little grace,  
 Those fluttering *French-like* followers,—called RAGS.

PRUDENCE ! a sweet, obliging, curtsying lass,  
*Fit* through this hypocritic world to *pass* !  
 Who kept at first a little peddling shop,  
 Swept her own room, twirl'd her own mop,  
 Wash'd her own smocks, caught her own fleas,  
 And rose to fame and fortune by degrees ;  
 Who, when she enter'd other people's houses,  
 Till spoke to, was as silent as a mouse is ;  
 And of opinions, though possess'd a store,  
 She left them with her pattens—at the door.

Sir William, you're a *bound* ! and hunting FAME ;—  
 Undoubtedly the *woman* is fair game :  
 But, *Nimrod*, mind—my muse is WHIPPER-IN !  
 So that, if ever you disgrace,  
 By turning *cw*, your noble race,  
 The Lord have mercy on your *cwship's* skin !

## O D E V.

*The Poet openeth his Account of the Exhibitors at the Academy—Praiseth Reynolds—Half damneth Mr. West—Completely damneth Mr. Wright of Derby—mentioneth Mr. Fuseli—Complimenteth Mr. OPIE.*

**M**USE, sing the wonders of the present year :  
 Declare what works of sterling worth appear.  
 REYNOLDS, his head divine, as usual, gives,  
 Where Guido's, Rubens', Titian's genius lives !  
 Works ! I'm afraid, like beauty of *rare quality*.  
 Born soon to fade !—too subject to mortality !

WEST most judiciously my counsel takes,  
 Paints by the acre—witness Parson PETER \*  
 For garbs, he very pretty blankets makes,  
 Deserving praises in the sweetest metre.

The flesh of Peter's audience is not *good*,—  
 Too much like ivory, and stone, and wood :  
 Nor of the figures dare I praise th' *expression*,  
 With *some folks* thought a *trifle of transgression*.

WEST, your *Last Supper* is a hungry piece ;—  
 Your Tyburn saints will not your fame increase :  
 With looks so thievish, with such skins of copper ?  
 Were they for sale, as Heaven's my judge,  
 To give five farthings for them I should grudge,  
 Nay, ev'n my old tobacco stopper.

Candour must own, that frequently thy paints  
 Have play'd the *devil* with the *Saints* :  
 For *me* ! I fancy them like *doves* and *throsples* !  
 But *thou*, if we believe *thy* art,  
 Enough to make us pious Christians *start*,  
 Hast very scurvy notions of *Apostles*.

\* Peter preaching, by West.

What of thy \* landscape shall I say,  
Holding the old white sow, and sucking litter ?  
Curs'd be the moment, curs'd the day,  
Thou gav'st the muse such reason to be bitter !

But, muse, be soft, and *gently, gently* sigh—  
“ More damned stuff was never seen by eye.”

Yet mind ! thy *landscape* equals Derby WRIGHT's †,  
Whose canvass gives us very *dismal* nights :  
O'er *woollen* hills, where *gold* and *silver* moons,  
Now mount like *fixpences*, and now *balloons* ;  
Where curling wild, in different directions,  
Nice *vermicelli* represents *reflections* !  
In short, where ev'ry thing we see appear,  
Seems to exclaim—“ What business have we here ?”

FUSELI resumes the brush, to please the few :  
He deems the MILLION, senseless, arrant crew——  
For *ridicule* ;—just *fit* to make a *feast*——  
A Caliban—a great unjudging beast  
Whose crab-like soul to no great heights can climb,  
And therefore cannot feel the *true* SUBLIME.

OPIE this year (so say his forms and faces)  
Hath deign'd to pick acquaintance with the GRACES.  
But where are all his *old* heads flown ?  
Pray, Master OPIE, leave your tricks,  
And let our eyes sometimes on pictures fix  
That REMBRANDT had been *proud* to own.

\* A most pitiable performance, indeed.—It may be fairly called the *Dotage* of the art.

† A painter of moon-lights.

## O D E VI.

*The Poet addresseth Majesty—Pleadeth the Cause of poor, starving Poetry—He acknowledgeth in a former Ode the Kindness of Fame, yet throweth out a Hint to his Majesty, that his Finances may be improved—He relateth a marvellous Story of a Jesuit—Recommendeth something similar to his Sovereign.*

**A**N'T please your Majesty, I'm overjoy'd  
To find your family so fond of painting :  
I wish her sister POETRY employ'd—  
Poor, dear, neglected girl ! with hunger fainting.  
Your royal grandfire (trust me, I'm no fibber)  
Was vastly fond of COLLEY CIBBER.

For subjects, how his Majesty would hunt !  
And if a battle grac'd the Rhine, or Weser,  
He'd cry—" Mine poet sal mak Ode upon't !"  
Then forth there came a flaming Ode to CÆSAR.

Dread Sire, pray recollect a bit,  
Some glorious action of your life ;  
And then your humble poet's wit,  
Sharp as a razor, or a new-ground knife,  
Shall mount you on her glorious balloon odes,  
Like Rome's great CÆSAR, to th'immortal GODS \*.

A Naples' Jesuit, HISTORY declares,  
On slips of paper scribbled pray'rs,  
Which shew'd of wisdom great profundity ;  
Then sold them to the country folks,  
To give their turkies, hens, and ducks,  
To bring increase of fowl-secundity :

It answer'd—On their turkies, ducks, and hens,  
The country people all were full of brags—  
Whose little bums, in barns, and mows, and fens,  
Squat down, and laid like conjuration-bags.

\* Divisum Imperium, cum Jove, Cæsar habet.



I wish this *sage* experiment was tried  
 Upon the muse, my gentle bride ;  
 And slips of paper giv'n her, with this *pray'r*——  
 " Pay to the bearer fifty pounds at sight."  
 Her sweet prolific pow'rs 'twould so *delight*,  
 She'd breed like a *tame rabbit* or a *bare* !

---

## O D E VII.

*Peter's Account of wonderful Reliques in France, with the  
 Devotion paid to them—The sensible Application to Paint-  
 ers and Painting, by Way of Simile.*

**I**N France, some years ago—some twenty-three,  
 At a fam'd church, where hundreds daily jostle,  
 I wisely paid a priest six sous to see  
 The *thumb* of Thomas the Apostle.

Gaping upon Tom's thumb, with *me* in wonder,  
 The rabble rais'd its eyes—like ducks in thunder ;  
 Because in virtues it was vastly rich,  
 Had cur'd possess'd of devils, and the itch ;  
 Work'd various wonders on a scabby pate——  
 Made little sucking children straight,  
 Though crook'd like ram's horns by the rickets !  
 Made people see, though blind as moles,—  
 And made your sad hysteric souls  
 As gay as grasshoppers and crickets ;  
 Brought noses back again to faces,  
 Long stol'n by *Venus* and her *Graces* ;  
 And eyes to fill their parent sockets.  
 Of which sad love had pick'd their pockets :  
 And had the priest *permitted*, with their kisses,  
 The mob had smack'd the holy thumb to pieces.

Though, Reader, 'twas not the Apostle's thumb,—  
 But mum !——  
 It play'd as well of *miracles* the trick,  
 Although a *painted* piece of *sick* !

For

For six fous more, behold! to view was bolted—  
 A feather of the Angel Gabriel's wing!  
 Whether 'twas pluck'd by force, or calmly molted,  
 No holy legends tell, nor poets sing.  
 But *was* it Gabriel's feather, heav'nly muses?  
 It was *not* Gabriel's feather, but a *goose's*!  
 But stay! from truth we should not wish to wander,  
 For, possibly, the owner was a *gander*.

Painters! you take me right:—The muse supposes  
 You make your *comp-de-maitre* dashes,  
 Christen them eyes, and cheeks, and lips, and noses,  
 Beards, chins, and whiskers, and eyelashes;  
 As like, p'rhaps, as a *horse* is like a *plumb*,  
 Or forefald stick, St. Tom th'Apostle's thumb.

With purer eyes the British vulgar sees:  
 We are no *crawwhumpers*, no *devotoes*;  
 So that whene'er your fingers are *mere wood*,  
 Our eyes will never think 'em *flesh and blood*.

## O D E VIII.

*The generous Peter rescueth the immortal Raphael from the  
 Obloquy of Michael Angelo—The Poet moralizeth—  
 Telleth a Story not to the Credit of Michael Angelo,  
 and nobly defendeth Raphael's Name against his in-  
 vidious Attack—Concludeth with a most sage Observation.*

**H**OW difficult in artists to allow  
 To brother brushmen ev'n a grain of merit!  
 Wishing to tear the laurels from their brow,  
 They shew a sniv'ling diabolic spirit.

So 'tis! however moralists may chatter—  
 What's worse still—nature will be always nature.  
 We can't brew Burgundy from four small beer,  
 Nor make a filken purse of a sow's ear.

Sweet

Sweet is the voice of *praise*!—from eve to morn,  
 From blushing morn to darkling eve again,  
 My muse the brows of merit could adorn,  
 And, lark-like, swell the panegyric strain.

PRAISE, like the balm which evening's dewy star  
 Sheds on the drooping herb and fainting flower;  
 Lifts modest pining merit from despair,  
 And gives her clouded eye a golden hour.

P—x take me, if ever I read the story  
 Of *Michael Angelo* without much swearing;  
 'Tis such a slice cut off from *Michael's* glory,  
 He surely had been brandying it, or beering:  
 That is, in plainer English, he was drunk,  
 And candour from the man with horror shrunk.

Raphael did honour to the Roman school,  
 Yet Angelo vouchsaf'd to call him *fool*:  
 When working in the Vatican, would stare,  
 Throw down his brush, and stamp and swear,  
 If e'er a porter let him in—he'd *stone* him,  
 And if he Raphael caught—most surely *bone* him.

He swore the world was a rank ass  
 To pay a compliment to Raphael's *stuff*;  
 For that he knew the fellow well enough,  
 And that his paltry metal would not *pass*.

Such was the language of this false Italian:  
 One time he christened Raphael a pygmalion,  
 Swore that his madams were compos'd of stone;  
 Swore that his expressions were like owls so tame,  
 His drawings, like the lamest cripple, lame;  
 That as for composition, he had none.

Young artists! these assertions I deny——  
 'Twas vile ill manners—not to say a *lie*:  
 RAPHAEL did *real* excellence inherit,  
 And if you ever chance to paint as well,  
 I *bona fide* do foretel,  
 You'll certainly be men of *merit*.

## O D E IX.

*The gossipping Peter telleth a strange Story, and true, though  
strange—Seemeth to entertain no very elevated Opinion  
of the Wisdom of Kings—Hinteth at the very narrow  
Escape of Sir Joshua Reynolds—Mr. Ramsay's Riches  
—A Recommendation of Flattery as a Specific in For-  
tune-making.*

I'M told, and I believe the story,  
That a fam'd Queen of Northern brutes,  
A GENTLEWOMAN of prodigious glory,  
Whom ev'ry sort of epithet well suits;  
Whose husband dear just happening to provoke her,  
Was shov'd to heaven upon a red-hot poker!  
Sent to a certain KING, not King of France—  
Desiring by SIR JOSHUA's hand his PHIZ—  
What did the royal quiz?  
Why, damn'd genteelly, sat to Mr. DANCE \*!  
Then sent it to the Northern Queen—  
As sweet a bit of wood as e'er was seen!  
And therefore most unlike the PRINCELY HEAD—  
He might as well have sent a PIG OF LEAD.  
Down ev'ry throat the piece was cramm'd  
As done by REYNOLDS, and deserv'dly damn'd;  
For as to Master Dance's art,  
It ne'er was worth a fingle . . . !  
Reader, I BLUSH!—*am delicate this time!*  
So let thy IMPUDENCE supply the RHYME.  
Thank God! that kings cannot our taste controul,  
And make each subject's poor submissive soul

\* The true reason that induced his Majesty to sit to Mr. DANCE, *laudable royal economy.* Mr. DANCE charged fifty pounds for the picture—Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS's price was somewhat more than a hundred—a very great difference in the market-price of paint and canvass; and, let me say, that justified the preference given to the man who worked *cheapest.*



Admire the TASTE that JUDGEMENT oft critic  
 He on :

Had *things been so*, poor Reynolds we had seen,  
 Painting a BARBER's POLL,—an ALE-HOUSE  
 QUEEN,

The CAT and GRIDIRON, or the old RED LION!  
 At \* Plympton, perhaps, for some grave Doctor Slop,  
 Painting the pots and bottles of the shop;  
 Or in the DRAMA, to get meat to munch,  
 His brush divine had pictur'd scenes for PUNCH!  
 Whilst WEST was whelping 'midst his paints,  
 Moses and Aaron, and *all sorts* of saints!  
 Adams and Eves, and snakes and apples,  
 And dev'ls, for beautifying certain CHAPELS:  
 But Reynolds is no *favourite*, that's the *matter*,  
 He hath not learnt the noble art—to *flatter* †.

Thrice happy times, when MONARCHS find them  
*hard things*

To teach us *what* to view with admiration;  
 And like their heads on *halfpence* and *brass farthings*,  
 Make their OPINIONS *current* through the nation!

I've heard that RAMSAY ‡, when he died,  
 Left just nine rooms well stuff'd with queens and kings;  
 From whence all nations might have been supplied  
 That *long'd* for *valuable things*.

Viceroy's, ambassadors, and plenipos,  
 Bought them to join their raree shows

In foreign parts,

And shew the PROGRESS of the BRITISH ARTS.

Whether they purchas'd by the *pound* or *yard*,  
 I cannot tell, because I never *heard*;  
 But *this* I know, his *shop* was like a *fair*,  
 And dealt most *largely* in the ROYAL WARE.

\* Sir Joshua's native spot, in Devonshire.

† This Ode was composed before Sir Joshua was dubbed King's Painter. Possibly the great artist *dreams* of my BEAUTIFUL LYRIC, and pursued its advice.

‡ Late painter to his Majesty.

See what it is to gain a monarch's smile!—  
 And hast thou miss'd it, Reynolds, all this while?  
 How stupid! prithee, seek the COURTIER's  
                   SCHOOL,  
 And learn to manufacture OIL of FOOL.

FLATTERY's the turnpike-road to FORTUNE's door—  
*Truth is a narrow lane, all full of quags,*  
 Leading to broken heads, abuse, and rags,  
 And workhouses,—sad refuge for the poor!—  
 FLATTERY's a MOUNTEBANK so spruce—gets riches;  
 TRUTH, a plain SIMON PURE, a QUAKER  
                   PREACHER,  
 A moral mender, a disgusting teacher,  
 That never got a sixpence by her SPEECHES!

## O D E X.

*The lofty Peter beginneth with an original Simile—Dis-  
 playeth a deep Knowledge of Homer and modern Dut-  
 chesses—Concludeth with a Prophecy about his Sovereign.*

PAINTERS who figure in the exhibition,  
 Are pretty nearly in the same condition  
 With cocks on Shrove-tide, which the season gathers;  
 Flung at by ev'ry lubber, ev'ry brat,  
 That hath the sense to throw a bat,  
 To break their bones, and knock about their feathers.

This little diff'rence, however lies  
 Between the painter and the fowl, I find—  
 The artist for the post of danger tries—  
 The fowl is fasten'd much against his mind;  
 Who, as to his dread sentence would annul it—  
 Sue out his *habeas corpus*, and instead  
 Of being beat with bats about the head,  
 Make handsome love to a smart pullet.

And

And yet the painter like a booby groans,  
 Who courts the very bats that break his bones,  
 But *who* from scandal is exempt?  
*Who* doth not meet, at times, contempt;

Great Jove, the god of gods, in *figures* rich,  
 Oft call'd his bosom queen a *saucy bitch*;  
 Achilles \* call'd great Agamemnon *hog*,  
 An impudent, deceitful, dirty *dog*!

Behold our lofty dutchesses pull caps,  
 And give each other's reputations raps,  
 As *freely* as the drabs of Drury's school;  
 And who, pray, knows that GEORGE our gracious  
                   king  
 (Said by his courtiers to know *every* thing),  
 May not, by *future times*, be call'd a FOOL!

## O D E XI.

*The Bard sensibly reproveth the young Artists for their Propensity to Abuse—Most wittily compareth them to Horse-leeches, Game-cocks, and Curs.*

THE mean, the ranc'rous jealousies that swell  
 In some sad artists' souls, I do despise;  
 Instead of nobly *striving* to excel,  
 You *strive* to pick out one the other's eyes.  
 To be a PAINTER was Coreggio's glory—  
 His speech should flame in gold—"SONO PIT-  
                   "TORE."

But what, if truth were spoke, would be *your* speeches?  
*This*—"We're a set of fame-sucking horse-leeches,  
 "Without a *blush*, the *poorest* scandal speaking,—  
 "Like cocks, for ever at each other beaking!

\* Vid. HOMER.

P

"As

“ As if the globe we dwell on were *so small*,  
 “ There really was not *room enough* for ALL.”

Young men !——

I do presume that *one* of you in *ten*  
 Hath kept a dog or two, and hath remark'd,  
 That when you have been comfortably feeding,  
 The curs, without one atom of court-breeding,  
 With wat'ry jaws, hath whin'd, and paw'd, and bark'd ;  
 Shew'd anxiousness about the mutton-bone,  
 And 'stead of *your* mouth, wish'd it in their *own* ;  
 And if you gave this bone to one or t'other,  
 Heav'ns ! what a snarling, quarrelling, and pother !  
 This, perhaps, had often touch'd you to the quick,  
 And made you teach *good manners* by a *kick* ;  
 And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,  
 A little bit of *sweet* emphatic swearing,  
 An eloquence of wond'rous use in wars,  
 Amongst sea-captains and the brave jack-tars.

Now tell me honestly—pray don't you find  
 Somewhat in Christians just of the same kind  
 That you experienc'd in the curs,  
 Causing your anger and demurs ?  
 As, for example, when your mistress, FAME,  
 Wishing to celebrate a worthy name,  
 Takes up her trump to give the just applause,  
 How have you, puppy-like, paw'd, wish'd, and  
 whin'd ;  
 And growl'd, and curs'd, and swore, and pin'd,  
 And long'd to tear the trumpet from her jaws !  
 The dogs deserv'd *their* kicking, to be sure ;  
 But *you* ! O fie, boys ! go and sin no *more*.



## O D E XII.

*The compassionate Peter lamenteth the Death of Mr. HONE,  
an R. A.—Recommendeth him to Oblivion, the great  
Patron of a Number of Geniuses.*

THERE's one R. A. more dead! stiff is poor  
HONE!

His works be buried with him under the same stone;  
I think the sacred art will not bemoan 'em;  
But, mule! *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—  
As to his host a traveller, with a sneer,  
Said of his DEAD *small-beer*.

Go then, poor HONE! and join a numerous train  
Sunk in OBLIVION's wide pacific ocean;  
And may its *whale-like* stomach feel no motion  
To cast thee, like a JONAH, up again.

## O D E XIII.

*The Poet exhibiteth the Inconstancy of the World, by a most  
elegant Comparison of a Flock of Starlings.*

YOUNG artists, it may so fall out,  
That folks shall make a grievous rout:  
Follow you—praise your painting to the skies;  
When, perhaps, a ribband, (tie upon it!)  
A feather, or a tawdry bonnet,  
Caught, by its glare, their *wonder-spying* eyes.

Therefore, don't *thence* suppose that you inherit  
*Mountains* of unexampled merit;  
That *always* you shall be pursu'd,  
And like a *wond'rous* beauty woo'd.

Great is the world's inconstancy, God knows!—  
 Fame, like the ocean, *ebbs*, as well as *flows*;  
 Next year the million pitches on a ruff,  
 A balloon-cap, a shawl, a muff;  
 For *you* no longer cares a single rush,  
 Following *some other brother* of the brush.

To raise to nobler flights the muse's wing,  
 A *simile*'s a very pretty thing;  
 To whose sweet aid I'm oft a humble debtor,  
 T'illustrate with more force the thing I mean;—  
 And if the *simile* be neat and clean,  
*Tant mieux*—that is—*so much the better*.

Therefore, young folks, as there's a great deal in't,  
 Accept one just imported from the mint.

You've seen a flock of starlings, to be sure,  
 A hundred thousand in a *mess*, or more;  
 Who fortunately having found  
 A lump of horse-litter upon the ground,  
 Down drops the chattering cloud upon the dung.  
 Then, Lord, what *doings*! Heav'n's, what *admiration*!  
 What *joy*, what *transport* 'midst the speckled nation!

How busy ev'ry *beak*, and ev'ry *tongue*!  
 All talking, gabbling, but none list'ning,  
 Just like a group of gossips at a christ'ning;—  
 Let but a *cowdab* shew its grass green face,  
 They're *up*, without so much as saying grace;  
 And lo! the busy flock around it pitches!

Just as upon the lump before,  
 They gabble, wonder, and adore!  
 And equal *brother MARTYN's* \* speeches.

These starlings shew the world with great propriety,  
 Mad as March-hares, or curlews for VARIETY.

\* A much-admired speaker in the House of Commons, who  
*nem. con.* was baptized the *Starling MARTYN*.

## O D E XIV.

*The great Peter despiseth Frenchmen.*

I BEG it as a favour, my young folks,  
 You will not copy, monkey-like, the French,  
 Whose pictures, justly, are all standing jokes,  
 Whether they represent a man or wench.  
 If Monsieur paints a man of fashion,  
 Making an *obeisance* well bred,  
 The gentleman's a *ram-cat* in a passion,  
 His back all crumpled o'er his head :  
 Or, if he paints a wretch upon the wheel,  
 And bone breaking's no *trifling thing*, G--d knows !  
 Amidst his pains the fellow's so *genteel* !  
 He *feels* with such *decorum* all the blows.  
 Or, if a culprit's going to the *devil*,  
 Which some folks also deem a serious *evil*,  
 So *degagé* you see the man advance,  
 His arms, hands, shoulders, turn'd-out toes,  
 Madona-listed eyes, and cock'd-up nose,  
 Proclaim the pretty puppy in a dance.  
 I've seen a sleeping VENUS, I declare,  
 With hands and legs stretch'd out with *such* an air !  
 Her neck and head *so* twisted on one shoulder,  
 With *such* a *heav'nly* smile, that each beholder  
 Would swear, (disdaining DANCING's *vulgar* track)  
 The dame was walking minuets on her *back* !  
 E'en an old woman yielding up her breath  
 By means of cholic, stone, or gravel !  
 How smirkingly she feels the pangs of death !  
 With what a *grace* her soul prepares to *travel* !

A Frenchman's angel is an OPERA PUNK ;—  
 His Virgin Marys—milliners half drunk ;  
 Our blest Redeemer, a rank *petit maitre*,  
 In every attitude and feature ;  
 The humble Joseph, so *genteelly* made,

And only fit to *compliment* his wife,——  
 So *delicate*! as if he scarcely knew  
 Oak from deal-board—a gimblet from a screw;  
 And never made a MOUSE-TRAP in his life.

Think not I wantonly attack those people:—  
 In prejudice that I'm as stiff's a steeple;  
 No!—yet, I own I hate the shrugging dogs—  
 I've liv'd amongst them, eat their frogs,  
 And vomited them up, thank God, again;  
 So that I'm able now to say,  
 I carried nought of *theirs* away,  
 Which otherwife had made the puppies *vain*.

---

O D E    X V.

*The conceited Peter turneth an arrant Egotist—Mentioneth  
 a Number of fine Folks—This Minute condemneth Will.  
 Whitehead's Verses, and the next, exculpateth the Lau-  
 reat, by clapping the right saddle on the right horse.*

**N**O giant more rejoiceth in his course,  
 Not Count O'Kelly in a winning horse,  
 Not Mrs. Hobart \* to preserve a box,  
 Not George the Third to triumph o'er Charles Fox!  
 Not Spain's *wife* monarch to bombard Algiers——  
 Not pillories, order'd by the law's stern voice,  
     Can more rejoice  
 To hold Kitt Atkinson's two ears;  
 Not more rejoiceth patriotic Pitt  
     By patriotic grocers to be fed,  
 Not Mother Windsor † in a fair young tit,  
     Nor gaping deans, to hear a bishop's dead:  
 Not more reform'd John Wilkes to *court* the crown,  
 Nor Skinner in his aldermanic gown,

\* The contest between Mrs. Hobart and Lady Salisbury, with their *seconds*, about a box at the Opera, is a SUBJECT for the most sublime epic.

† A Priestess of the Cyprian Goddess.



Nor common councilmen on turtle feeding :  
 Not more rejoice old envious maids, so stale,  
 To hear of weeping beauty *a sad tale*,  
 And tell the world a reigning toast is *breeding* :——  
 Than I, the Poet, in a lucky Ode,  
 That catches at a hop the Cynic face ;  
 Kills by a laugh its grave Bubonic face ;  
 And tears, in spite of him, his jaws abroad.

And are there such grave dons that read my rhymes ?  
 All-gracious Heav'n forgive their crimes !  
 Oh ! be their lot to have *wife-talking* wives ;  
 And if in *reading* they delight,  
 To read, ye gods ! from morn to night,  
*Will. Whitehead's* \* birth-day sonnets all their lives.

Perhaps, Reader, thou'rt a tinker or a tanner,  
 And mendest kettles in a pretty manner ;  
 Or tannest hides of bulls, and cows, and calves :  
 But if the faucepan, or the kettle,  
*Originally* be bad metal,  
 Thou'lt say, " It only can be done by *balves* ;"  
 Or if by *nature* bad the bullocks' skins,  
 " They'll make vile shoes and boots for people's *skins*."

Then, wherefore do I thus abuse  
 Will Whitehead's *bard-driw'n* muse ?  
 Who merits rather *Pity's* tend'rest sigh :  
 For what the devil can he do,  
 When forc'd to praise—the *Lord knows who* !  
 Verse *must* be dull on subjects so damn'd dry.

\* This Ode was written before a late Laureat resigned his earthly crown for a heavenly one. May Mr. Tom Warton be more successful in his Pindaric adulations, and not verify the Latin adage—*Ex nihilo, nihil fit*.

## O D E XVI.

*The classic Peter adviseth Painters to cultivate Taste—  
 Lasheth some of the Ignorant—Accuseth Painters of an  
 Affection for Vulgarity, whom he horse-whippeth—Re-  
 commendeth a charming Subject—Telleth the Secret of  
 his Love, and giveth a die-away Sonnet of former  
 Days—Persecuteth Tenier's Devils, but applaudeth the  
 Execution.*

**P**AINTERS, improve your education,  
 That surely stands in need of reformation.  
 I've heard that some can neither write nor read,  
 Which does no honour to the hand or head.

Many, I know, would rather paint a bear,  
 Or monkey playing his quaint tricks,  
 Than some sweet damsel, whom all hearts revere,  
 Whose charms the eye of admiration fix—  
 Would rather see a *stump* with strength exprest,  
 Than all the snowy fulness of her breast,  
 Or LIP, that innocence so sweetly moves,  
 Or SMILE, the fond Elysium of the Loves.

This brings those days to mem'ry when my tongue,  
 To Cynthia's beauty pour'd my soul in song ;  
 When on the margin of the murmuring stream,  
 My fancy frequent form'd the golden dream  
 Of Cynthia's grace—of Cynthia's smiles divine,  
 And made those smiles and peerless beauty *mine*.

It brings to mem'ry, too, those dismal times,  
 When nought my sighs avail'd, and nought my rhymes ;  
 When at the silent, solemn close of day,  
 My pensive steps would court the darkling grove,  
 To hear in Philomela's lonely lay,  
 The fainting echoes of my luckless love ;  
 Till night's encreasing shades around me stole,  
 And mingled with the gloom that wrapp'd my soul.

Reader

Reader—do'ſt chuſe a ſonnet of thoſe days ?  
Take it—and ſay not I'm a foe to PRAISE.

TO CYNTHIA.

O THOU! whoſe love-inſpiring air  
Delights, yet gives a thouſand woes ;  
My day declines in dark deſpair,  
And night hath loſt her ſweet repoſe :

Yet who, alas ! like me was bleſt,  
To *others* ere thy charms were known ;  
When fancy told my raptur'd breaſt,  
That Cynthia ſmil'd on *me* alone ?

Nymph of my ſoul ! forgive my ſighs :  
Forgive the jealous fires I feel ;  
Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies  
When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo ! theirs is every winning art,  
With Fortune's gifts, unknown to *me* !  
I only boaſt a ſimple heart,  
In love with INNOCENCE and THEE.

Build not, alas ! your popularity  
On that beaſt's back yclep'd *Vulgarity* ;  
A beaſt that many a booby takes a pride in,—  
A beaſt beneath the noble Peter's riding.

How ſhould the man who loves to be *unchaſte*,  
To feed on carrion dread his hound-like paunch,  
Judge of an ortolan's delicious taſte,  
Or feel the flavour of a fine fat haunch ?  
Or, wont with bitter purl to wet his clay,  
How ſhould *he* judge of claret or tokay ?

Teniers's

*Teniers's* devils, witches, monkeys, toads,  
 That make me shudder whilst I pen these Odes,  
 Most *truly painted*, to be sure, you'll find :—  
 How greater far the excellence, to paint  
 With heav'n-directed eye, the beauteous SAINT,  
 And mark th' emotions of her angel-mind ?  
 Envy not *such* as have in DIRT surpast ye ;—  
 'Tis *very, very easy* to be NASTY !

## O D E XVII.

*The moralizing Bard exposeth the Unfairness of Mankind  
 in the Article of Laughing—Descanteth upon Wit—  
 Disclaimeth Pretension to it—Maketh Love to Candour,  
 and modestly concludeth.*

HOW dearly mortals love to laugh and grin !  
 Just as they love to stuff themselves to *chin*  
 With other person's meat—good saving sense !  
 Because at other folks' expence ;  
 But turn the laugh on *them*—how chang'd their notes !  
 " O damn 'em ! this is *serious*—cut their throats !"

WIT, says an author that I do not know,  
 Is like TIME's scythe—cuts down both friend and  
 foe ;—

Ready each object, tyger-like, to *leap on* !

" Lord ! what a butcher this same *wit* ! thank God !

" (A critic cries) in Master Pindar's Ode,

" We spy th' effect of no such *dangerous weapon*."

No, Sir ! 'tis dove-ey'd CANDOUR's charms  
 I woo to these desiring arms ;

*She* is my GODDESS—to her shrine I bend :

NYMPH of the voice, that beats the morning lark,

Sweet as the dulcet note of either Park \*,

Be thou my soft companion and my friend.

\* Two brothers of the most distinguished merit on the Oboe.



Thy lovely hand my Pegasus shall guide,  
 And teach thy *modest* pupil how to ride :  
 Thus shall I hurt not any *groupe-composers*,  
 From Sarah Benwell's *brush*, to Mary Mozer's \*.

## O D E XVIII.

*The judicious Peter giveth most wholesome Advice to Land-  
 scape Painters.*

W HATE'ER your wish, in landscape to excel,  
 London's the very place to mar it ;  
 Believe the *oracles* I tell,  
 There's very little landscape in a *garret*.  
 Whate'er the flocks of *fleas* you keep,  
 'Tis badly copying *them* for *goats* and *sheep* ;  
 And if you'll take the poet's honest word,  
 A BUG must make a miserable BIRD.

A *rush-light* winking in a bottle's neck,  
 Ill represents the glorious ORB of MORN !  
 Nay, though it were a candle with a *wick*,  
 'T would be a *representative* forlorn.

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,  
 For *trees*, to copy legs of a *joint-stool* ;  
 Or ev'n by *them* to represent a *stump* :  
 As also *broomsticks*,—which, though well he rig  
 Each with an old *fox-colour'd wig*,  
 Must make a very poor *autumnal clump*.

You'll say—Yet *such ones*, oft a person sees  
 In many an artist's trees ;  
 And in some paintings, we have all beheld ;  
 Green bays hath surely fat for a green field :

† The last of those Ladies, an R. A. by means of a *sublime* picture of a plate of GOOSEBERRIES—the other in *hopes* of academic honours, through an *equal* degree of merit.

Bolsters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows ;  
Cats for ram-goats ;—and curs for bulls and cows."

All this, my lads, I freely grant ;—  
But better things from you I want.  
As SHAKESPEARE says (a bard I much *approve*)  
" *Lift, lift, Ob ! lift,*"—if thou dost PAINTING love.

CLAUDE painted in the open air !—  
Therefore to Wales at once repair ;  
Where scenes of *true* magnificence you'll find :  
Besides this great advantage—if in debt,  
You'll have with creditors no *tête-à-tête* :  
So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all *behind* ;  
Who, *hunt* you, with what noise they may,  
Must hunt for *needles* in a *stack of hay*.

---

## O D E   X I X.

*The Poet hinteth to Artists the Value of Time.*

THE man condemn'd on Tyburn's tree to *swing*,  
Deems such a show a very *dullish* thing ;  
He'd rather a SPECTATOR be, I ween,  
Than the sad ACTOR in the scene.

He blames the LAW's too rigid resolution :  
If with a beef-steak stomach,—in his prime,  
Lord, with what *reverence* he looks on time !

And, most of all—the *hour of execution* !  
And as the cart doth to the tree advance,  
How *wond'rous willing* to postpone the DANCE !

Believe me, Time's of monstrous use ;  
But, ah ! how subject to abuse !  
It seems that with him folks were often *cloy'd* ;  
I do pronounce it, Time's a *public good*.  
Just like a youthful beauty—to be *woo'd*,  
Made *much of*, and be *properly enjoy'd*.

Time's

Time's sand is wonderfully small :  
 It slips between the fingers in a hurry ;  
 Therefore, on each young artist let me call,  
 To prize it as an Indian does his *curry* \* ;  
 Whether his next rare *exhibition* be  
 Amidst the great R. A.'s,—or on a TREE.

## O D E XX.

*The unfortunate Peter lamenteth the loss of an important  
 Ode by Rats—He prayeth devoutly for the Rats.*

*HIATUS maxime descendus !*

I've lost an ODE of charming praise ;  
 From like misfortune Heav'n defend us !

The sweetest of my lyric lays !

Where many a youthful artist shone with fame,

Like his own pictures in a fine gilt frame.

Perdition catch the roguish rats !

Their trembling limbs should fill the maws of cats.

Were I to be their sole adviser :

Vermin ! like trunk-makers and pastry-cooks,

Dealing in legions of delightful books,

Yet with the *learning* not a whit the *wiser*.

Thank G—d ! the ODE unto MYSELF they *spar'd*,

And, lo ! the labour of the lucky bard.

\* An universal food in the East Indies.

## O D E XXI.

## T O M Y S E L F.

*The exalted Peter wisheth to make the gaping World acquainted with the Place of his Nativity;—but before he can get an Answer from himself, he most sublimely burleth forth into an Address to Mennygizzy and Mousehole, two fishing Towns in Cornwall—the first celebrated for Pilchards, the last for giving Birth to Dolly Pentreath—The Poet praiseth the Honourable Daines Barrington, and Pilchards—Forgetteth the Place of his Nativity, and, like his great Ancestor of Thebes, leaveth his Readers in the Dark.*

O THOU! whose daring works sublime  
Defy the rudest rage of time,  
Say!—for the world is with conjecture dizzy,  
Did Mousehole give thee birth or Mennygizzy?

HAIL Mennygizzy! what a town of note!  
Where boats, and men, and stinks, and trade, are  
stirring;  
Where pilchards come in myriads to be caught;  
Pilchard! a thousand times as good's a herring.

Pilchard! the idol of the Popish nation!  
Hail little instrument of vast salvation!  
Pilchard, I ween, a most soul-saving fish,  
On which the Catholics in Lent are *cramm'd*!  
Who, had they not, poor souls, this lucky dish,  
Would *flesh* eat, and be consequently *damn'd*.  
Pilchards! whose bodies yield the fragrant oil,  
And make the London lamps at midnight smile;  
Which lamps, wide spreading salutary light,  
Beam on the wandering BEAUTIES of the night,  
And



And shew each gentle youth their cheek's deep roses,  
And tell him whether they have eyes and noses.

Hail Mousehole ! birth-place of old Doll Pentreath \*  
The *last* who jabber'd Cornish—so says Daines,  
Who, bat-like, haunted ruins, lane, and heath,  
With Will o'Wisp, to brighten up his brains.

Daines ! who a thousand miles, unwearied trots  
For bones, brads farthings, ashes, and old pots,  
To prove that folks of old, like *us*, were made  
With heads, eyes, hands, and toes, to drive a trade.

## O D E XXII.

*Peter concludeth his Odes—Seemeth hungry—Expostulateth  
with the Reader—And getteth the Start of the World,  
by first praising his own Works.*

**T**OM Southern to John Dryden went one day,  
To buy a head and tail piece for his play :—  
“ Thomas,” quoth John, “ I've sold my goods *too*  
“ *cheap*,  
“ So, if you please, my price shall take a *leap*.”

O Reader, look me gravely in the face ;—  
Speak, is not that with *me* and *thee* the case ?

\* A very old woman of Mousehole, supposed (*falsely*, however) to have been the *last* who spoke the Cornish language. The honourable antiquarian, Daines Barrington, Esq. journied, some years since, from London to the Land's End, to converse with this wrinkled, yet delicious *morceau*. He entered Mousehole in a kind of triumph, and, peeping into her hut, exclaimed, with all the fire of an enraptured lover, in the language of the famous Greek Philosopher,—“ EUREKA !” The couple kissed—Doll soon after *gabbled*—Daines listened with admiration—committed her speeches to paper, not venturing to trust his memory with *so much treasure*. The transaction was announced to the Society—the Journals were *enriched* with their dialogues—the old lady's picture was ordered to be taken by the most eminent artist, and the honourable member to be publicly thanked for the **DISCOVERY** !

For this year's Odes I charge thee half-a-crown ;  
 So, without grumbling, put thy money down :  
 For things are desperately ris'n, good Lord !  
 Fish, flesh, coals, candles, window-lights, and board :  
 Why should not charming POETRY then rise ?  
 That comes so dev'lish far, too—from the *skies* !  
 And lo ! the verses that adorn *this* page,  
 Beam, comet-like, alas ! but *once* an age.

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F A R E W E L  
 L Y R I C O D E S,

FOR THE YEAR 1786.

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O D E I.

*PETER talks of resigning the Laureatship—He prophesieth  
 the Triumph of the ARTISTS on his Resignation—The  
 ARTISTS also prophesy, to PETER's Disadvantage—  
 PETER's last Comforts, should their Prophecy be ful-  
 filled.*

**P**ETER, like fam'd CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden,  
 Who thought a *wicked* court was not an *Eden*,  
 This year resigns the laurel crown for ever !  
 What, all the fam'd ACADEMICIANS wish ;  
 No more on painted fowl, and flesh, and fish,  
 He shews the world his carving skill so clever.  
 Brass, iron, wood-work, stone, in peace shall rest—  
 “ Thank God ! ” exclaim the works of Mr. WEST.

“ Thank

"Thank God!" the works of Louthembourg exclaim—  
For guns of critics, no ignoble game—

"No longer now afraid of rhyming praters,  
"Shall we be christen'd *tea-boards*, *varnish'd waiters*;  
"No verse shall swear that ours are *paste-board* rocks,  
"Our trees, *brass wigs* ; and *mops*, our fleecy flocks.

"Thank Heav'n!" exclaims RIGAUD, with sparkling  
"eyes—

"Then shall my pictures in importance rise,  
"And fill each gaping mouth and eye with wonder:"  
Monsieur Rigaud,  
It may be so,

To think thy stars have made so strange a blunder,  
That bred to *paint*—the genius of a glazier;  
That spoil'd, to make a *dauber*, a good brazier.

None but thy partial tongue (believe my lays)  
Can dare stand forth the herald of thy praise:  
Could FAME applaud, whose voice my verse reveres,  
JUSTICE should break her trump about her ears.

"Thank Heav'n!" cries Mr. GARVY; and "Thank  
"God!"

Cries Mr. COPLEY, "that this man of Ode

"No more, barbarian-like, shall o'er us ride:

"No more, like beads, in nasty order strung,

"And round the waist of this vile MOHAWK hung,

"Shall *academic scalps* indulge his pride.

"No more hung up in this dread fellow's rhyme,

"Which he most impudently calls *sublime*,

"Shall we, poor inoffensive souls,

"Appear just like so many moles,

"Trapp'd in an orchard, garden, or a field;

"Which MOLE-CATCHERS suspend on trees,

"To shew their titles to their fees,

"Like DOCTORS, paid too often for the *kill'd*."

Pleas'd that my verses no more shall annoy:

Glad that my blister odes shall cease their stinging;

Each wooden figure's mouth expands with joy—

Hark! how they all break forth in singing!

- In boastful sounds the grinning ARTISTS cry,  
 " Lo ! PETER's hour of insolence is o'er :  
 " His muse is dead—his lyric pump is dry—  
 " His Odes, like stinking fish, not worth a groat a  
     " score.  
 " Art thou then weak like us, thou snarling sniv'ller ?  
 " Art thou like one of us, thou lyric driv'ller ?  
 " Our kings and queens in glory now shall lie,  
     " Each unmolested, sleeping in his frame ;  
 " Our ponds, our lakes, our oceans, earth, and sky,  
     " No longer scouted, shall be put to shame :  
 " No poet's rage shall root our stumps and stumplings,  
 " And swear our clouds are flying apple-dumplings :  
 " Fame shall proclaim how well our plumtrees bud,  
 " And sound the merits of our marle and mud.  
 " Our oaks, our brushwood, and our lofty elms,  
 " No jingling tyrant's wicked rage o'erwhelms,  
     " Now this vile FELLER is laid low :  
 " In peace shall our stone-hedges sleep,  
 " Our huts, and barns, our pigs, and sheep,  
     " And wild fowl, from the eagle to the crow.  
 " They who shall see this PETER in the street,  
 " With fearless eye his front shall meet,  
     " And cry,—“ Is this the man of keen remark ?  
 " Is this the wight ? ”—“ shall be their taunting  
     " speech ;  
 " A dog ! who dar'd to snap each artist's breech,  
     " And bite academicians like a shark ?  
 " He whose broad cleaver chopp'd the sons of paint :  
 " Crush'd, like a marrow-bone, each lovely faint ;  
     " Spar'd not the very clothes about their backs :  
 " The little duck-wing'd cherubims abus'd,  
 " That could not more inhumanly be us'd,  
     " Poor lambkins ! had they fall'n amongst the  
         " BLACKS.  
 " He, once so furious, soon shall want relief,  
 " Stak'd through the body, like a paltry thief.

“ How



“How art thou fall’n, O Cherokee!” they cry;  
 “How art thou fall’n!” the joyful roofs resound;  
 “Hell shall thy body, for a rogue, surround,  
 “And there, for ever roasting, may’st thou lie:  
 “Like Dives may’st thou stretch in fires along,  
 “Refus’d one drop of drink to cool thy tongue.”

Ye goodly gentlemen, repress your yell,  
 Your hearty wishes for my *health* restrain;  
 For if our *works* can put us into hell,  
 Kind Sirs! we certainly shall meet again:  
 Nay, what is worse, I really don’t know whether  
 We must not lodge in the *same* room together.

---

O D E II.

Peter *flogs Academicians and Dinner*—*Pities the Prince of Wales, Duke of Orleans, Duke Fitzjames, Count Lauzun, Lords Caermarthen and Besborough, &c. and praises Mr. Weltjie*—*Exculpates the President*—*Condemns Sir W. Chambers and the Committee for their bad Management*—Peter *talks of visiting the French King and the Duke of Orleans.*

WHENE’ER ACADEMICIANS run astray,  
 Such should the moral PETER’s song reclaim—  
 Of *paint* this Ode shall nothing sing or say,  
 My eagle satire darts at *diff’rent* game—  
 Against *decorum* I abhor a *sinner*;  
 And therefore lash the academic dinner.

Th’ ACADEMY, though marvellously poor,  
 Can once a-year afford to eat:  
 By means of kind donations at the door,  
 The members make a comfortable treat.  
 Like *gipsies* in a barn, around their KING,  
 That annual meet, to eat, and dance, and sing.

A feast

A feast was made of flesh, fish, tarts, creams, jellies,  
To suit the various qualities of bellies :

*Mine* grumbl'd to be ask'd, and be delighted ;  
But *wicked* PETER's paunch was not invited.

Yet though no message waited on the *bard*,  
With compliments from academic names,  
The PRINCE OF WALES receiv'd a civil card,  
His GRACE OF ORLEANS too, and DUKE FITZ-  
JAMES ;

Count de Lauzun, and Count Conflan,  
A near relation to the man,  
In whose poor sides old HAWKE once fix'd his claws,  
Were welcom'd by the Academic Lords,  
Either by writing, or by words,  
To come and try the vigour of their jaws.

Unfortunately for the modest DUKES,  
The nimble artists, all with greyhound looks,  
Fell on the meat, with teeth prodigious able ;  
Seiz'd, of the *synagogue*, the *highest* places,  
And left the poor *forlorn*, their GALLIC GRACES,  
To nibble *at the bottom of the table* !

There sat, too, my good Lord Caermarthen,  
As one of the *Canaille*, not worth a farthing !  
But what can *titles*, *virtues*, at a feast,  
Where *glory* waits upon the *greatest* *beast* ?

To see a stone-cutter and mason  
High mounted o'er those men of quality,  
By no means can our annals blazon  
For feats of *courtly* hospitality.  
I've heard, however, one or two were *tanners* :  
*Granted*—it doth not much *improve* the manners.

They probably, in answer, may declare,  
They thought the feast just like a *hunt* ;  
In which, as soon as ever starts the hare,  
Each *Nimrod* tries to be first in upon't :  
As he's the *greatest*, 'midst the *howling* *fuss*,  
Who *first* can triumph o'er poor dying *russ*.

PETERS

PETERS \* most justly rais'd his eyes of wonder,  
 And wanted decently to give them *grace* ;  
 But bent on *ven'son* and on *turbot-plunder*,  
 A clattering peal of knives and forks took place :  
 Spoons, plates, and dishes, rattling round the table,  
 Produc'd a *new* edition of *old* Babel.

Though great, in your opinion, be your fame,  
 I tell you, *great R. A's.* it was a *shame*.

This, let me own—the candour-loving MUSE  
 Most willingly SIR JOSHUA can excuse,  
 Who tries the nation's glory to encrease ;  
 Whose genius rare is very seldom nodding,  
 But deep on painting subjects plodding,  
 To rival Italy and Greece.

But pray, † SIR WILLIAM, what have you to say ?  
 No such impediment is in *your* way :

*Genius* can't hurt *your etiquette* attention ;  
 And, Messieurs Tyler, Wilton, and Rigaud,  
 Have you a genius to impede you ?—No !  
 Nor many a one besides that I could mention.

This year (God willing) I shall visit FRANCE,  
 And taste of LOUIS, GRAND MONARQUE ! the prog :  
 His GRACE OF ORLEANS, so kind, *perchance*,  
 May ask me to his house to pick a frog.

Grant, you eclips'd a pack of hounds, with glee  
 Pursuing, in full cry, the fainting game—  
 Surpass'd them, too, in gobling down the prey :  
 Still, *great R. A's.* I tell you, 'twas a *shame* :

Grant, each of you the wond'rous man excell'd,  
 Who beat a butcher's dog in eating tripe ;  
 And that each paunch with guttling was so *swell'd*,  
 Not one bit more could pass your swallow-pipe :

Grant, that you dar'd such *stuffing feats* display,  
 That not a soul of you could walk away :

\* A respectable clergyman, and one of the academicians.

† Sir W. Chambers.

Still, 'midst the triumphs of your goblin fame,  
I tell you, *great R. A's*. it was a *shame*.

Grant, you were greas'd up to the nose and eyes,  
Your cheeks all shining like a lantern's horn,  
With tearing hams and fowls, and gible pie,  
And ducks, and geese, and pigeons newly born :

Thou would'st have said, " *De PRENCE OF WALES,*  
" *by Got,*

" *Do too much honour to be at der feast ;*  
" *Vere he can't heb von beet of meat dat's hot,*  
" *But treated wid de bones just like a beast.*  
" *De PRENCE, he was too great to sit and eat*  
" *De bones and leafings of de meat ;*  
" *And munsh vat dirty low-lif'd rogues refuse,*  
" *By Got ! not fit to wipe de PRENCE's shoes !*"

Great Besborough's Earl, too, came off *second best* ;  
His murmuring stomach had not *half* a feast ;  
And therefore it was natural to *mutter* :  
To rectify the fault, with joyless looks,  
His Lordship bore his belly off to *Brooks*,  
Who fill'd the grumbler up with bread and butter.

Sirs ! those manœuvres were extremely coarse—  
This really was the essence of ill-breeding :  
Not for your souls could you have treated worse,  
*Bumbailiffs*, by this dog-like mode of feeding.

They had no *stomach*, o'er a *grace* to nod ;  
Nor *time enough* to offer thanks to *God* :  
That might be done, they wisely knew,  
When they had nothing else to *do*.

His *HIGHNESS* entering somewhat rather late,  
Could scarcely find a knife, or fork, or plate :  
But not one single *maiden dish*,  
Poor gentleman ! of flesh or fish.  
Most woefully the *pastry* had been *par'd*,  
And trembling jellies barbarously *claw'd*.  
In short, my gentle readers, to *amaze*,  
His *HIGHNESS* pick'd the bones of the *R. A's*.



O \* Weltjie, had thy lofty form been there,  
 And seen thy PRINCE so serv'd with scrap and slop,  
 Thou surely would'st have brought him better fare—  
 A warm beef-steak, perchance, or mutton-chop.  
 And yet, what right have *I* to visit *there*?  
 To see a man so vilely treated *here*.

Ye ROYAL ARTISTS, at your *future* feasts,  
 I fear you'll make their GRACES downright DA-  
 NIELS :  
 And as the PROPHET din'd amongst *wild beasts*,  
 The DUKES will join your *pointers* and your *spaniels*.

### O D E III.

*Peter giveth sage Advice to mercenary Artists, and telleth  
 a most delectable Story of a country Bumkin and a Pe-  
 ripatetic Razor-seller.*

FORBEAR, my friends, to sacrifice your fame  
 To sordid gain, unless that you are starving ;  
 I own that hunger will indulgence claim  
 For hard stoneheads, and landscape carving,  
 In order to make haste to sell and eat ;  
 For there is certainly a charm in meat :  
 And in rebellious tones, will stomachs speak,  
 That have not tasted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,  
 Who value fame no more than an old shoe ;  
 Provided for their daubs they get a sale ;  
 Just like the man—but stay—I'll tell the tale.

\* The Prince's German cook.

A FELLOW in a market-town,  
 Most musical, cried razors up and down,  
 And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence :  
 Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,  
 And for the money quite a heap,  
 As ev'ry man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard ;  
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,  
 That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose ;  
 With chearfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,  
 And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,  
 " This rascal stole the razors, I suppose."

No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,  
 Provided that the razors *shave* ;  
 It certainly will be a monstrous prize.  
 So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,  
 Smiling in heart, and soul content,  
 And quickly soap'd himself to eyes and ears.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,  
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,  
 Just like a hedger cutting furze :  
 'Twas a vile razor !—then the rest he tried—  
 All were impostors—" Ah," Hodge sigh'd !  
 " I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,  
 He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and  
 swore ;  
 Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry  
 faces,  
 And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er,

HIS MUZZLE, form'd of *opposition* stuff,  
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;  
 So kept it—laughing at the steel and fuds :  
 Hodge in a passion stretch'd his angry jaws,  
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,  
 On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.  
 " Razors ! a damn'd confounded dog,  
 " Not fit to scrape a hog !"

Hodge

Hodge fought the fellow—found him, and begun—  
 “ P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,  
 That people flea themselves out of their lives :  
 You rascal !—for an hour have I been grubbing,  
 Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,  
 With razors just like oyster knives :  
 Sirrah ! I tell you, you're a knave,  
 To cry up razors that can't *shave*.

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I'm no knave :  
 “ As for the razors you have bought,  
 “ Upon my soul, I never thought  
 “ That they would *shave*.”

“ Not think they'd shave !” quoth Hodge, with wond-  
 ring eyes,  
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;  
 “ What were they made for then, you dog ?” he cries :  
 “ Made !” quoth the fellow, with a smile—“ *to sell*.”

---

#### ODE IV.

*Peter observeth the Lex Talionis.*

**W**EST tells the world that PETER cannot *rhyme*—  
 PETER declares *point blank*, that WEST can't  
*paint*—

WEST swears I've not an atom of *sublime*—  
 I swear he hath no notion of a *saint* :

And that his cross-wing'd cherubims are fowls,  
 Baptiz'd by naturalists, *owls* :  
 Half of the meek apostles gangs of robbers :  
 His angels, sets of brazen-headed lubbers.

The Holy Scripture says, “ All flesh is grass ;” —  
 With Mr. West, all flesh is brick and brags ;  
 Except his horse flesh, that I fairly own,  
 Is often of the choicest Portland stone.

R

I've

I've said too, that this artist's faces  
Ne'er paid a visit to the GRACES :

That on *expression* he can never brag :  
Yet for this article hath he been studying ;  
But in it, never could surpass a pudding—  
No, gentle reader, nor a *pudding-bag*.

I dare not say that Mr. WEST  
Cannot sound criticism impart :  
I'm told the man with *technicals* is blest,  
That he can talk a deal upon the art :  
Yes, he can talk, I do not doubt it—  
“ About it, goddess, and about it ! ”

Thus, then, is Mr. WEST deserving praise—  
And let my justice the fair *Laud* afford :  
For, lo ! this far-fam'd artist cuts *both ways* ;  
Exactly like the ANGEL GABRIEL'S *sword* :

The beauties of the art his *converse* shews :  
His *canvases* almost ev'ry thing that's *bad* !  
Thus, at th'academy, we must suppose,  
A man more *useful* never could be had :  
Who in himself, a *host*, so much can *do* ;  
Who is both *precept* and *example* too !

---

O D E V.

*Great Advice is given to Gentlemen Authors—To Mr.  
Webb and Mr. H. Walpole particularly—Peter taketh  
the Part of Lady Lucan—Sheweth wonderful Know-  
ledge in the Art of Painting—Administereth Oil of Fool,  
vulgarly called Praise, to the 'Squire of Strawberry-  
Hill.*

**A**STRONOMERS should treat of stars and comets,  
Physicians of the bark and vomits ;  
Of apoplexies, those light troops of Death,  
That use no ceremony with our breath ;

Ague



Ague and dropſy, jaundice and catarrh,  
The grim-look tyrant's heavy horſe of war.\*

Farriers ſhould write on farcys and the glanders :  
Bug-doctors only on bed-diſorders :  
Farmers on land, ploughs, pigs, ducks, geefe, and  
ganders :  
Nightmen alone on aromatic *odoures* :

The artiſts ſhould on painting ſolely write :  
Like David, then they may ' good things indite.'  
But when the mob of *gentlemen*  
Break on their province, and take up the pen,  
The Lord have mercy on the art !  
I'm ſure their gooſe-quills can no light impart.  
This verſe be thine, \* 'Squire Webb—it is thy due.  
Pray, Mr. Horace Walpoole †, what think *you*?

HORACE, thou art a man of taſte and ſenſe,  
Then don't, of *folly*, be at ſuch expence :  
Do not to ‡ LADY LUCAN pay ſuch court—  
Her wiſdom ſurely will not thank thee for't—  
Ah ! don't endeavour *thus* to dupe her,  
By ſwearing that ſhe equals § COOPER.

So groſſ the flattery, it ſeems to ſhew  
That verily thou doſt not know  
The pow'rs requir'd for copying a *picture*,  
And thoſe for copying *Dame Nature* :  
Alas ! a much more arduous matter !  
So don't expoſe thyſelf, but mind my ſtricture.

Thou'lt ſay it was mere compliment :  
'That nothing elſe was thy intent,  
Altho' it might diſgrace a boy at ſchool ;  
I grant the fact, and think that no man  
Says or writes ſillier things to woman ;  
But ſtill 'tis making each of you a fool.

\* Author of a Treatiſe on Painting, who ſeems to diſplay more erudition than ſcience.

† A gentleman well known in the literary world, an *amateur* in the graphic line.

‡ A lady of great ingenuity in the miniature department.

§ A famous miniature painter in the time of Cromwell.

Yet, HORACE, think not that I write  
Through spite :

Think not I read thy works with jealous pain  
Lord! no, thou art a favourite with me :

I think thee one of *us*, *un bel esprit*—

By Heav'ns! I like the windmill of thy brain:  
It is a pretty and ingenious mill:  
Long may it grind on Strawb'rry-Hill.

## O D E VI.

*Peter still continueth to give great Advice, and to exhibit  
deep Reflection—He telleth a miraculous Story.*

THERE is a *knack* in doing many a thing,  
Which *labour* cannot to perfection bring:  
Therefore, however great in your own eyes,  
Pray do not hints from other folks despise :

A *fool* on something great at times may stumble,  
And consequently be a good adviser:  
On which, for ever, your *wise men* may fumble,  
And never be a whit the wiser.

Yes! I advise you, for there's wisdom in't,  
Never to be superior to a hint—  
The genius of each man with keenness view—  
A *spark*, from this, or t'other, caught,  
May kindle, quick as thought,  
A glorious *bonfire* up in you.

A question of you let me beg—  
Of fam'd Columbus and his egg,  
Pray, have you heard? “Yes.”—O then, if you  
*please*,  
I'll give you the two Pilgrims and the Peas.

*The* PILGRIMS *and the* PEAS.

A TRUE STORY.

A BRACE of finners for no *good*,  
 Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,  
 Who at Loretto, dwelt in wax, stone, wood,  
 And in a fair white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel  
 With something in their shoes much worse than *gravel*:  
 In short, their toes so gentle, to *amuse*,  
 The Priest had order'd peas into their shoes :

A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times  
 For purifying souls that stunk of crimes :  
 A sort of apostolic salt,  
 That Popish parsons for its powers exalt,  
 For keeping souls of finners *sweet*,  
 Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat*.

The knaves set off on the same day,  
 Peas in their shoes, to go and pray :  
 But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot :  
 One of the finners gallop'd on,  
 Light as a bullet from a gun ;  
 The other limp'd, as if he had been *shot*.

One saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cried—  
 Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever ;  
 Then home again he nimbly hied,  
 Made fit, with saints above, to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me say,  
 He met his brother rogue about half way—  
 Hobling with outstretch'd bum and bending knees,  
 Damning the souls and bodies of the peas :  
 His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,  
 Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim  
broke—

"You lazy lubber!"

"Ods curse it," cried the other, "'tis no *joke*—

"My feet, once hard as any rock,

"Are now as soft as *blubber*.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—

"As for Loretto, I shall not get there;

"No! to the dev'l my sinful soul must go,

"For damme if I ha'nt lost ev'ry toe.

"But, brother finner, do-explain.

"How 'tis that you are not in pain:

"What Pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes:

"Whilst *I*, just like a snail, am crawling,

"Now swearing, now on faints devoutly bawling,

"Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is't that *you* can like a greyhound *go*,

"Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye!"

"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must *know*,

"That just before I ventur'd on my journey,

"To walk a little more at ease,

"I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

---

## ODE VII.

Peter *grinneth*.

YOUNG men, be cautious of each critic word,  
That blasphemous may much offence afford—

I mean, that wounds an ancient master's fame:

At Titian, Guido, Julio, Veronese,

Your length'ning phiz, let admiration seize,

And throw up both your eyes at Raphael's name.

Ev'n by a printshop should you chance to pass,

Revere their effigy inside the glass:

Just



Just as with Papists, the religious care is  
 In churches, lanes, to bend their marrow-bones:  
 To bees-wax faints, bon-dieux of stones,  
 And beech, or deal, or wainscot Virgin Marys..

Whate'er their errors, they no more remain,  
 For time, like fuller's earth, takes out each stain:  
 Nay more—on faults that *modern works* would tarnish,  
 Time spreads a sacred coat of varnish:

Spare not on brother artists backs, the lash;  
 Put a good wire in't—let it *lash*;  
 Since ev'ry stroke with int'rest is repaid:  
 For though you cannot kill the *man* outright;  
 Yet by this effort of your rival spite,  
 Fifty to one, if you don't spoil his *trade*.  
 His ruins may be feathers for your nest—  
 The maxim's not amiss—*probatum est*.

---

O D E VIII.

*The Poet enquires into the State of the Exhibition—Lashes  
 Father Time for making great Geniuses, and destroying  
 them—Praises Reynolds—Fancies a very curious Dia-  
 logue between King Alexander and the Deer, the Subject  
 of Mr. West's Picture—Turns to Mr. West's Resur-  
 rection.*

WELL, Muse! what is there in the exhibition?  
 How thrive the beauties of the graphic art?  
 Whose racing genius seems in best condition  
 For GLORY's plate to start?  
 Say what sly rogues old Fame cajole?  
 Speak,—who hath brib'd her trumpet, or who stole?  
 For much is *prais'd* that ought in fires to mourn—  
 Nay, what would ev'n *disgrace* a fire to burn.

What artist boasts a work sublime,  
 That mocks the teeth of raging Time?

Old

Old fool ! who, after he hath form'd with pains,  
 A genius rare,  
 To make folks *stare*,

Knocks out his brains :

Like children, *dolls* creating with high brags ;  
 Then tearing all their handy works to rags.

Lo ! REYNOLDS shines with *undiminish'd* ray !  
 Keeps, like the Bird of Jove, his distant way—  
 Yet, simple portrait strikes too oft our eyes,  
 Whilst HIST'RY, anxious for his pencil, sighs :

We don't desire to see on canvass live,  
 The *copy* of a jowl of lead ;  
 When for th' *original* we would not give  
 A small pin's head.

This year, of picture, Mr. WEST  
 Is quite a Patagonian maker—  
 He knows that *bulk* is not a *jest* ;  
 So gives us painting by the *acre* :

But ah ! this artist's brush can never brag  
 Upon KING ALEXANDER and the STAG :  
 For as they play'd at loggerheads, a rubber ;  
 We surely ought to see a handsome battle,  
 Between the MONARCH and the PIECE OF CATTLE :  
 Whereas, each keeps his distance, like a lubber.

His Majesty upon his breech laid low,  
 Seems *preaching* to his horned foe ;  
 Observing what a very wicked thing  
 To hurt the sacred person of a King :  
 And seems, about his business, to entreat him  
 To *march*, for fear the hounds should *eat him*.

The Stag appears to say, in plaintive note,  
 " I own, KING ALEXANDER, my offence :  
 " True ! I've not shew'd my loyalty, nor sense ;  
 " So bid your huntsman come and cut my throat."

The cavalry, adorn'd with fair stone bodies,  
 Seem on the dialogue with wonder staring ;  
 And on their flinty backs, a set of NODDIES  
 Not one brass farthing for their MASTER, *caring*.  
 Behold !

Behold! *one* fellow lifts his mighty spear  
To save the owner of the Scottish crown;  
Which harmless hanging o'er the gaping deer,  
Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.

Another on a *Pegasus* comes flying!  
His phiz, *his errand, much belying*;  
For if he means to *haste* the beast so cruel,  
God knows, 'tis with a face of *water-gruel*.

So then, sweet Muse, the picture boasts no merit—  
As flat as dish-water, or dead small-beer—  
Or, what the mark is tolerably near,  
As heads of aldermen, devoid of spirit.

Well then! turn round—view t'other side the room,  
And see his SAVIOUR mounting from the tomb:  
Is *this* piece too with painting sins so cramm'd—  
Born to encrease the number of the *damn'd*?

My sentiments by no means I refuse—  
Was our REDEEMER like that *wretched thing*,  
I do not wonder that the cunning Jews  
Scorn'd to acknowledge him for KING.

## ODE IX.

*Peter moraliseth, and giveth good Advice.*

ENVY and JEALOUSY, that pair of devils,  
Stuff'd, like Pandora's box, with wond'rous evils,  
I hate, abhor, abominate, detest:  
Like CIRCE, turning *man* into a *beast*.

Beneath their cankering breath no bud can blow;  
Their black'ning pow'r resembles *smut* in corn,  
Which kills the rising ears that should adorn,  
And bid the vales with golden plenty glow.

Yet

Yet fierce in yonder dome each demon reigns :  
 Their poison swells too many an artist's veins :  
 Draws from each lab'ring heart the fearful sigh,  
 And casts a fullen gloom on ev'ry eye.

BRUSHMEN ! accept the counsel PETER sends,  
 Who scorns th'acquaintance of this brace of fiends :  
 Should any, with *uncommon* talents tow'r :  
 To any, is *superior* science giv'n—  
 O, let the *weaker* feel their happy pow'r ;  
 Like plants that triumph in the dews of Heav'n.

Be pleas'd like REYNOLDS to direct the blind ;  
 Who aids the feeble fault'ring feet of youth ;  
 Unfolds the ample volume of his mind,  
 With genius stor'd, and Nature's simple truth :

Who, though a SUN, resembles not his *brother* ;  
 Whose beams, so full of jealousy, conspire,  
 Whene'er admitted to the room—to *smother*  
 The humble *kitchen* or the *parlour fire*.

## O D E X.

Peter *speaketh* figuratively—*Accommodateth himself to*  
*vulgar Readers—Lasheth Pretenders to Fame—Con-*  
*cludeth merrily.*

A *Modest* love of praise I do not blame—  
 But I abhor a *rape* on MISTRESS FAME—  
 Although the lady is exceeding *chaste* ;  
 Young forward bullies seize her round the waist,  
 Swear *nolens, volens* that she shall be *kiss'd* ;  
 And though she vows she does not *like 'em*,  
 Nay threatens for their impudence to *strike 'em*,  
 The saucy rascals still *persist*.

Reader !—of images here's no confusion—  
 Thou, therefore, understand't the bard's allusion ;  
 But



But *possibly* thou hast a *thickish* head :  
And therefore no *vast* quantities of brain—  
Why then, my precious FIG of LEAD,  
'Tis necessary to *explain*.

Some ARTISTS if I *so* may call 'em !,  
So ignorant (the foul fiend *maul* 'em !  
Mere drivlers in the charming art ;  
Are *vastly* fond of being *prais'd* :  
Wish to the stars, like Blanchard, to be rais'd ;  
And rais'd they should be, reader—from a *cart*.

If disappointed in some STENTOR's tongue ;  
Upon *themselves* they pour forth prose or song ;  
Or *buy* it in some venal paper,  
And then *heroically* vapour.

What *prigs* to *immortality* aspire,  
Who stick their trash around the room !—  
Trash meriting a very *diff'rent* doom,—  
I mean the warmer regions of the *fire* !

Heav'n knows, that I am anger'd to the soul,  
To find some blockheads of their works *so vain*—  
So *proud* to see them hanging, *cheek by jowl*,  
With \* *his*, whose pow'rs, the ART's high fame,  
sustain ;

To wond'rous merit, their pretension  
On such *vicinity—suspension* ;  
Brings to my mind a *not unpleasant* story,  
Which, gentle readers, let me lay before ye.

A SHABBY FELLOW chanc'd, one day, to meet  
The BRITISH ROSCIUS in the street :  
GARRICK, on whom our nation justly brags—  
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace—  
“ Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,”  
Quoth Garrick.—“ No ?” replied the man of rags,

\* The President.

“ The

“ The boards of Drury *you* and *I* have trod  
 “ Full many a time together, I am sure—  
 “ When?” with an oath, cried GARRICK—“ for,  
     “ by G—  
 “ I never saw that face of *yours* before!—  
     “ What characters, I pray,  
     “ Did *you* and *I* together play?”  
 “ Lord!” quoth the fellow, “ think not that I *mock*—  
 “ When *you* play’d HAMLET, Sir,—*I* play’d the  
     “ Cock \*.”

---

O D E XI.

*Peter talketh sensibly, and knowingly—recommendeth it  
 to Artists to prefer Pictures for their Merit—Discovereth  
 musical Knowledge, and sheweth, that he not only hath  
 kept Company with Fid-lers, but Fiddle-makers—He  
 satirizeth the Pseudo-Cognoscenti—Praiseth his ingenious  
 Neighbour Sir Joshua.*

**B**E not impos’d on by a *name* ;  
 But bid your eye the picture’s *merit* trace :  
 POUSSIN at times in outline may be *lame*,  
 And GUIDO’s angels destitute of *grace*.

Yet lo! a picture of some famous school ;  
 A warranted *old daub* of reputation,  
 Where charming PAINTING’s *almost ev’ry* rule  
 Hath suffer’d *almost ev’ry* violation ;  
 Oft hath been gaz’d at by devouring eyes,  
 Where NATURE, banish’d from the picture, sighs.

So some old Dutcheis, as a badger grey ;  
 Her snags, by TIME, *sure* Dentist, *snatch’d* away,  
     With long, lank, flannel cheeks ;  
 Where AGE in ev’ry wrinkled feature,  
 Unto the poor weak shaking creature,  
     Of death, unwelcome tidings, speaks ;

\* In the Ghost Scene.

Draws

Draws from the gaping mob the *envying* look,  
Because her *owner* chanc'd to be a *duke*.

How many *pasteboard* rocks, and *iron* seas ;  
How many *torrents wild*, of *still stone* water ;  
How many *brooms* and *broomsticks*, meant for *trees*,  
Because the *fancied* labours of \* *SALVATOR*,  
Whose pencil, too, most grossly may have blunder'd,  
Have brought the blest *possessor* many a hundred ?

Thus prove a *crowd*, a † *STAINER*, or † *AMATI* ;  
No matter for the fiddle's *sound* :  
The fortunate *possessor* shall not bate ye  
A *doit*, of fifty, nay a hundred pounds :  
And though, what's vulgarly baptiz'd a *rep*,  
Shall in a hundred pounds be deem'd *dog-cheap*.

It tickles one excessively to hear  
Wise prating pedants the *old masters* praise ;  
Damning by wholesale, with sarcastic sneer,  
The *wretched* works of *modern* days ;  
Making at *living* wights such fatal pushes,  
As if not good enough to *wipe their brushes*.

And yet on each wise *cognoscenté* ass,  
Who shall for hours on paint and sculpture din ye ;  
A person with facility may pass  
RIGAUD for RAPHAEL—BACON for BERNINI :  
Or little as an oven to VESUVIUS,  
WILL TYLER for PALLADIO or VITRUVIUS !

One would imagine by the mad'ning fools,  
Who talk of *nothing* but the *ancient* schools,  
And vilify the works of *modern* brains ;  
They think poor Mother Nature's art is fled,  
That now she cannot make a head,  
Who took with old Italian nob's such pains :  
Nay, to a *driv'ler* turn'd, her pow'r so funk is,  
Tame soul ! that nothing now she makes but *monkies* :

\* Salvator Rosa.

† A German fiddle-maker.

‡ A maker of the fiddles called Crèmonas.

" Look at your fav'rite REYNOLDS," is their strain,—  
 " Allow'd by all, the *first* in Europe's eye :  
 " One atom of repute can Reynolds gain,  
 " When TITIAN, RUBENS, and VANDYKE, are  
     " nigh ?  
 " Can REYNOLDS live near RAPHAEL's matchless  
     " line ?"  
 Yes, blinkards ! and with *equal* lustre shine.

## O D E XII.

*Peter encreaseth in Wisdom, and adviseth wisely—Seemeth  
 angry at the Illiberality of Nature in the Affair of his  
 good Acquaintance, the Lord High Chancellor of  
 England and Mr. Pepper Arden—Peter treateth his  
 Readers with Love-verses of past Times.*

COPY not Nature's forms *too closely*,  
 Whene'er she treats your *sister grossly* :  
 For when she gives deformity for *grace*,  
 Pray shew a little mercy to the face.  
 Indeed, 'twould be but *charity* to flatter  
 Some dreadful works of *seeming drunken Nature*.

As for example,—let us now suppose  
 THURLOW's *black scowl*, and PEPPER ARDEN's *nose* :  
 But when your pencil's powers are bid to trace  
 The smiles of DEVONSHIRE—DUNCANNON's *grace*—  
 To bid the blush of beauteous CAMPBELL rise,  
 And wake the radiance of \*AUGUSTA's eyes,  
 (Gad ! Muse, thou art beginning to grow *loyal*)  
 And paint the graces of the PRINCESS ROYAL ;  
 Try all your art—and when your toils are done,  
 You shew a *flimsy meteor* for a *sun*.

Or should your skill attempt *her* face and air,  
 Who fir'd my heart, and fix'd my roving eye—  
 The LOVES, who robb'd a *world* to make her *fair*,  
 Would quickly triumph, and your art defy.

\* Second daughter of the king.



Sweet NYMPH! but, reader, take the song  
Which CYNTHIA's charms alone inspir'd;  
That left of yore the poet's tongue,  
When LOVE his raptur'd fancy fir'd.

S O N G.

FROM her, alas! whose smile was *love*,  
I wander to some lonely cell:  
My sighs too weak the maid to move,  
I bid the flatterer, HOPE, farewell.

Be all her Syren arts forgot,  
That fill'd my bosom with alarms:  
Ah! let her crime—a little spot,  
Be lost amidst her blaze of charms.

As on I wander slow, my sighs  
At ev'ry step for Cynthia mourn:  
My anxious heart within me dies,  
And, sinking, whispers, "Oh, return."

Deluded heart! thy folly know—  
Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame—  
By absence thou shalt lose thy woe,  
And only flutter at her name.

Readers! I own the song of love is sweet:  
Most pleasing to the soul of gentle PETER:  
Your eyes, then, with another let me treat,  
O gentle Sirs, and in the same sweet metre.

S O N G TO DELIA.

SAY, lonely MAID, with down-cast eye—  
O DELIA, say, with cheek so pale,  
What gives thy heart the length'ned sigh,  
That tells the world a mournful tale?

Thy tears, that thus each other chase,  
 Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe :  
 Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,  
 Which souls like *thine* should never know.

O tell me, doth some favour'd youth,  
 With virtue tir'd, thy beauty slight ;  
 And leave those thrones of love and truth,  
 That lip, and bosom of delight ?

Perhaps to *nymphs* of other shades,  
 He feigns the soft impassioned tear,  
 With songs their easy faith invades,  
 That treach'rous won *thy* witless ear.

Let not *those* maids thy envy move,  
 For whom his heart may seem to pine—  
 That *heart* can ne'er be blest by love,  
 Whose *guilt* could force a pang from *thine*.

---

### O D E XIII.

*Pious Peter acknowledgeth great Obligations to the Reverend Mr. Martyn Luther—Yet lamenteth the Effects of this Parson's Reformation, on Painting.*

**W**E Protestants owe much to MARTYN LUTHER,  
 Who found to Heav'n a *shorter* way and *smoother*;  
 And shall not soon repay the obligation :—  
 MARTYN against the *Papists* got the laugh ;  
 Who, as the butchers bleed and bang a *calf*  
 To whiteness—bled and bang'd unto *salvation* :

As if such drubbings could expel their sins ;  
 As if that Pow'r, whose works, with awe, we view,  
 Grac'd all our backs with sets of *comely* skins,  
 Then order'd us to beat them *black* and *blue*.

Well then ! we must confess for certain,  
 That much we owe to Mr. Martyn,

Who

Who alter'd, for the better, our religion—  
 Yet, by it glorious *PAINTING* much did lose—  
 Was pluck'd, poor *GODDESS*! like a *goose*;  
 Or, for the rhyme-sake, like a *pigeon*.

Mad at the *Whore of Babylon*, and *Bull*,  
 Down from the churches, men began to pull  
 Pictures that long had held a lofty station—  
 Pictures of Saints, of pious reputation,  
 For curing by a *miracle* the ills  
 That now so stubborn yield not to *devotions*.  
 But unto blisters, bolusses, and potions,  
 That make such handsome 'pothecaries' bills.

Down tumbled *ANTHONY*, who preach'd to *sprats*—  
 And *he* \* who held discourses with a *bog*,  
 That, grunting after him, so us'd to jog,  
 Came down by *favour* of long sticks and bats.

The *saints* who grinn'd on spits like ven'son roasting,  
 Broiling on gridir'ns—baking in an oven;  
 Or on a fork, like cheese of *Cheshire*, *toasting*,  
 Or kick'd to death, by Satan's hoof so cloven,  
 All humbled, to the ground were forc'd to fall—  
 Spits, forks, and gridir'ns, ovens, dev'l and all.

Even Saints of poor Old England's *breeding*:  
 In wonders many *foreign ones* exceeding;  
 Our hot *reformers* did as *roughly* handle:  
 In troth, poor harmless souls! they met no quarter;  
 But down were tumbled, *miracle* and *martyr*;  
 Put up in *lots*, and sold by inch of candle.

Had we been Papists—Lord! we still had seen  
 Devils and devil's mates, young pimping lyars,  
 Tempting the *blushing* *NUNS* of frail fifteen,  
 With gangs of ogling, rosy, wanton *FRIARS*:  
 Which *NUNS* so pure, no love-speech could cajole—  
 Who *starv'd* the body, to *preserve* the soul.

\* Commonly known by the name of *Pie ANTHONY*.

Then had we seen St. DENNIS with his head  
 Fresh in his hand, and with affection *kissing* :  
 As if the nob, that from his shoulders fled,  
 By knife or broad-sword, never had been *missing* :  
 Then had we seen, upon their friendly *coating*,  
*Saints* on the waves, like gulls and wigeons floating.

I've seen a *saint* on board a ship,  
 To whom, for a fair wind, the Papists pray,  
 Well flogg'd from stem to stern, by birch and whip,  
 Poor wooden fellow ! twenty times a day :

Pull'd by the nose, and kick'd—call'd lubber, owl,  
 To make him turn a wind to *fair* from *foul* !  
 And often *this* hath brought a prosp'rous gale,  
 When pray'rs and curses have been found to *fail*.

*This*, had we Papists been, had grac'd our churches,  
 Saint, seamen, nose-pulling, kicks, whips, and birches.

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#### O D E XIV.

Peter attacketh the Exotic R. A's.

**Y**E ROYAL SIRs ! before I bid *adieu*,—  
 Let me inform you, *some* deserve my praise ;  
 But trust me, gentle 'Squires, ye are but few  
 Whose names would not *disgrace* my lays :  
 You'll say, with grinning sharp sarcastic *face*,  
 We must be *bad indeed*, if that's the case—  
 Why, if the truth I must declare,  
 So, gentle 'Squires, you really are.

I'm greatly pleas'd, I must allow,  
 To see the *foreigners* beat *bellow* :  
 Who stole into that dome the Lord knows how :  
 I hope to God no more will follow :  
 Who, curs'd with a poor sniv'ling spirit,  
 Were never known to vote for *merit*—

Poor



Poor narrow-minded imps,  
 Hanging together just like shrimps.  
 I own (so little they have merited),  
     That from yon noble dome,  
     Made almost an Italian and French home,  
 I long to see the vermin ferreted.

Yet, where's the house, however watch'd by cats,  
 That can get rid of all its rats ?  
 Or, if a prettier simile may please,  
 Where is the bed that hath not fleas ?  
 Or, if a *prettier still*—what London rugs  
 Have not at times been visited by *bugs* ?

## O D E XV.

*Peter taketh Leave—Displayeth wonderful Learning—  
 Seemeth sorry to part with his Readers—Administereth  
 Crumbs of Comfort.*

**M**Y dearest readers ! 'tis with grief I tell,  
 That now, for ever, I must bid farewell !—

Glad, if an Ode of mine, with *grins*, can treat ye,  
     *Valete :*

And if you like the Lyric PETER's oddity ;  
     *Plaudite.*

Rich as a Jew am I in *Latian lore*—

So, classic readers, take a sentence *more* :

*Pulchrum est monstrari digno et dicier hic est !*

Says JUVENAL, who lov'd a bit of fame—

In English—Ah ! 'tis sweet amongst the thickest  
     To be found out, and pointed at by *name*.

To hear the *shrinking* GREAT exclaim, “ that's PETER,  
 “ Who makes much immortality by *metre* :  
 “ Who nobly dares indulge the tuneful whim,  
 “ And cares no more for *Kings* than *Kings* for *him* ! ”

Yet

Yet one word more, before we part—  
 Should any take it grievously to heart ;  
 Look melancholy, pale, and wan, and thin,  
 Like a poor pullet that hath eat a pin ;  
 Put on a poor desponding face, and pine,  
 Because that PETER the *Divine*  
 Resolves to give up painting Odes :—  
 By all the rhyming *Goddesse's* and *Gods*,  
 I here, upon a poet's word, protest,  
 That if it is the world's request,  
 That I again in Lyrics should appear ;  
 Lo ! rather than be guilty of the sin  
 Of losing GEORGE THE THIRD *one* SUBJECT'S *skin*,  
 My *Lyric Bagpipe* shall be tun'd *next year*.

A

## POETICAL EPISTLE, &amp;c.

T O

JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

ON HIS JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES, IN  
 OCTAVO,

---

 Τρίσσιον ἑτάλειτο Κυδος ὀρίξαι.
 

---

HOMER.

**O** BOSWELL, Bozzy, Bruce \*, whate'er thy name,  
 Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame ;  
 Thou jackall, leading Lion Johnson forth  
 To eat M'Pherson † 'midst his native North ;

\* Vide Note, page 16.

† The translator (but in Dr. Johnson's opinion the author) of  
 the Poems attributed to OSSIAN,

To

To frighten grave professors with his roar,  
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore—  
All hail!—At length, ambitious Thane, thy rage  
To give one spark to Fame's bespangled page  
Is amply gratified—a thousand eyes  
Survey thy book with rapture and surprize!  
Loud, of thy Tour, a thousand tongues have spoken,  
And wonder'd that thy bones were never broken!

Triumphant thou, through Time's vast gulph, shalt  
fail.

The pilot of our literary whale;  
Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling,  
Close as a supple courtier to a king,  
Fate shall not shake thee off with all its pow'r,  
Stuck like a bat to some old ivy'd tow'r.  
Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had bless'd thy eyes,  
Paoli's deeds had rais'd thee to the skies!  
Yes! his broad wing had rais'd thee (no bad hack),  
A tom-tit twittering on an eagle's back.

Thou, curious scrapmonger, shalt live in song  
When death hath still'd the rattle of thy tongue;  
E'en future babes to lisp thy name shall learn,  
And Bozzy join with Wood, and Tommy Hearn,  
Who drove the spiders from much prose and rhyme,  
And snatch'd old stories from the jaws of Time.

Sweet is thy page\*, I ween, that doth recite  
How Thou and Johnson, arm in arm, one night,  
March'd through fair Edinburgh's Pactolian show'rs,  
Which Cloacina bountifully pours;  
Those gracious show'rs that fraught with fragrance  
flow,

And gild, like gingerbread, the world below.  
How sweetly grumbled too was Sam's remark,  
"I smell you, Master Bozzy, in the dark."  
Alas! historians are confounded dull,  
A dim Bæotia reigns in ev'ry skull;  
Mere beasts of burthen, broken-winded, slow,  
Heavy as dromedaries, on they go;

\* Vide page 13.

Whilst THOU, a Will-o'-wisp, art here, and there,  
Wild darting coruscations every where.

What tasteless mouth can gape, what eye can close,  
What head can nod o'er thy enlivening prose ?  
To other's works, the works of *thy* inditing  
Are downright diamonds to the eyes of whiting.  
Think not I flatter thee, my flippant friend :  
For well I know that flatt'ry would offend :  
Yet honest praise, I'm sure, thou would'st not shun,  
Born with a *stomach* to digest a *tun* !  
Who can refuse a smile that reads thy page  
Where surly Sam, inflam'd with Tory rage,  
Nassau, bescondrels, and with anger big,  
Swears *Whigs* are *rogues*, and ev'ry *rogue* a *Whig* ?  
Who will not, too, thy pen's *minutiae* bless,  
That gives posterity the Rambler's \* dress ?  
Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,  
The large grey bushy wig that grac'd his crown,  
Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,  
And shirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles,  
I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,  
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,  
Which Patagonians (wond'rous to unfold !)  
Would fairly both his dictionaries hold.  
I see the Rambler † on a large bay mare  
Just like a Centaur ev'ry danger dare,  
On a full gallop dash the yielding wind,  
The colt and Bozzy-scamp'ring close behind.

Of Lady Lochbuy ‡ with what glee we read,  
Who offer'd Sam for breakfast, cold sheep's head ;  
Who press'd and worried by his dame so civil,  
Wish'd the sheep's head and woman's at the devil.

I see you sailing both in Buchan's § pot—  
Now storming an old woman || and her cot,  
Who, terrified at each tremendous shape,  
Deem'd you two demons ready for a rape.

\* Vide p. 9.  
|| P. 143.

† P. 376.

‡ P. 429.

§ P. 104.



I see all marv'ling at M'Leod's together  
 On Sam's remarks \* on whey, and tanning leather ;  
 At Corrichatachin's †, the Lord knows how,  
 I see thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's fow,  
 And begging, with rais'd eyes and lengthen'd chin,  
 Heav'n not to damn thee for the deadly sin.  
 I see, too, the stern moralist regale,  
 And pen a Latin ode to Mrs Thrale ‡.  
 I see, without a night-cap on his head,  
 Rare fight! bald Sam in the Pretender's § bed.  
 I hear (what's wonderful!) unsought by studying,  
 His classic dissertation upon pudding ||.  
 Of PROVOST JOPP ¶, I mark the marv'ling face,  
 Who gave the *Rambler's* freedom with a grace.  
 I see, too, trav'ling from the ISLE OF EGG \*\*,  
 The humble servant †† of a horse's leg ;  
 And SNIP, the taylor, from the ISLE OF MUCK ‡‡,  
 Who stitch'd in SKY with tolerable luck.  
 I see the horn that drunkards must adore,  
 The horn, the mighty horn of Rorie More §§ ;  
 And bloody shields that guarded hearts in quarrels,  
 Now guard from rats the milk and butter barrels.  
 Methinks the Caledonian dame I see  
 Familiar sitting on the *Rambler's* knee,  
 Charming, with kisses sweet, the chuckling sage ;  
 Melting, with sweetest smiles, the frost of age ;  
 Like SOL, who darts at times a cheartful ray  
 O'er the wan visage of a winter's day.  
 " Do it again, my dear," (I hear Sam cry)  
 " See who first tires, my charmer, *you* or *I*.  
 I see thee stuffing, with a hand uncouth,  
 An old dried whiting in thy Johnson's mouth,  
 And lo ! I see, with all his might and main,  
 Thy Johnson spit the whiting out again.  
 Rare anecdotes ! 'tis anecdotes like these,  
 That bring thee glory, and the million please !  
 On these shall future times delighted stare,  
 Thou charming haberdasher of small ware !

\* P. 299.    † P. 317.    ‡ P. 177.    § P. 216.    || P. 440.  
 ¶ P. 39.    \*\* P. 275.    †† A blacksmith.    ‡‡ P. 275.  
 §§ P. 254.



Asks questions \* of thee, O thou lucky elf,  
 And *kindly answers* ev'ry one *himself*.  
 Blest with the classic learning † of a college,  
 Our K—g is not a *miser* in his knowledge:  
 Nought in the storehouse of his brain turns musty;  
 No razor-wit, for want of use, grows rusty.  
 Whate'er his head suggests, whate'er he knows,  
 Free as election beer from tubs it flows!  
 Yet, ah! superior far!—it boasts the merit  
 Of never *fuddling* people with the *spirit*;  
 Say, Bozzy, *when*, to bless our anxious sight,  
*When* shall thy volume ‡ burst the gates of light?  
 O, cloath'd in calf, ambitious brat be born—  
 Our kitchens, parlours, libraries, adorn!  
 My fancy's keen anticipating eye,  
 A thousand charming anecdotes can spy:  
 I read, I read of G——ge the *learn'd* § display  
 On LOUTH's and WARBURTON's immortal fray:  
 Of G——ge, whose brain, if right the mark I hit,  
 Forms one huge cyclopædia of wit;  
 That holds the wisdom of a thousand ages,  
 And frightens all his *workmen* and his *pages*!  
 O, Bozzy, still thy tell-tale plan pursue;  
 The world is wond'rous fond of something *new*;  
 And let but *Scandal's* breath embalm thy page,  
 It lives a *welcome guest* from age to age,

\* Just after Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an interview with a certain great personage, in the Queen's library at Buckingham-House, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the r-y-l intellect.—His M——y seems to be possessed of much good-nature, and much curiosity, replied the Doctor; as for his *vec*, it is far from contemptible.—His M——y, indeed, was *multifarious* in his *questions*; but, thank God, he answered them all *himself*.

† This is a very extraordinary circumstance, as the late P——s D——r retained three parts of the money ordered for the education of her children. *The effect* of this absurd conduct was so conspicuous in her daughter M——a, that the letters received from her, during her residence at Denmark, were absolutely unintelligible.

‡ The life of Dr. Johnson.

§ His M——y's *commentary* on the quarrel, in which the BISHOP and the DOCTOR pelted one the other with dirt so *gracefully*, will be a *treasure* to the lovers of literature! Mr. B. hath as good as promised it to the PUBLIC; and, we hope, means to keep his word.

T

Not

Not only say who *breathes* an arrant knave,  
 But who hath sneak'd a rascal to his *grave* :  
 Make o'er his turf (in *Virtue's* cause) a rout,  
 And, like a *d-mn'd* good *Christian*, pull him out.  
 Without a fear, on *families*, harangue,  
 Say who shall lose their ears, and who shall hang ;  
 Publish the demireps and punks—nay more,  
 Declare what virtuous wife *will be* a wh-re.  
 Thy brilliant brain conjecture can supply,  
 To charm through ev'ry leaf the eager eye.  
 The *blue-stocking* \* society describe,  
 And give thy comment on each joke and gibe ;  
 Tell what the *women* are, their wit, their quality,  
 And dip them in the streams of *immortality* !

Let LORD M'DONALD threat thy breech to kick †,  
 And o'er thy shrinking shoulders shake his stick :  
 Treat with contempt the menace of this lord,  
 'Tis HIST'RY's province, BOZZY, to record.  
 Though WILKES abuse thy brain, that *airy mill*,  
 And swear poor JOHNSON *murder'd* by thy quill,  
 What's that to thee ? Why let the *victim* bleed—  
 Thy end is answer'd, if the nation read.  
 The fiddling knight ‡, and *tuneful* Mrs. Thrale,  
 Who frequent *hobb'd* or *nobb'd* with Sam, in ale,  
 Snatch up the pen (as thirst of fame inspires !)  
 To write his *jokes* and *stories* by their fires :  
 Then why not THOU, each joke and tale enroll,  
 Who, like a watchful cat before a hole,  
 Full twenty years (inflam'd with letter'd pride)  
 Didst mousing sit before SAM's mouth so wide,  
 To catch as many scraps as thou wert able—  
 A very LAZ'RUS at the RICH MAN's table ?

\* A club mostly composed of learned ladies, to which Mr. B. was admitted.

† A letter of *severe* remonstrance was sent to Mr. B. who, in consequence, omitted in the second edition of his *Journal*, what is so generally pleasing to the public, viz. the *scandalous passages* relative to this nobleman.

‡ Sir John Hawkins, who (as well as Mrs. Thrale, now Madam Piozzi) threatens us with the life of the late *lexicographer*.

What,



What, though against thee *porters* \* bounce the door,  
 And bid thee hunt for secrets *there* no more,  
 With pen and ink so ready at thy coat,  
*Exciseman* like, each syllable to note,  
 That giv'n to *printers' devils* (a precious load!)  
 On wings of *print*, comes flying all abroad?  
 Watch then the venal *valets*—smack the *maids*,  
 And try with gold to make them *rogues* and *jades*:  
 Yet should their honesty thy bribes resent,  
 Fly to thy *fertile genius*, and *invent*:  
 Like old *VOLTAIRE*, who plac'd his greatest glory  
 In cooking up an *entertaining* story;  
 Who laugh'd at *TRUTH*, whene'er her *simple* tongue  
 Would snatch *amusement* from a tale or song.

O! whilst amid the anecdotic mine,  
 Thou labour'st hard to bid thy *hero* shine,  
 Run to Bolt Court †, exert thy ‡ *CURL*-like soul,  
 And fish for golden leaves from hole to hole;  
 Find when he eat and drank, and cough'd, and sneez'd—  
 Let all his *motions* in thy book be squeez'd:  
 On tales, *however strange*, impose thy claw;  
 Yes, let thy amber lick up ev'ry straw:  
*SAM*'s nods, and winks, and laughs, will form a *treat*;  
 For all that breathes of *JOHNSON* must be great!

Blest be thy labours, most advent'rous *Bozzi*,  
 Both rival of Sir John, and Dame *Piozzi*:  
 Heav'ns! with what laurels shall thy head be crown'd!  
 A *grove*, a *forest*, shall thy ears surround!  
 Yes! whilst the *RAMBLER* shall a *comet* blaze,  
 And gild a world of darkness with his rays,  
 Thee, too, that *world*, with wonderment, shall hail,  
 A lively, bouncing *cracker* at his tail!

\* This is literary true—Nobody is at home.—Our great people want the taste to relish Mr. Boswell's vehicles to immortality. Though in *LONDON*, poor *Bozzy* is in a *desert*.

† In Fleet-street, where the Doctor lived and died.

‡ *CURL*, the bookseller, frequently bribed people to hunt the temples of *Cloacina* for Pope's and Swift's Letters.

## BOZZY and PIOZZI,

A

## TOWN ECLOGUE.

WHEN JOHNSON fought (as Shakespeare says)  
*that bourne,*

From whence, alas! no travellers return:  
 In *bumbler* English, when the DOCTOR died,  
 APOLLO whimper'd, and the MUSES cried;  
 PARNASSUS mop'd for days, in business slack,  
 And like a *bearse*, the hill was hung with *black*.  
 MINERVA, sighing for her *fav'rite* son,  
 Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face, the world *undone*:  
 Her OWL, too, hooted in so loud a style,  
 That people might have heard the BIRD *a mile*:  
 JOVE wip'd his eyes so red, and told his *wife*,  
 He ne'er made JOHNSON'S *equal* in his life;  
 And that 'twould be a *long-time* first, if ever,  
 His art could form a fellow *half so clever*:  
 VENUS, of all the little Loves the *dam*,  
 With all the GRACES, fobb'd for BROTHER SAM:  
 Such were the heav'nly howlings for his death,  
 As if DAME NATURE had *resign'd* her *breath*.  
 Nor less sonorous was the grief, I ween,  
 Amidst the natives of our *earthly* scene:  
 From beggars, to the GREAT who hold the helm,  
 One *Johnso-mania* rag'd through all the realm!  
 " Who (cried the world) can match his prose or  
     " rhyme?  
 " O'er wits of modern days he tow'rs *sublime*!  
 " An OAK, wide spreading o'er the *shrubs* below,  
 " That round his roots with puny foliage blow:  
 " A *pyramid*, amidst some barren waste,  
 " That frowns o'er *buts* the sport of ev'ry blast:  
     " A mighty

“ A mighty *Atlas*, whose aspiring head  
 “ O’er distant regions casts an awful shade.  
 “ By *kings* and beggars, lo! his tales are told,  
 “ And ev’ry sentence glows a *grain of gold*!  
 “ *Blest!* who his philosophic phiz can take,  
 “ Catch ev’n his *weaknesses*—his *noddle’s shake*,  
 “ The length’ned lip of scorn, the forehead’s scowl,  
 “ The low’ring eye’s contempt, and bear-like growl.  
 “ In vain the *critics* aim their toothless rage!  
 “ Mere *sprats*, that venture war with *whales* to wage:  
 “ Unmov’d he stands, and feels their force *no more*  
 “ Than some huge rock amidst the *wat’ry roar*,  
 “ That calmly bears the tumults of the *deep*,  
 “ And howling *tempests*, that as well may *sleep*.”

Strong, ’midst the RAMBLER’S *cronies*, was the rage  
 To fill, with his *bon mots* and tales, the page:  
 Mere *flies*, that buzz’d around his setting ray,  
 And bore a *splendour* on their wings away:  
 Thus, round his *orb* the pigmy *planets* run,  
 And catch their little lustre from the SUN.

At length, rush’d forth two *canidates* for fame,  
 A *Scotchman*, one; and one a *London Dame*:  
 That, by th’*emphatic* JOHNSON, christen’d BOZZY:  
 This, by the *bishop’s* licence, DAME PIOZZI:  
 Whose *widow’d* name, by toppers lov’d, was THRALE,  
 Bright in the annals of *election-ale*:  
 A name, by *marriage*, that gave up the *ghost*!  
 In poor PEDOCCHIO\*,—no!—PIOZZI, lost!  
 Each seiz’d, with ardour wild, the grey goose-quill:  
 Each set to work the *intellectual mill*:  
 That *pecks of bran*, so coarse, began to pour,  
 To one poor solitary grain of *flour*.

Forth rush’d to light their books—but *who* should say,  
 Which bore the palm of anecdote away?  
 This to decide, the *rival wits* agreed,  
 Before SIR JOHN their tales and jokes to read,

\* The Author was nearly committing a blunder—fortunate, indeed, was his recollection; as *Pedocchio* signifies, in the Italian language, that most contemptible of animals, a LOUSE.

And let the *Knights* opinion in the strife,  
 Declare the properest pen to write SAM'S LIFE :  
 SIR JOHN, renown'd for musical \* palavers :  
 The *prince*, the *king*, the *emperor* of *Quavers* !  
 Sharp in solfeggi as the sharpest needle :  
 Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle.  
 Of *music's* college form'd to be a *fellow*,  
 Fit for MUS : D. or MAESTRO DI CAPELLA ;  
 Whose *volume*, though it here and there offends,  
 Boasts *German merit*—makes by *bulk* amends.  
 High plac'd the venerable *quarto* sits  
 Superior, frowning o'er *octavo wits*,  
 And *duodecimos*, ignoble scum !  
 Poor prostitutes to ev'ry vulgar thumb !  
 Whilst undefil'd by literary rage,  
 He bears a *spotless* leaf from age to age.

Like *schoolboys*, lo ! before a two-arm'd chair  
 That held the *knight*, wise judging, stood the *pair* ;  
 Or like two *ponies* on the sporting ground,  
 Prepar'd to gallop when the *drum* should sound,  
 The *couple* rang'd—for vict'ry both as keen,  
 As for a tott'ring bishopric, a *dean*,  
 Or patriot BURKE, for giving glorious bastings  
 To that *intolerable fellow*, HASTINGS.  
 Thus with their songs contended *Virgil's swains*,  
 And made the vallies vocal with their strains,  
 Before some grey-beard *swain*, whose judgment ripe,  
 Gave goats for prizes to the *prettiest* pipe.  
 " *Alternately*, in anecdotes, go on ;  
 " But *first* begin *you*, Madam," cried SIR JOHN :  
 The thankful *dame* low courtied to the *chair*,  
 And thus, for vict'ry panting, read the *fair* :

#### MADAME PIOZZI\*.

SAM JOHNSON was of MICHAEL JOHNSON horn ;  
 Whose shop of books did *Lichfield* town adorn ;  
 Wrong-headed, stubborn as a *halter'd ram* ;  
 In short, the *model* of our *hero* SAM :

\* Vide his History of Music.

† Vide Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 3.



Inclin'd to *madness*, too—for when his shop  
Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop;  
For fear the thieves might steal the *vanish'd* store,  
He duly went each night, and *lock'd* the door!

B O Z Z Y \*.

Whilst JOHNSON was in Edinburgh, my *wife*,  
To please his palate, studied for her life:  
With ev'ry rarity she fill'd her house,  
And gave the DOCTOR, for his dinner, *grouse*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I †.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON was in size an ox;  
And from his UNCLE ANDREW learn'd to *box*;  
A *man* to wrestlers and to bruisers dear,  
Who kept the ring in *Smithfield* a *whole* year.  
The Doctor had an Uncle, too, ador'd  
By *jumping* gentry, call'd CORNELIUS FORD;  
Who jump'd in *boots*, which *jumpers* never chuse,  
Far as a famous  *jumper* jump'd in *shoes*.

B O Z Z Y †.

At supper, rose a dialogue on witches,  
When CROSBIE said, there could not be such b-tch-s;  
And that 'twas *blasphemy* to think *such bags*  
Could stir up storms, and on their *broomstick nags*  
Gallop along the air with wond'rous pace,  
And boldly fly in God *Almighty's* face:  
But JOHNSON answer'd him, " There *might* be wit-  
" ches,  
" *Nought* prov'd the non-existence of the b-tch-s."

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I §.

When THRALE, as nimble as a boy at school,  
Leap'd, though fatigu'd with hunting, o'er a *stool*;  
The DOCTOR, proud the same grand feat to *do*;  
His pow'rs exerted, and jump'd over too.

\* Bozzy's Tour, p. 38.

† P. 39.

§ P. 6.

† Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 5.

And though he might a broken back bewail,  
He scorn'd to be *eclips'd* by Mr. THRALE.

## BOZZY\*.

At ULINISH, our friend, to pass the time,  
Regal'd us with his knowledges *sublime* :  
Shew'd that all sorts of learning fill'd his *nob*,  
And that in *butchery* he could bear a *bob*.  
He *sagely* told us of the diff'rent feat  
Employ'd to kill the animals we eat :  
An ox, says he, in country and in town,  
Is by the butchers constantly *knock'd down* :  
As for that lesser animal, a calf,  
The knock is really not so strong *by half* ;  
The beast is only *flunn'd* : but as for goats,  
And sheep, and lambs, the butchers *cut their throats*.  
Those fellows only want to keep them *quiet*,  
Not chusing that the brutes should breed a *riot*.

## MADAME PIOZZI†.

When JOHNSON was a child, and swallow'd pap,  
'Twas in his mother's old maid *Catharine's* lap ;  
There, whilst he sat, he took in wond'rous learning,  
For much his bowels were for knowledge *yearning*.  
There heard the story which we *Britons* brag on,  
The story of *St. George* and eke the *Dragon*.

## BOZZY‡.

When FOOTE his leg, by some misfortune, broke,  
Says *I* to JOHNSON, all by way of joke,  
“ SAM, Sir, in PARAGRAPH, will soon be clever,  
“ And take off PETER better now than ever.”  
On which, says JOHNSON, without *hesitation*,  
“ GEORGE § will rejoice at Foote's *depeditation*.”  
On which, says *I*, a *penetrating elf* !  
“ Doctor, I'm sure you *coin'd* that word *yourself*.”

\* Page 300.

† P. 15.

‡ P. 141.

§ George Faulkner, the printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote, under the character of PETER PARAGRAPH.

On which he *laugh'd*, and said I had *divin'd* it,  
 For *bonâ fidé*, he had *really coin'd* it.  
 " And yet, of all the words I've *coin'd* (says he)  
 " My Dictionary, Sir, contains but *three*."

## MADAME PIOZZI.

The Doctor said, in literary matters  
 A Frenchman goes not *deep*—he only *smatters* :  
 'Then ask'd, what could be hop'd for from the dogs :  
 Fellows that liv'd eternally on *frogs* ?

## BOZZY.

In grave procession to St. Lennard's College,  
 Well stuff'd with ev'ry sort of useful knowledge,  
 We *stately* walk'd, as soon as supper ended :  
 The *landlord* and the *waiter* both attended :  
 The *landlord*, skill'd a piece of grease to handle,  
 Before us march'd, and held a tallow-candle :  
 A lantern (some fam'd Scotsman its creator)  
 With equal grace was carried by the *waiter* :  
 Next morning, from our beds we took a leap :  
 And found ourselves much better for our sleep.

## MADAME PIOZZI\*.

In Lincolnshire, a lady shew'd our friend  
 A grotto, that she wish'd him to *commend* :  
 Quoth she, " How *cool* in summer this abode !"  
 " Yes, Madam (answer'd JOHNSON), for a *toad*."

## BOZZY †.

Between old Scalpa's rugged tle and Rafay's,  
 The wind was vastly boist'rous in our faces :  
 'Twas *glorious* JOHNSON's figure to set sight on—  
 High in the boat, he look'd a noble TAITON !  
 But lo ! to damp our pleasure Fate concurs,  
 For Jo the blockhead lost his master's spurs ;  
 This, for the RAMBLER's temper, was a *rubber*,  
 Who wonder'd Joseph could be such a lubber.

\* Page 203.

† P. 185.

## MADAME PIOZZI\*.

I ask'd him if he knock'd TOM OSBORN † down ;  
 As such a tale was current through the town—  
 Says I, " Do tell me, DOCTOR, what befel."  
 " Why, dearest lady, there is nought to tell :  
 " I ponder'd on the *prop' rest* mode to treat him—  
 " The dog was *impudent*, and so I beat him !  
 " 'Tom, like a fool, *proclaim'd his* fancied wrongs ;  
 " Others, that I *belabour'd*, held their tongues."

Did any one that he was *happy* cry—  
 JOHNSON would tell them *plumply*, 'twas a lie.  
 A LADY ‡ told him she was *really so* :  
 On which he sternly answer'd, " Madam, *no !*  
 " Sickly you are, and ugly—foolish, poor ;  
 " And therefore can't be *happy*, I am sure.  
 " 'Twould make a fellow hang himself whose ear  
 " Were, from *such creatures*, forc'd such stuff to hear."

## BOZZY §.

Lo! when we landed on the Isle of MULL,  
 The *megrims* got into the DOCTOR's scull :  
 With such bad humours he began to fill,  
 I thought he would not go to ICOLMKILL :  
 But lo! those *megrims* (wonderful to utter !)  
 Were banish'd all by tea and bread and butter !

## MADAME PIOZZI.

Quoth I to Johnson—Doctor, tell me true,  
 Who was the *best* man that you ever knew ?  
 He answer'd me at once, GEORGE PSALMANAZAR ;  
 Keen in the English language as a razor.  
 Such was the *strange*, the *strangest* of replies,  
 That rais'd the whites of both my wond'ring eyes :  
 As this *same* GEORGE, in imposition strong,  
 Beat the first *lyars* that e'er wagg'd a tongue.

\* Page 232.

† Bookseller.

‡ P. 285.

§ P. 386.



## BOZZY\*.

I wonder'd yesterday, that one JOHN HAY,  
 Who serv'd as *Ciceron* on the way;  
 Should fly a man of war—a spot so blest—  
 A fool! nine months, too, after he was prest.  
 Quoth JOHNSON, “No man, Sir, would be a *sailor*,  
 “With sense to scrape acquaintance with a *jailor*.”

## MADAME PIOZZI†.

I said, I lik'd not *goose*, and mention'd *why* :—  
 “One smells it roasting on the spit,” quoth I :  
 “*You*, Madam,” cried the DOCTOR, with a frown,  
 “Are always gorging—stuffing something *down* :  
 “Madam, 'tis ver'y natural to suppose,  
 “If in the pantry you will poke your nose,  
 “Your maw, with ev'ry sort of victuals swelling,  
 “That you *must* want the blifs of *dinner smelling*.”

## BOZZY.

As at ARGYLE's grand house, my hat I took,  
 To seek my ale-house, thus began the Duke :  
 “Pray, Mr. Boswell, won't you have some tea ?”  
 To this I made my bow, and did agree—  
 Then to the drawing-room we both retreated,  
 Where Lady BETTY HAMILTON was seated  
 Close by the DUTCHESS, who, in deep discourse,  
 Took no more notice of me than a *horse*.  
 Next day *myself* and Doctor JOHNSON took  
 Our hats, to go and wait upon the Duke :  
 Next to himself, the DUKE did JOHNSON place,  
 But I, thank God, sat *second* to his GRACE.  
 The place was due, most surely, to my merits—  
 And faith, I was in very pretty spirits :  
 I plainly saw (my penetration such is)  
 I was not yet in favour with the DUTCHESS.  
 Thought I, I am not disconcerted yet—  
 Before we part, I'll give her GRACE a *sweat*—

Then looks of intrepidity I put on,  
 And ask'd her, if she'd have a plate of mutton.  
 This was a glorious deed must be confess'd !  
 I knew I was the *Duke's*, and not *her* guest !  
 Knowing—as I am a man of tip-top breeding,  
 That *great folks* drink no healths whilst they are feed-  
 ing ;

I took my glass, and, looking at her GRACE,  
 I star'd her like a *devil* in the face ;  
 And in *respectful* terms, as was my duty,  
 Said I, my LADY DUTCHESS, I salute ye :  
 Most audible, indeed, was my salute,  
 For which, some folks will say, I was a brute :  
 But faith, it dash'd her, as I knew it wou'd,  
 But then I knew that I was flesh and blood.

## M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Once, at our house, amidst our ATTIC feasts,  
 We liken'd our acquaintances to *beasts* :  
 As for example—some to calves and hogs,  
 And some to bears and monkeys, cats and dogs :  
 We said, (which charm'd the DOCTOR much, no doubt)  
 His mind was like of *elephants* the *snout*,  
 That could pick pins up, yet possess'd the vigour  
 From trimming well the jacket of a *tyger*.

## B O Z Z Y \*.

August the fifteenth, Sunday, Mr. Scott  
 Did breakfast with us—when upon the spot ;  
 To *him*, and unto DOCTOR JOHNSON, lo !  
 Sir WILLIAM FORBES, so clever, did I shew :  
 A man that doth not after roguery hanker ;  
 A charming Christian, though by trade a *banker* :  
 Made, too, of good companionable stuff,  
 And this, I think, is saying *full enough* ;  
 And yet it is but justice to record,  
 That when he had the measles—'pon my word,  
 The people seem'd in such a dreadful fright,  
 His house was all surrounded, day and night,

As if they apprehended some great evil;  
A general conflagration, or the devil.  
And when he better'd—oh! 'twas grand to see 'em  
Like mad folks dance, and hear 'em sing *Te Deum*.

MADAME PIOZZI\*.

Quoth JOHNSON, "Who d'ye think my *life* will  
"write?"

"GOLDSMITH," said I—Quoth he, "The dog's vile  
"spite;

"Besides, the fellow's monstrous love of *lying*,  
"Would doubtless make the book not worth the *buying*."

BOZZY. †.

That worthy gentleman, good Mr. Scott,  
Said 'twas our SOCRATES's luckless lot  
To have the *waiter*, a sad nasty blade,  
To make, poor gentleman, his *lemonade*;  
Which *waiter*, much against the Doctor's wish,  
Put, with his *paws*, the sugar in the dish:  
The Doctor, vex'd at such a filthy fellow,  
Began, with great propriety, to bellow;  
Then up he took the dish, and nobly flung  
The liquor out of window on the dung.  
And DOCTOR SCOTT declar'd, that by his frown,  
He thought he would have knock'd the fellow down.

MADAME PIOZZI.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON left off drinks fermented;  
With quarts of chocolate and cream contented:  
Yet often, down his throat's prodigious gutter,  
Poor man! he pour'd a flood of melted butter!

BOZZY.

With glee, the *Doctor* did my girl behold:  
Her name VERONICA, just four months old:  
This name VERONICA, a name though quaint,  
Belong'd originally to a *saint*:

\* Page 32.

† P. 23.

But to my old *great-grandam* it was giv'n;  
 As fine a woman as e'er went to heav'n:  
 And, what must add to her importance *much*,  
 This lady's genealogy was *Dutch*.  
 The man who did espouse this dame divine,  
 Was ALEXANDER EARL of KINCARDINE;  
 Who pour'd along my body, like a sluice,  
 The noble, noble, noble blood of BRUCE!  
 And who, that own'd this blood, could well refuse  
 To make the world acquainted with the *news*?  
 But, to return unto my charming child,  
 About our DOCTOR JOHNSON, she was *wild*:  
 And when he left off speaking, she would flutter,  
 Squawl for him to begin again, and sputter!  
 And to be *near* him a strong wish express'd,  
 Which proves he was not such a horrid beast.  
 Her fondness for the DOCTOR pleas'd me greatly,  
 On which I loud exclaim'd, in language stately,  
 Nay, if I recollect aright, I *swore*,  
 I'd to her fortune add *five hundred more*!

## MADAME PIOZZI\*.

One day, as we were all in talking lost,  
 My mother's fav'rite spaniel stole the toast;  
 On which immediately I scream'd, "Fie on her,—  
 "Fie, BELLE," said I, "you us'd to be on honour."  
 "Yes, JOHNSON cried, "but, Madam, pray be told,  
 "The reason for the vice is—BELLE grows *old*."  
 But JOHNSON never could the dog abide,  
 Because my mother wash'd and comb'd his hide.  
 The truth on't is—BELLE was not too well bred,  
 Who always would *insist* on being fed;  
 And very often, too, the saucy *slut*  
 Insisted upon having the *first cut*.

## BOZZY.

Last night, much care for JOHNSON's cold was us'd,  
 Who, hitherto without his night-cap, *snooz'd*:



That nought might treat so *wonderful* a man ill,  
Sweet Miss M'LEOD did make a cap of flannel;  
And, after putting it about his head,  
She gave him brandy, as he went to bed.

MADAME PIOZZI\*.

One night we parted at the Doctor's door,  
When thus I said, as I had said before,  
“ Don't forget Dicky, Doctor—mind poor Dick.”  
On which he turn'd round on his heel so quick,  
“ Madam,” quoth he, “ and when I've serv'd *that*  
“ elf;  
“ I guess I then may go and *bang* myself.”

BOZZY†.

At night, well loak'd with rain, and word'rous  
weary,  
We got as wet as shags to *Inverary*:  
We sup'd most *loyally*—were vastly frisky,  
When JOHNSON order'd up a gill of whiskey:  
Taking the glass, says I, “ Here's Mistress Thrale.”  
“ Drink her in *whiskey* not,” said he, “ but *ale*.”

MADAME PIOZZI‡.

The Doctor had a *cat*, and christ'ned *Hodge*,  
That at his house in Fleet-street us'd to lodge—  
This *Hodge* grew old and sick, and us'd to wish  
That all his dinners might be form'd of *fish*:  
To please poor *Hodge*, the Doctor, all so kind,  
Went out, and bought him *oysters to his mind*:  
This ev'ry day he did—nor ask'd black FRANK §,  
Who deem'd himself of much too high a rank,  
With *vulgar fish-fags* to be forc'd to chat,  
And purchase oysters for a *mangy* cat.

SIR JOHN.

For God's sake, stay each anecdotic scrap;  
Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap:

\* Page 204.

† P. 483.

‡ P. 102.

§ Dr. Johnson's servant.

With one half hour's refreshing slumber blest,  
And Heav'n's assistance, I may bear the rest.

*Afide.*]—What have I done, inform me, gracious  
Lord;

That thus my ears with nonsense should be bor'd ?  
Oh ! if I do not in the trial die,  
The dev'l and all his brimstone I defy,  
No punishment in other worlds I fear :  
My crimes will all be expiated *here*.  
Ah ! ten times happier was my lot of yore,  
When rais'd to *consequence*, that all adore ;  
I sat each session, king-like, in the chair ;  
Aw'd ev'ry rank, and made the million stare ;  
Lord Paramount o'er ev'ry *justice* riding ;  
In causes, with a Turkish sway, deciding !  
Yes, like a noble *Bashaw*, of *three tails*,  
I spread a *fear* and *trembling* through the jails !  
Blest, have I brow-beaten each thief and strumpet,  
And *blasted* on them, like the *last day's* trumpet.  
I know no paltry weakness of the soul—  
No sniv'ling pity dares my deeds controul—  
Asham'd, the *weakness* of my KING I hear,  
Who, childish, drops on ev'ry *death* \* a tear.  
Return †, return again, thou glorious hour,  
That to my grasp once gav'st my idol, *pow'r* :  
When at my feet the humbled knaves would fall ;  
The *thund'ring Jupiter* of *Hicks's Hall*.

The *knight* thus finishing his speech so fair,  
*Sleep* pull'd him gently backwards in his chair ;  
Op'd wide the mouth, that oft on jail-birds *swore*,  
Then rais'd his nasal ORGAN to a roar,  
That actually surpass'd, in *tone* and *grace*,  
The grumbled ditties of his fav'rite *base* ‡.

\* Such is the report concerning His MAJESTY, when he suffers the law to take its course on criminals. How unlike the GREAT FREDERIC of Prussia, who *delights* in a *banging*.

† Sir John wishes in vain—His hour of insolence returns no more !

‡ The violincello, on which the Knight is a performer.

## E C L O G U E.

## P A R T II.

NOW, from his sleep the *knight* affrighted sprung,  
 Whilst on his ear the words of JOHNSON rung :  
 For lo! in dreams the surly *Rambler* rose,  
 And wildly staring, seem'd a *man of woes*.

" Wake, HAWKINS, (growl'd the DOCTOR, with a frown)

" And knock *that* fellow and *that* woman down—

" Bid them with JOHNSON'S life proceed no further—

" Enough already they have dealt in murder—

" Say, to their tales, that little truth belongs—

" If *fame*, they mean me—bid them *bold their tongues*.

" In vain at glory gudgeon BOSWELL snaps—

" His *mind*, a *paper kite*—compos'd of *scraps* ;

" Just o'er the tops of *chimneys* form'd to fly ;

" Not with a *wing sublime*, to mount the *sky*.

" Say to the dog, his head's a downright *drum*,

" Unequal to the Hist'ry of *Tom Thumb* :

" Nay—tell, of *anecdote*, that thirsty *leach*,

" He is not equal to a *Tyburn Speech* \*.

" For that PROZZI'S wife, let me exhort her,

" To *draw* her *immortality* from *porter* :

" Give up her *anecdotal* inditing,

" And study *housewifery*, instead of *writing* :

" Bid her a poor *biography* suspend,

" Nor crucify, through vanity, a friend.

" I know no business women have with *learning* :

" I scorn, I hate the mole-ey'd, *half discerning* :

\* Composed for the unfortunate *brave* of Newgate, by different historians.

- " Their wit but serves a husband's heart to rack ;  
 " And make eternal horfewhips for his back.  
 " Tell PETER PINDAR, should you chance to meet  
     " him,  
 " I like his genius—should be glad to greet him—  
 " Yet let him know, *crown'd heads* are sacred things,  
 " And bid him rev'rence more the *best of kings* \* :  
 " Still, on his *Pegasus*, continue *jogging*,  
 " And give that BOSWELL's back another flogging."

*Such* was the dream that wak'd the sleepy knight,  
 And op'd again his eyes upon the light—  
 Who, mindless of old JOHNSON and his frown,  
 And stern commands to *knock the couple down*,  
 Resolv'd to *keep the peace*—and in a tone  
 Not much unlike a mastiff o'er a bone,  
 He *grumbled*, that enabled by the nap,  
 He now could meet *more biographic scrap*.  
 Then nodding with a *magistral air*,  
 To farther anecdote he call'd the *fair*.

MADAME PIOZZI †.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON lov'd a leg of pork ;  
 And hearty on it would his grinders work :  
 He lik'd to eat it so much *over-done*,  
 That *one* might *shake* the flesh from off the bone.  
 A veal pye, too, with sugar cramm'd, and plums,  
 Was wond'rous grateful to the Doctor's gums.

\* This is a *strange* and almost *incredible* speech from *Johnson's* mouth ; as not many years ago, when the age of a certain GREAT PERSONAGE became the subject of debate, the Doctor broke in upon the conversation, with the following question : " Of what importance to the present company is his age ?—Of what importance would it have been to the world, if he had never *existed* ?" If we may judge, likewise, from the *following speech*, he deemed the *present* possessor of a certain throne as much an USURPER as KING WILLIAM, whom, according to Mr. BOSWELL's account, he *beset*. The story is this—An acquaintance of JOHNSON asked him if he could not *sing*. He replied, " I know but *one* song ; and *that* is, ' The KING shall enjoy his *own* again.'"

† Page 8.

Though



Though us'd, from morn to night, on fruit to *stuff*,  
He vow'd his belly never had *enough*.

## B O Z Z Y \*.

One Thursday morn, did DOCTOR JOHNSON wake,  
And call out "Lanky, Lanky, by *mistake*—  
But recollecting—"Bozzy, Bozzy," cried—  
For in *contractions*, JOHNSON took a *pride*!

## M A D A M E F I O Z Z I †.

Whene'er our friend would read in bed by night,  
Poor Mr. THRALE and I were in a *fright*;  
For, blinking on his book too near the flame,  
Lo! to the fore-top of his wig it came!  
Burnt all the hairs away, both *great* and *small*,  
Down to the very *net-work*, nam'd the *caul*.

## B O Z Z Y ‡.

At Corrachatachin's, in *boggism* funk,  
I got with punch, alas! coufounded *drunk*:  
Much was I vex'd, that I could not be quiet,  
But, like a stupid blockhead, breed a riot:  
I scarcely knew how 'twas I reel'd to bed—  
Next morn I wak'd with dreadful pains of head:  
And terrors, too, that of my peace did *rob* me—  
For *much* I fear'd the *moralist* would *mob* me.  
But as I lay along, a heavy log,  
The DOCTOR, ent'ring, call'd me *drunken dog*.  
Then up rose I, with apostolic air,  
And read in Dame M'KINNON's book of pray'r:  
In hopes for such a sin to be forgiv'n—  
And make, if *possible*, my peace with heav'n.  
'Twas *strange* that in *that* volume of divinity,  
I op'd the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,  
And read these words—"Pray be not drunk with wine,  
'Since drunkenness doth make a man a *swine*."  
"Alas!" says I, "the sinner that I am!"  
And, having made my speech, I took a *dram*.

## MADAME PIOZZI\*.

One day, with spirits low, and sorrow fill'd,  
 I told him that I had a *confin* kill'd:  
 "My dear," quoth he, "for heaven's sake, hold  
     your *canting*;  
 "Were all your *cousins* kill'd, they'd not be *wanting*:  
 "Though *Death* on each of them should set his *mark*,  
 "Though ev'ry one were spitted like a lark——  
 "Roasted, and giv'n that dog there, for a meal,  
 "The *loss* of them the world would never feel——  
 "Trust me, dear Madam, all your *dear relations*  
 "Are *nits*—are *nothings* in the eye of *nations*."

Again †, says I one day—"I do believe,  
 "A good acquaintance that I have will *grieve*,  
 "To hear her *friend* hath lost a *large estate*."  
 "Yes," answer'd he, "lament *as much* her *fate*,  
 "As did your *horse* (I freely will allow)  
 "To hear of the *miscarriage* of your *cow*."

## BOZZY ‡.

At Enoch, at M'Queen's, we went to bed;  
 A colour'd handkerchief wrap'd JOHNSON'S head:  
 He said, "God blefs us *both*—good night"—and then,  
 I, like a *parish-clerk*, pronounc'd, *Amen*!  
 My good companion *soon* by sleep was seiz'd—  
 But I, by lice and fleas, was sadly teaz'd:  
 Methought, a spider, with *terrific* claws,  
 Was striding from the wainscot to my jaws:  
 But slumber soon did ev'ry sense entrap,  
 And so I sunk into the *sweetest nap*.

## MADAME PIOZZI §.

Trav'ling in Wales, at dinner-time we *got on*  
 Where, at LEWENY, lives SIR ROBERT COTTON.  
 At table, our great *moralist* to please—  
 Says I, "Dear Doctor, arn't those charming peas?"

\* Page 63.

† P. 119.

‡ P. 203.

§ P. 70.

Quoth

Quoth he, to ~~contradict~~, and run his rig:  
 "MADAM, they possibly might please a PIG."

## BOZZY\*.

Of *thatching*, well the DOCTOR knew the art,  
 And with his *threshing wisdom* made us start.  
 Describ'd the greatest secrets of the Mint—  
 And made folks fancy that he had been *in't*.  
 Of hops and malt, 'tis wond'rous what he knew;  
 And well as any *brewer* he could *brew*.

## MADAME PIOZZI†.

In *ghosts* the DOCTOR strongly did believe;  
 And pinn'd his faith on many a liar's sleeve.  
 He said to DOCTOR LAWRENCE, "Swe I am,  
 "I heard my poor dear mother call out 'SAM.'  
 "I'm sure (said he) that I can trust my ears;  
 "And yet my mother had been dead for years."

## BOZZY‡.

When young ('Twas rather silly, I allow)  
*Much* was I pleas'd to imitate a cow.  
 One time, at Drury-Lane, with DOCTOR BLAIR,  
 My imitations made the playhouse *stare*!  
 So very charming was I in my *roar*;  
 That both the galleries *clapp'd*, and cried *encore*.  
 Blest by the gen'ral plaudit, and the laugh—  
 I tried to be a *jackass*, and a *calf*:  
 But who, alas! in *all things* can be *great*?  
 In short, I met a *terrible* defeat:  
 So vile I bray'd and bellow'd, I was *bifs'd*—  
 Yet all who *knew* me, *wonder'd* that I *mifs'd*.  
 BLAIR whisper'd me, "You've lost your *credit now*:  
 Stick, BOSWELL, for the future, to the *cow*."

## MADAME PIOZZI§.

Th'affair of BLACKS, when JOHNSON would discuss,  
 He always thought they had not *souls* like *us*:

\* Page 324.

† P. 152.

‡ P. 499.

§ P. 210.

And yet, whene'er his family would fight,  
He always said that FRANK was in the *right*.

## BOZZY\*.

I must confess that I enjoy'd a pleasure  
In bearing to the North so great a treasure—  
Thinks I, I'm like a *bull-dog* or a *bound*,  
Who, when a lump of liver he hath found,  
Runs to some corner, to avoid a riot,  
To gobble down his piece of meat in quiet.  
I thought this good as all *Joe Miller's* jokes;  
And so I up, and told it to the folks.—

## MADAME PIOZZI†.

Some of our friends wish'd JOHNSON would compose  
The LIVES of authors who had shone in prose;  
As for his *pow'r*, no mortal man could doubt it—  
SIR RICHARD MUSGRAVE, he was *warm* about it;  
Got up, and sooth'd, entreated, begg'd, and pray'd,  
Poor man! as if he had implor'd for *bread*:  
“SIR RICHARD,” cried the DOCTOR, with a frown,  
“Since you're *got up*, I pray you, Sir, *sit down*.”

## BOZZY.

Of DOCTOR JOHNSON, having giv'n a sketch,  
Permit me, Reader, of *myself* to preach—  
The world will certainly receive with glee,  
The slightest bit of history of ME.  
Think of a *gentleman* of ancient blood!  
Prouder of *title*, than of being *good*.  
A *gentleman* just thirty-three years old;  
Married four years; and, as a tyger, bold;  
Whose bowels yearn'd *Great Britain's* foes to tame,  
And from the cannon's mouth to swallow flame;  
To get his limbs by broad swords carv'd in wars,  
Like some old bedstead, and to *boast* his scars;  
And, proud immortal actions to atchieve,  
See his hide bor'd by bullets, like a sieve.

\* Page 259.

† P. 295.



But lo! his father, a *well-judging* JUDGE,  
 Forbade his *son* from Edinburgh to budge—  
 Resolv'd the French should not his b—ckside claw,  
 So bound his *son* apprentice to the law.  
 'This *gentleman* had been in foreign parts,  
 And, like ULYSSES, learnt a world of arts:  
 Much wisdom his vast travels having brought him,  
 He was not *half* the fool the people *thought* him—  
 Of prudence, this *same gentleman* was *such*,  
 He rather had *too little*, than *too much*.  
 Bright was this *gentleman's* imagination,  
 Well calculated for the *highest* station:  
 Indeed so *lively*, give the dev'l his due,  
 He ten times more would utter than was *true*.  
 Which forc'd him frequently against his will,  
 Poor man! to swallow many a bitter pill—  
 One bitter pill, among the rest, he took,  
 Which was to cut some *scandal* from his book.—  
 By DOCTOR JOHNSON he is well pourtray'd:  
 Quoth he, "Of BOZZY it may well be said,  
 That through the most *inhospitable* scene,  
 One never can be troubled with the spleen,  
 Nor ev'n the greatest difficulties *chafe* at,  
 Whilst *such an animal* is near, to laugh at.

## MADAME PIOZZI\*.

For me, in Latin, DOCTOR JOHNSON wrote  
 Two lines upon SIR JOSEPH BANKS's goat:  
 A goat! that round the world, so *curious*, went—  
 A goat! that now eats grass that grows in Kent?

## BOZZY†.

To LORD MONBODDO a few lines I wrote,  
 And by the servant Joseph sent this note—

"Thus far, my Lord, from Edinburgh, my home,  
 With Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, I am come—  
 This night, by us, must *certainly* be seen,  
 The very handsome town of *Aberdeen*.

\* Page 72.

† P. 207.

For *thoughts* of JOHNSON, you'll be not applied to—  
 I know your Lordship likes him *less* than *I* do.  
 So near we are—to part I can't tell how,  
 Without so much as making him a *bow*:  
 Besides, the RAMBLER says, to see MONBODD,  
 He'd go *at least two miles* out of his road.  
 Which shews that HE *admires* (whoever *rails*)  
 The pen which proves, that men are born with *tails*.  
 Hoping, that as to health, your Lordship does well,

I am your servant at command,

JAMES BOSWELL."

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I \*.

On Mr. THRALE's old *bunter* JOHNSON rode—  
 Who, with prodigious pride, the beast bestrode ;  
 And as on *Brighten Downs* he *dash'd* away,  
 Much was he pleas'd to hear a sportsman say,  
 That at a *chace* he was as *tight a hand*,  
 As e'er an ill-bred *lubber* in the land.

B O Z Z Y †.

One morning, JOHNSON, on the Isle of MULL,  
 Was of his politics excessive full.  
 Quoth he, " That PULTNEY was a *rogue*, 'tis plain—  
 " Besides, the fellow was a *Whig in grain*."  
 Then to his *principles* he gave a *hanging*,  
 And swore no *Whig* was ever worth a *hanging*.  
 " 'Tis wonderful," says he, " and makes one stare,  
 " To think the *Liv'ry* chose JOHN WILKES Lord Mayor.  
 " A dog, of whom the world could nurse no hopes—  
 " Prompt to *debauch* their girls, and *rob* their shops."

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Sir, I believe that anecdote a lie ;  
 But grant that JOHNSON said it—*by the by*,  
 As WILKES unhappily your *friendship* shar'd,  
 The dirty anecdote might well be *spar'd*.

## B O Z Z Y.

Madam, I stick to truth as much as *you*,  
 And damme if the story be not *true*.  
 What you have said of JOHNSON and the *larks*,  
 As much, the RAMBLER, for a *savage*, marks.  
 'Twas scandalous, ev'n *candour* must allow,  
 To give the hist'ry of the *horse* and *cow*.  
 What but an *enemy* to JOHNSON's fame,  
 Dar'd his vile prank at LITCHFIELD PLAYHOUSE *name*?  
 Where, without ceremony, he thought fit  
 To fling the *man* and *chair* into the *pit*?  
 Who would have register'd a speech so odd,  
 On the dead *slay-maker* \*, and DOCTOR DODD?

## M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

SAM JOHNSON's *threshing* knowledge and his *thatching*,  
 May be your own *inimitable* *hatching*.—  
 Pray, of his wisdom can't you tell *more* news?  
 Could not he *make* a *shirt*, and *cobble* *shoes*?  
 Knit stockings, or ingenious take up *stitches*—  
 Draw teeth, dress wigs, or make a *pair* of *breeches*?  
 You prate, too, of his knowledge of the *Mint*,  
 As if the RAMBLER really had been in't—  
 Who knows but you will tell us (truth forsaking)  
 That each *bad shilling* is of JOHNSON's *making*:  
*His*, each *vile sixpence* that the world hath cheated—  
 And *his* the *art* that ev'ry guinea *sweated*.  
 About his *brewing* *knowledge* you will prate, too,  
 Who scarcely knew a *hop* from a *potatoe*.  
 And though of *beer* he joy'd in hearty swigs,  
 I'd pit against his taste my husband's *pigs*.

## B O Z Z Y.

How could your folly tell, so void of truth,  
 That miserable story of the youth,  
 Who in your book, of DOCTOR JOHNSON, begs  
 Most seriously, to know if CATS *lay* *eggs*?

\* Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 51, first edition.

MADAME PIOZZI.

*Who* told of Mrs. Montague the lie—  
So palpable a falsehood?—Bozzy, *fie!*

BOZZY.

*Who*, mad'ring with an anecdotic itch,  
Declar'd that JOHNSON call'd his mother B-TCH?

MADAME PIOZZI.

*Who*, from M'Donald's rage to save his snout,  
Cut twenty lines of defamation out?

BOZZY.

*Who* would have said a word about SAM's wig;  
Or told the story of the *peas* and *pig*?  
Who would have told a tale, so *very* flat,  
Of FRANK, the *black*; and HODGE, the mangy cat?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Good me! you're grown at once confounded *tender*—  
Of DOCTOR JOHNSON's fame a *fierce* defender.  
I'm sure you've mentioned many a pretty story  
Not much redounding to the DOCTOR's glory.  
*Now*, for a *saint*, upon us you would palm him—  
First *murder* the poor man, and then *embalm* him!

BOZZY.

And truly, Madam, JOHNSON cannot *boast*—  
By your acquaintance he hath *rather* lost.  
His character so shockingly you handle—  
You've sunk your *comet* to a *farthing* candle,  
Your vanities contriv'd the *sage* to hitch in;  
And brib'd him with the *run* of all your kitchen:  
Yet nought he *better'd* by this elevation—  
Though *beef* he won—he lost his *reputation*.

MADAME



## MADAME PIOZZI.

One quarter of your book had JOHNSON read,  
 First-criticism had rattled round your head.  
 Yet let my satire not *too far* pursue—  
 It boasts *some merit*, give the *devil his due*.  
 Where *grocers*, and where *pastry-cooks* reside,  
 Thy book, with triumph, may indulge its pride :  
 Preach to the *patty-pans* sententious stuff—  
 And hug that idol of the nose, call'd *snuff* :  
 With all its stories, *cloves* and *ginger* please,  
 And pour its *wonders* to a pound of *cheese* !

## BOZZY.

'Madam, your irony is *wond'rous fine* !  
*Sense* in each thought, and *wit* in ev'ry line,  
 Yet, Madam, when the *leaves* of my poor book  
 Visit the *grocer* or the *pastry-cook*,  
*Yours*, to enjoy of fame the *just* reward,  
 May aid the *trunk-makers* of *Paul's Church-yard* :  
 In the *same ale-houses* together us'd,  
 By the *same* fingers they may be *amus'd* :  
 The greasy *snuffers*, *yours*, perchance, may *wipe*,  
 And *mine*, high honour'd, light a *toper's* pipe.  
 The praise of COURTENAY \* my book's fame secures :  
 Now, who the dev'l, Madam, praises *yours* ?

## MADAME PIOZZI.

Thousands, you blockhead, no one now can doubt it.  
 For not a soul in London is *without it*.  
 The folks were ready CADELL to devour,  
 Who sold the first edition in an hour—  
 So !—COURTENAY's praises save you !—ah ! that  
       'squire  
 Deals, let me tell you, more in smoke than fire.

\* The lively RATTLE of the House of Common—indeed, its  
 MOMUS ; who seems to have been selected by his constituents more  
 for the purposes of *laughing* at the misfortunes of his country, than  
*healing the wounds*. He is the author of a poem lately published,  
 that endeavours, *totis viribus*, to *prove*, that DOCTOR JOHNSON was  
 a brute, as well as a moralist !

BOZZY.

Zounds! he has prais'd me in the *sweetest* line—

MADAME PIOZZI.

Ay! ay! the *verse* and *subject* equal shine.  
Few are the mouths that COURTENAY's wit rehearse—  
*Mere cork* in politics, and *lead* in verse.

BOZZY.

Well, MA'AM! since all that JOHNSON *said* or *wrote*,  
You hold so *sacred*—how have you *forgot*  
To grant the *wonder-hunting* world a reading  
Of SAM's *Epistle*, just before your *wedding*;  
Beginning thus (in strains not form'd to flatter) :

“MADAM,

“If that most ignominious matter

“Be not concluded,”—

*further shall I say?*

No—your *kind self* may give it us one day—  
And *justify* your passion for the *youth*,  
With all the charms of *eloquence* and *truth*.

MADAME PIOZZI.

What was my marriage, Sir, to *you* or *him*?  
He tell me what to do!—a pretty whim!  
He to *propriety* (the beast!) *exhort*!  
As well might *elephants* *preside* at court.  
Lord! let the world, to *damn* my match, *agree*—  
Tell me, JAMES BOSWELL, what's *that* world to me?  
The *folks* who paid respects to Mrs. *Thrale*,  
Fed on her pork, *poor souls*! and *swill'd* her ale,  
May *sicken* at *Piozzi*, nine in ten—  
Turn up the *nose* of *scorn*—good God! what then?  
For *me*—the dev'l may fetch their souls so *great*—  
*They keep* their *homes*,—and *I*, thank God! my *meat*.  
When *they*, *poor owls*! shall beat their cage, a *jail*—  
*I*, *unconfin'd*, shall spread my *peacock tail*;

Free

Free as the birds of air, enjoy my ease,  
*Chuse* my own food, and *see* what climes I *please*.  
*I suffer only*—if I'm in the *wrong*—  
 So, now, you *prating* puppy, hold your tongue.

## SIR JOHN.

For shame! for shame! for Heav'n's sake, *both* be  
 quiet——

Not *Billingsgate* exhibits such a riot:  
 Behold, for *scandal* you have made a *feast*,  
 And turn'd your *idol*, JOHNSON, to a *beast*.  
 'Tis plain that *tales of ghosts* are *arrant lies*,  
 Or *instantaneously* would JOHNSON'S rise;  
 Make you both eat your paragraphs, *so evil*—  
 And for your treatment of him, *play the dev'l*.  
 Just like *two Mohaws* on the man you fall—  
 No *murdrer* is worse serv'd at *Surgeon's Hall*.  
 Instead of adding *splendour* to his name,  
 Your books are downright *gibbets* to his fame.  
 Of those, your *anecdotes*—may I be *curst*,  
 If I can tell you *which* of them is *worst*.  
 You never with *posterity* can *thrive*—  
 'Tis by the *Rambler's* death alone you live—  
 Like *wrens* (that in some volume I have read),  
 Hatch'd by strange fortune, in a *horse's* head.  
 Poor SAM was rather *fainting* in his glory—  
 But now his fame lies *foully dead* before ye.  
 Thus, to some dying man (a frequent case),  
 Two doctors come, and give the *coup de grace*.  
 Zounds! Madam, mind the duties of a *wife*,  
 And dream no more of DOCTOR JOHNSON'S life.  
 A happy knowledge in a *pye* or *pudding*,  
 Will more delight your friends than all your *studying*:  
 One cut from *ven'son* to the heart can speak  
 Stronger than *ten quotations* from the *Greek*:  
 One fat SIR LOIN possesses more *sublime*  
 Than all the airy castles built by *rhyme*.  
 One *nipperkin* of *slingo*, with a toast,  
 Beats all the streams the Muses *fount* can boast.  
 Blest! in *one* pint of porter, lo! my belly can  
 Find raptures not in all the floods of *Helicon*.

Enough those anecdotes, your *pow'rs* have shewn;  
SAM's Life, dear Ma'am, will only *damn your own*.

For *thee*, JAMES BOSWELL, may the hand of *fate*  
Arrest thy goose-quill, and confine thy prate;  
Thy egotisms the world *disgusted* hears—  
Then load with vanities no more our ears,  
Like some lone puppy yelping all night long;  
That tires the *very echoes* with his tongue.  
Yet should it lie beyond the *pow'rs* of *fate*,  
To stop thy pen, and still thy darling prate;  
To live in *solitude*, oh! be thy luck:  
A *chattering magpie* on the ISLE OF MUCK.

Thus spoke the JUDGE; then, leaping from the  
chair,  
He left, in consternation lost, the *pair*;  
Black FRANK \*, he sought, on anecdote to cram,  
And vomit *first* †, a LIFE of surly SAM.  
Shock'd at the little manners of the *knight*,  
The *rivals*, marv'ling, mark'd his sudden flight:  
Then to their pens and paper rush'd the *twain*,  
To kill the *mangled RAMBLER* o'er again.

\* DOCTOR JOHNSON's negro servant.

† The KNIGHT's volume is reported to be in great forwardness,  
and likely to *distance* his formidable competitors.

N. B. The quotations from Mr. Boswell are made from  
the Second Edition of his *Journal*—Those from Mrs.  
Piozzi, from the First Edition of her *Anecdotes*.

POST.



## P O S T S C R I P T.

AS Mr. BOSWELL's Journal hath afforded such universal pleasure, by the relation of minute incidents, and the great Moralist's opinion of men and things, during his northern tour; it will be adding greatly to the anecdotal treasury, as well as making Mr. B. happy, to communicate part of a Dialogue that took place between Dr. Johnson and the Author of this Congratulatory Epistle, a few months before the Doctor paid the great debt of nature. The Doctor was very cheerful that day, had on a black coat and waistcoat, a black plush pair of breeches, and black worsted stockings, a handsome grey wig, a shirt, a muslin neck-cloth, a black pair of buttons in his shirt sleeves, a pair of shoes, ornamented with the very identical little buckles that accompanied the philosopher to the Hebrides; his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard fresh shaved by a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr. Savigny.

P. P. "Pray, Doctor, what is your opinion of Mr. Boswell's literary powers?"

Johnson. "Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Bozzy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature—he seems strongly affected by the *cacoethes scribendi*; wishes to be thought a *rara avis*; and, in truth, so he is—your knowledge in ornithology, Sir, will easily discover, to what species of bird I allude." Here the Doctor shook his head, and laughed.

P. P. "What think you, Sir, of his account of Corsica?—Of his character of Paoli?"

Johnson. "Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart. But Paoli has virtues. The account is a farrago of disgusting egotism and pompous inanity."

P. P. "I have heard it whispered, Doctor, that, should you die before him, Mr. B. means to write your life."

Johnson.

*Johnson.* “ Sir, he cannot mean me so irreparable  
 “ an injury.—Which of us shall die first, is only known  
 “ to the Great Disposer of events; but, were I sure  
 “ that James Boswell would write *my* life, I do not  
 “ know whether I would not anticipate the measure,  
 “ by taking *his*.” (Here he made three or four strides  
 across the room, and returned to his chair with violent  
 emotion.)

*P. P.* “ I am afraid that he means to do you the  
 “ favour.”

*Johnson.* “ He dares not—he would make a scare-  
 “ crow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blun-  
 “ derbush in *his own* face, but not murder *me*. Sir,  
 “ I heed not *his* *αυτος* ; *εφα*—BOSWELL write my life!  
 “ why, the fellow possesses not abilities for writing the  
 “ life of an *ephemera*.”

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T H E

L O U S I A D.

---

Prima Syracosio, dignata est iudare Versu  
 Nostra, nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia;  
 Cum Canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthia Aurem  
 Vellit et admonuit— VIRG.

---

C A N T O I.

THE LOUSE I sing, that from some head unknown,  
 Yet born and educated near a throne,  
 Dropp'd down—(so will'd the dread decree of fate),  
 With legs wide sprawling, on the M—ch's plate:

Far

Far from the raptures of a WIFE's embrace ;  
 Far from the gambols of a tender RACE,  
 Whose little feet he taught, with care, to tread  
 Amidst the wide dominions of the head ;  
 Led them to daily food, with fond delight,  
 And taught the tiny wand'ers *where to bite* ;  
 To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,  
 When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails ;  
 Far from those pleasing scenes ordain'd to roam,  
 Like wise Ulysses, from his native home ;  
 Yet, like that SAGE, tho' forc'd to roam and mourn—  
 Like *him*, alas! not fated to *return* ;  
 Who, full of rags and glory, saw his BOY \*  
 And WIFE † again, and DOG ‡ that died for joy.  
 Down dropp'd the luckless LOUSE, with fear appall'd,  
 And wept his wife and children as he sprawl'd.  
 Thus, on a promontory's misty brow,  
 The POET's eye, with sorrow, saw a cow  
 Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and sheep,  
 By tumbling headlong down the dizzy steep :  
 No more to reign a queen amongst the cattle,  
 And urge her rival beaux, the bulls, to battle ;  
 She fell §, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,  
 With all her wild *cowants* in fields of clover.  
 Now on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,  
 The LOUSE, with judge-like gravity, arose :  
 He wanted not a *motive* to *entreat* him,  
*Befide* the *horror* that the K\*\*\* might *eat* him—  
 The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,  
 Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork ;  
 Or drowning 'midst the fauce in dismal dumps,  
 Was full enough to make him stir his stumps.  
 Vain hope of stealing unperceiv'd away !  
 He might as well have tarried where he lay.  
 Seen was this LOUSE, as with the Royal brood  
 Our hungry K—— amus'd himself with food ;  
 Which proves (though scarce believ'd by one in ten)  
 That kings have appetites like common men ;

\* Telemachus.

† Penelope.

‡ Argus, for whose history, see the *Odyssæy*.

§ ——— moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.

VIRG.

And

And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,  
 They feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.  
 Paint, heav'nly muse, the look, the *very* look,  
 That of the S——n's face possession took,  
 When first he saw the LOUSE, in solemn state,  
 Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!  
 Yet, could a LOUSE a British King surprise,  
 And, like a pair of faucers, stretch his eyes?  
 The little tenant of a *mortal* HEAD,  
 Shake the great RULER of three realms with DREAD?  
 Good Lord! (as somebody sublimely sings),  
 What great effects arise from *little things*!  
 As many a loving swain and nymph can tell,  
 Who, following Nature's law, have *lov'd too well*!

Not with more *horror* did his eyes behold  
 Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,  
 When triumph hung upon his plotting brains,  
 And dear PREROGATIVE was just in chains:  
 Not with more *horror* did his eye-balls work  
 Convulsive on the patriot Burke,  
 When guilty of *œconomy*, the *crime*!  
 Edmund wide wander'd from the *true sublime*,  
 And, cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,  
 Cribb'd from the r-y-l table many a dish—  
 Saw ev'ry slice of bread and butter cut,  
 Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut;  
 And guag'd (compos'd upon no sneaking scale)  
 The Monarch's belly, like a cask of ale;  
 Convinc'd that, in his scheme of state-salvation,  
 To *starve* \* the PALACE, was to *save* the NATION:  
 Not more *aghast* he look'd, when, 'midst the course,  
 He tumbled, in a stag-chace, from his horse,

\* His M——y was really reduced, some time since, to a most mortifying dilemma: the apples at dinner-time having been, by too great a liberality to the Royal children, *expended*, the K——g ordered a supply, but was informed, that the BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH would *positively allow no more*. Enraged at the unexpected and *unroyal* disappointment, he furiously put his hand into his pocket, took out six-pence, sent a PAGE for two-pennyworth of pippins, and received the *change*.



Where all his nobles deem'd their M——ch dead,  
But luckily he pitch'd upon his HEAD !

Not VENISON EATERS, at the vanish'd FAT,  
With stomachs wider than a quaker's hat :  
Not with more *horror* Mr. Serjeant Pliant  
Looks down upon an empty-handed client :  
Not with more *horror* stares the rural MAID,  
By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betray'd,  
Who sees her ticket a *dire blank* arise,  
Too fondly thought the twenty thousand prize,  
With which the simple damsel meant, no doubt,  
To bless her faithful fav'rite, COLIN CLOUT.

Not with more *horror* stares each length'ned feature,  
Of some fine fluttering, mincing *petit-maitre*,  
When of a wanton chimney-sweeping wag,  
The beau's white vestment feels the footy bag :  
Not with more *horror* did the dev'l look,  
When Dunstan by the nose the dæmon took,  
(As gravely say our legendary songs)  
And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs ;  
Not Lady Worsley, chaste as *many* a nun,  
Look'd with more *horror* at Sir Richard's fun,  
When rais'd on high, to view her naked charms,  
He held the peeping captain in his arms ;  
Like David, that most am'rous little dragon,  
Ogling sweet Bathsheba without a rag on.

Not more the great SAM HOUSE \* with *horror*  
star'd,  
By mob affronted to the very beard ;  
Whose impudence (enough to damn a jail)  
Snatch'd from his waving hand his Fox's tail,  
And stuff'd it, 'midst his thunders of applause,  
Full in the centre of Sam's gaping jaws,  
That forcing down his patriotic throat,  
Of Fox and Freedom stop'd the glorious note.

\* In Westminster-Hall, where the *sense* (the Author was just about to say *nonsense*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

Not with more *horror* BILLY RAMUS \* star'd,  
 When PUFF †, the P—ce's hair-dresser, appear'd  
 Amidst their eating room, with dread design,  
 To sit with PAGES, and with PAGES dine !  
 Not with more *horror* GLOSTER'S DUTCHESS star'd,  
 When (blest in metaphor !) the K—— declar'd,  
 That not of all her *mongrel breed*, one whelp  
 Should in the royal kennel ever yelp :

Not more that man so *sweet*, so *unprepar'd*,  
 The gentle 'SQUIRE of LEATHERHEAD ‡ was *scar'd*,  
 When, after pray'rs so *good*, and *rare* a sermon,  
 He found his FRONT attack'd by fierce Miss Vernon ;  
 Who meant (Thalestris-like, disdaining fear !)  
 To pour her FOOT in thunder on his REAR ;  
 Who, in GOD's house §, without one grain of grace,  
 Spit, like a VIXEN, in his WORSHIP's face ;  
 Then shook her nails, as sharp's a taylor's shears,  
 That itch'd to scrape acquaintance with his ears :  
 Not Atkinson || with stronger terror started  
 (Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)

\* Billy Ramus—emphatically and constantly called by his M——y *Billy Ramus*. One of the Pages who shaves the S——n, airs his shirt, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his R-y-l H-ghn-ts's hair-dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the P—ce, with his usual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire ; and a petition was dispatched to the K— and P—ce, to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *hair-dresser*. The petition was treated with the *proper* contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable mortification, Mr. Ramus and his brethren *submitted* ; but, like the poor Gentoos who have lost their *Cast*, have not held up their heads *since*.

‡ Kynaston is the name of the gentleman assailed by this furious Maid of Honour, for his disapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

§ Verily in the House of the Lord, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane *salival* assault take place on the phiz of 'Squire Kynaston, to the disgrace of his family, the wonder of the parson, the horror of the clerk, and the stupefaction of the congregation.

|| Mr. Christopher Atkinson's airing on the pillory is sufficiently known to the public.

When

When JUSTICE, a sly dame, one day thought fit  
 To pay her serious compliments to Krr,  
 Ask'd him a few short questions about corn,  
 And whisper'd, she believ'd he was *forsworn*,  
 Then hinted, that he probably would find,  
 That though she sometimes *wink'd*, she was not *blind*.

Not more Asturias' Princess \* *look'd affright*,  
 At breakfast, when her spouse, the *unpolite*,  
 Hurl'd, *madly* heedless both of time and place,  
 A cup of boiling coffee in her face;  
 Because the fair one eat a butter'd roll,  
 On which the *selfish* prince had fix'd his soul:  
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd that prince to find  
 His royal father to his face unkind;  
 Who, to the cause of injur'd beauty won,  
 Seiz'd on the proud proboscis of his son  
 (Just like a TYGER of the Lybian shade,  
 Whose furious claws the helpless deer invade),  
 And led him, till *that* son its durance freed,  
 By asking pardon for the brutal deed;  
 Led him thrice round the room (the story goes).  
 Who follow'd, with great gravity, his nose,  
 Resolv'd at first (for Spaniards are *stiff* stuff)  
 To ask: *no* pardon, though the *snout* came off:  
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd *that* Spanish King †,  
 Whene'er he miss'd a snipe upon the wing:  
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd *that* King of Spain,  
 To see his gun-boats blazing on the main:  
 Not Dr. Johnson more, to hear the tale  
 Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale;

\* This quarrel between the Prince of Asturias and his Princess, with the interference of the Spanish Monarch, as described here, is not a poetic fiction, but an absolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

† His Most Catholic Majesty's shooting merits are universally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is still the admiration of his subjects, and the envy of his brother kings; as a shot: and it is well known, that even on those days when the royal robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are stuffed with gun-flints, screws, hammers, and other implements necessary for the destruction of snipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

Nor Doctor Wilson, child of am'rous folly,  
When young Mas Clyster bore off Kit M'Auley.

What dire emotions shook the M——ch's soul !  
Just like two billiard-balls his eyes 'gan roll,  
Whilst anger all his royal HEART possess'd,  
That, swelling, wildly bump'd against his breast,  
Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might so stout,  
As resolutely bent on jumping out,  
T'avenge, with all its pow'rs, the dire disgrace,  
And nobly spit in the offender's face.  
Thus, a large dumpling, to its cell confin'd  
(A very apt allusion to my mind),  
Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,  
Then bustles 'midst the tempest of the pot :  
In vain !—the lid keeps down the child of dough,  
That bouncing, tumbling, sweating, rolls below.

“ O dearest partner of my throne !” he cries  
(Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes),  
“ Thou brightest gem of G——ge's Royal House,  
“ Look there, and tell me if that's not a LOUSE !”  
The Q—— look'd down, and then exclaim'd, “ Good  
“ la !”

And with a smile the dappled STRANGER saw :  
Each P——cess strain'd her lovely neck to see,  
And, with another smile, exclaim'd, “ Good me !”  
“ O la ! Good me ! is that all you can say ?”  
(Our gracious M——ch cried, with huge dismay.)  
“ What ! what a silly vacant smile take place  
“ Upon your M——y's and children's face,  
“ Whilst that vile LOUSE (soon, soon to be unjointed !)  
“ Affronts the presence of the LORD's ANOINT-  
“ ED !”

Dash'd, as if tax'd with hell's most deadly sins,  
The Q—— and P——ses drew in their chins,  
Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,  
And very prudent, “ word spake never more.”



Sweet MAIDS! the beauteous boast of Britain's isle,  
 Speak—were those peerless LIPS forbid to smile?  
 LIPS! that the soul of simple nature moves—  
 Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the Loves!  
 LIPS OF DELIGHT! unstain'd by Satire's gall!  
 LIPS! that I never *kiss'd*—and *never shall*.

Now, to each trembling Page, as mute's a mouse,  
 The pious M——ch cried, "Is this *your LOUSE*?"  
 "Ah! Sire," replied each page, with pig-like whine,  
 "An't please your M——y, it is not *mine*."  
 "Not *thine*?" the hasty Monarch cried again,  
 "What? what? what? what? what? who the  
 "devil's, then?"

Now, at this sad event the S——n fore  
 Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more:  
 His *wifer Q——*, her gracious stomach studying,  
 Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding;  
 For GERMANS are a very *bearty* sort,  
 Whether begot in HOG-STYES, or a COURT,  
 Who bear (which shews their hearts are not of *stone*)  
 The ills of *others* better than *their own*.

Grim TERROR seiz'd the souls of all the pages,  
 Of different sizes, and of different ages;  
 Fright'ned about their pensions or their bones,  
 They on each other gap'd, like Jacob's sons!

Now, to a PAGE, but *which* we can't determine,  
 The growling M——ch gave the plate and vermin:  
 "Watch, watch that blackguard animal," he cries,  
 "That soon or late, to glut my vengeance, *dies*!"  
 "Watch, like a CAT, that vile marauding LOUSE,  
 "Or G——GE shall play the devil in the house.  
 "Some SPIRIT whispers, that to *cooks* I owe  
 "The *precious* VISITOR that crawls below;  
 "Yes, yes! the *whisp'ring* SPIRIT tells me true,  
 "And soon, soon vengeance shall their locks pursue.  
 "Cooks, scourers, scullions too, with tails of pig,  
 "Shall lose their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig."  
 Thus roar'd the K——G—not Hercules so big;  
 And all the palace echo'd—"WEAR A WIG!"

FEAR, like an ague, struck the pale nos'd cooks—  
 And dash'd the beef and ven'son from their looks;  
 Whilst from each cheek OLD PORT withdrew his RED,  
 And PITY blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

But lo! the great COOK-MAJOR comes! his eyes  
 Fierce as the redd'ning flame that *roasts* and *fries*;  
 His cheeks like BLADDERS, with high passion glowing,  
 Or like a fat DUTCH TRUMPETER's, when *blowing*:  
 A neat white APRON his huge corps embrac'd,  
 Tied by two comely strings about his waist:  
 AN APRON! that he purchas'd with his riches,  
 To guard from hostile grease his velvet breeches—  
 AN APRON! that in Monmouth-street high hung,  
 Oft to the winds with *sweet department* swung.

“ Ye sons of dripping, on your *major* look!  
 (In sounds of deep-ton'd thunder cried the cook)  
 “ By this white APRON, that no more can hope  
 “ To join the piece in Mr. INKLE's shop;  
 “ That oft hath held the best of palace meat,  
 “ And from this forehead wip'd the briny sweat;  
 “ I swear *this* HEAD *disdains* to lose its locks,  
 “ And *those* that do not, tell them they are BLOCKS;  
 “ *Whose* head, my cooks, such vile disgrace endures,  
 “ Will it be *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours*?  
 “ Ten thousand crawlers in that HEAD be hatch'd,  
 “ For ever *itching*, but be never *scratch'd*.  
 “ Then may the charming perquisite of grease,  
 “ The mammon of your pocket ne'er *encrease*;—  
 “ GREASE! that so frequently hath brought you coin,  
 “ From VEAL, PORK, MUTTON, and the GREAT SIR  
 “ LOIN.  
 “ O, brothers of the spit, be firm as rocks—  
 “ Lo! to *no* KING on earth I yield these locks.  
 “ Few are my hairs *behind*, by age endear'd!—  
 “ But, *few* or *many*, they shall not be *shear'd*.

“ Sooner shall Madam *Schwellenberg*\*, the jade,  
 “ Yield up her fav'rite perquisites of trade,

\* Mistress of the robes to her Majesty.

" Give up her sacred Majesty's old GOWNS,  
 " CAPS, PETTICOATS, and APRONS, without FROWNS:  
 " SHE! who for ever studies MISCHIEF—She!  
 " Who soon will be as busy as a bee,  
 " To get the liberty of locks *enslav'd*,  
 " And every harmless cook and scullion *shav'd*—  
 " She, if by chance a BRITISH SERVANT MAID,  
 " By some insinuating tongue betray'd,  
 " Induc'd the fair forbidden fruit to taste,  
 " Grows (luckless) somewhat *bigger in the WAIST*;  
 " Rants, storms, swears, turns the penitent to door,  
 " Grac'd with the pretty names of b—ch and w—,  
 " To range a prostitute upon the town,  
 " Or, if the weeping wretch think better, *drown*:  
 " But if a GERMAN SPIDER-BRUSHER *fails*,  
 " Whose *nose* grows *sharper*, and whose *shape* tells *tales*,  
 " *Husb'd* is th' affair!—the Q—, and SHE, good  
     " dame,  
 " Both club their wits, to hide the growing shame;  
 " To wed her, get some fool—I mean some *wise man*;  
 " Then dub the prudent cuckold an *exciseman*:  
 " SHE! who hath got more insolence and pride,  
 " God mend her heart! than half the world beside:  
 " SHE! who, of guttling fond, stuffs down more meat,  
 " Heav'n help her stomach! than ten men can ear!  
 " *Ten men!* aye, *more than ten*, the *hungry HAG*!  
 " Why, zounds! the WOMAN's stomach's-like a BAG:  
 " SHE! who will swell the uproar of the house,  
 " And tell the K—g damn'd lies about the LOUSE;  
 " When probably that louse (a vile old trull!)  
 " Was born and nourish'd in her own grey scull.

" Sooner the room shall buxom NANNY \* *quit*,  
 " Where oft she charms her master with her *wit*—  
 " Tells tales of ev'ry *body*, ev'ry *thing*,  
 " From honest courtiers, to the thieves who *swing*—  
 " Waits on the S—n while he reads *dispatches*,  
 " And wisely *winds up* STATE-AFFAIRS OF WATCHES:

\* Buxom Nanny—a female servant of the palace, who *constantly* attends the K—g when he reads the dispatches.

" Sooner the PRINCE (may Heav'n his income  
 " mend!)  
 " Shall quit his bottle, mistress, and his friend—  
 " Laugh at the drop on MISERY's languid eye,  
 " And hear her sinking voice without a sigh:  
 " Break, for the wealth of REALMS, his sacred word,  
 " And let the world write coward on his sword:  
 " Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part!  
 " And STUFFING leave a calf's or bullock's heart!  
 " Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard!  
 " And from the codlin-tart be torn the custard:  
 " Sooner these hands the glorious haunch shall spoil.  
 " And all our melted butter turn to oil:  
 " Sooner our pious K—G, with pious face,  
 " Sit down to dinner without saying grace;  
 " And ev'ry night salvation-pray'rs put forth,  
 " For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North:  
 " Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails,  
 " And dish-clouts stick eternal to our tails.  
 " Let G——GE view MINISTERS with *swarly* LOOKS,  
 " Abuse 'em, kick 'em—but revere his COOKS!"

" What, lose our locks!" (replied the roasting  
 CREW)

" To barbers yield 'em—Damme if we do!  
 " Be *shaw'd*, like foreign DOGS one daily meets,  
 " Naked and blue, and shivering in the streets?  
 " And from the palace be *asham'd* to range,  
 " For fear the world should think we had the *mange*;  
 " By taunting boys made weary of our lives,  
 " Broad grinning wh—es, and ridiculing wives!"

" Rouze, OPPOSITION!" (roar'd a *tipsy* cook,  
 With hands *a-kimbo*, and bubonic look)

" 'Tis SHE alone our noble curls can keep—  
 " Without HER, MINISTERS would fall asleep:  
 " 'Tis SHE who makes great men—our FOXES, PITTS,  
 " And sharpens, whetstone-like, the NATION'S WITS:  
 " Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,  
 " And, broom-like, sweeps the COBWEBS of the STATE:  
 " In casks, like sulphur, that expels *bad air*,  
 " And makes, like thunder-claps, *foul* weather *fair*;  
 " Acts



" Acts like a gun, that, fir'd at gather'd foot,  
 " Preserves the chimney, and the house to boot :  
 " Or, like a schoolboy's WHIP, that keeps up TOPS ;  
 " The sinking realm, by FLAGELLATION, props.  
 " Our M——ch must not be indulg'd too far :  
 " Besides, I love a little bit of war.  
 " Whether to crop our curls he boasts a right,  
 " Or not, I do not care the louse's bite—  
 " But then, *no force-work!* No! No force, by Heav'n!  
 " COOKS! YEOMEN! SCOURERS! we will not  
 " be driv'n.  
 " Try but to force a pig against his will,  
 " Behold! the sturdy GENTLEMAN stands still!  
 " Or, p'rhaps (his pow'r to let the driver know),  
 " Gallops the very road he should not go—  
 " No force for me!—the FRENCH, the fawning dogs,  
 " E'en let them lose their freedom, and eat frogs—  
 " Damme! I hate each pale soup-meagre thief—  
 " Give me my darling LIBERTY and BEEF."

He spoke—and from his jaws a lump he slid,  
 And, swearing, manful flung to earth his QUID.  
 The swelling PRIDE forbade his tongue to rest,  
 Whilst wild emotions labour'd in his breast—  
 Now sounds confus'd his ANGER made him utter,  
 And, when he thought on shaving, curses sputter.  
 Such is the sound (the simile's not weak)  
 Form'd by what mortals BUBBLE \* call, and SQUEAK;  
 When 'midst the FRYING-PAN, in accents savage,  
 The BEEF, so furly, quarrels with the CABBAGE.

" Be shav'd, a SCULLION loud began to bellow,  
 Loud as a PARISH-BULL, or poor OTHELLO,  
 Plac'd by that *rogue* IAGO upon thorns,  
 With all the horrors of a pair of HORNS :

\* The modest Author of the LOUSIAD must do himself the justice to declare here, that his simile of the Bubble and Squeak is vastly more natural and more sublime than Homer's black pudding on a gridiron, illustrating the motions and emotions of his hero ULYSSES.

Vide ODYSSEY.

Loud

Loud as th' EXCISEMAN \*, struggling for his life,  
And panting in a most inglorious strife,  
When on his face the *smuggling Princess* sprung,  
And, cat-like clawing, to his visage clung.

"Be shav'd like *pigs*," rejoin'd the scullion's mate,  
His dishevel'd shaking, and his POT-crown'd PATE—

"What BARBER dares it, let him watch his NOSE,

"And, curse me! dread the rage of these ten toes."

So saying, with an oath to *raise* one's hair,

He kick'd, with threat'ning foot, the yielding air—

Thus have I seen an *ASS* (baptiz'd a JACK)

Grac'd by a CHIMNEY-SWEEPER on his back,

Prance, snort, and fling his heels with liberality,

In imitation of a HORSE of QUALITY.

"Be shav'd!" an understrapper TURNBROCHE cried,  
In all the foaming energy of pride)

"Zounds! let us take his M——Y in hand!—

"The K—— shall find he lives at *our* command:

"Yes, let him know, with all his wond'rous state,

"His teeth and stomach on *our* wills shall wait:

"*We* rule the platters, *we* command the spit,

"And G——E shall have his *meat* when *we* think fit;

"*Stay* till *ourselves* shall condescend to eat,

"And then, if *we* think proper, have his *meat*."

Thus, having fed on ven'son rather coarse,

A COLT, OR CROCODILE, OR DISH OF HORSE,

The TARTAR quits his smoaky hut with scorn,

Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn;

And, treating MONARCHS like his slaves or swine,

Informs them they have *liberty* to dine.

"Heav'ns!" (cried a YEOMAN, with much learning  
grac'd)—

In *books*, as well as *meat*, a man of taste,

\* This affair happened a few years since—An exciseman seizing some smuggled goods belonging to a princess, a relation of the Great Frederic, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor *Rat de Cave*, and almost scratched his eyes out—the exciseman made a formal complaint to the King, begging to be relieved from the disgrace.—The gallant Monarch returned for answer, that he gave up the dutier to his cousin, the Princess, but could not conceive how the hand of a *fair lady* could dishonour the face of an exciseman.

Who read with *vast* applause the daily NEWS,  
 And kept a close acquaintance with the MUSE;  
 Conundrum, rebus, made—acrostic, riddle,  
 And sung his dying sonnets to his fiddle,  
 When LOVE, with cruel dart, the murd'ring THIEF,  
 His heart had spitted, like a piece of BEEF;  
 " Are these (he said) of KINGS the whims and jokes?  
 " Then KINGS can be as *mad* as *common folks*.  
 " DAME NATURE, when a PRINCE'S head she makes,  
 " No more concern about the *inside* takes,  
 " Than of the *inside* of a bug's or bat's,  
 " A flea's, a grasshopper's, a cur's, a cat's!  
 " As careless as the ARTIST, *trunks* designing,  
 " About the trifling circumstance of LINING;  
 " Whether of Cumberland he use the plays,  
 " Miss Burney's novels, or Miss Seward's lays;  
 " Or sacred dramas of Miss Hannah More,  
 " Where all the NINE, with little MOSES, snore;  
 " Or good SQUIRE PINDAR'S Odes, or Wharton's stick,  
 " Or Horace Walpole's doubts upon King Dick,  
 " Who furious drives, at times, his old goose-quill,  
 " On *Spraguberry* (Reader!) not th' *Aonian Hill*;  
 " Whether he doom the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,  
 " Or *those* of Lords and Commons to the King;  
 " Where ONE begs money, and the OTHERS grant  
 " So *easy, freely, friendly, complaisant*,  
 " As if the *cash* were really all *their own*,  
 " To purchase *knick-knacks* \* that disgrace a throne.  
 " Ah, me! did people know what *trifling things*  
 " Compose those idols of the earth, call'd K—s!  
 " Those counterparts of that *important fellow*;  
 " The children's *wonder*—SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO:  
 " Who struts upon the stage his hour away;  
 " His *outside*, gold—his *inside*, rags and hay;  
 " No more as GOD'S viceregents would they shine,  
 " Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT DIVINE.

\* The Civil List, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from toys—For an instance, we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's non-descript of a time-piece at the Queen's House, which cost nearly two thousand pounds.—The same artist is also allowed 200l. per annum to keep the *bauble* in repair.

" Those



" Those LORDS of earth at dinner we have seen,  
 " Sunk, by the meekest trifles, with the spleen—  
 " Oft, for an ill-dress'd egg, have heard them groan,  
 " And seen them quarrel for a mutton-bone :  
 " At salt or vinegar with passion fume,  
 " And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room \* .

" Alas ! how often have we heard them grunt,  
 " Whene'er the rushing rain hath spoil'd a HUNT !  
 " Their sanguine wishes cross'd, their spirits clogg'd,  
 " Mere RIDING DISCLOUTS, homeward they have  
 " jogg'd ;

" Poor imps ! the sport (with all their pride and  
 " pow'r)

" Of NATURE's diuretic stream—a SHOW'x !  
 " *This* we, the ACTORS in the farce, perceive ;  
 " But *this* the distant world will ne'er believe—  
 " Who fancy K—gs to all the virtues born :  
 " Ne'er by the vulgar storms of PASSION torn ;  
 " But blest with souls so calm ! like summer seas,  
 " That smile to Heav'n, unruffled by a breeze :  
 " Who think that K—gs on wisdom always fed,  
 " Speak sentences, like BACON's brazen HEAD ;  
 " Hear from their lips the vilest nonsense fall,  
 " Yet think some HEAVENLY SPIRIT dictates all ;  
 " Conceive their bodies of celestial clay,  
 " And, though all ailment, sacred from decay ;  
 " To nods and smiles their gaping homage bring,  
 " And thank their GOD their eyes have seen a KING !  
 " Lord ! in the circle, when our ROYAL MASTER  
 " Pours out his words as fast as hail, or faster,  
 " To country 'squires, and wives of country 'squires ;  
 " Like stuck pigs staring, how each Oaf admires !  
 " Lo ! ev'ry syllable becomes a GEM !  
 " And if, by chance, the M——ch cough, or hem,

\* This is partly a picture of the last reign, as well as the PRE-  
 SENT. The passions of George the Second were of the most im-  
 petuous kind—his hat and his favourite minister, Sir Robert  
 Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill-humours—  
 nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a share of his foot bene-  
 volence—but he was a prince of virtues—*ubi plura nitent, non ego  
 paucis offendar maculis.*

" Seiz'd



" Seiz'd with the symptoms of a deep surprise,  
 " Their joints with *rev'rence* tremble, and their eyes  
 " Roll wonder first; then, shrinking back with fear,  
 " Would *hide* behind the *brains*, were any there.  
 " How taken is this *idle world* by *show*!  
 " BIRTH, RICHES, are the BAALS to whom we bow;  
 " Preferring (ev'n with soul as black as foot)  
 " A ROGUE ON *horseback*, to a SAINT ON *foot*.  
 " See FRANCE, see PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,  
 " And mark the *desert* of each DESPOT's brain;  
 " Whose tongues should never treat with taunts a FOOL;  
 " Who *prove* that *nothing* is too mean to *rule*.  
 " What could the PRINCE, high tow'ring like a steeple,  
 " Without the MAJESTY of *Us*, the PEOPLE?  
 " Go, like the King of Babylon, to grass,  
 " Or wander, like a beggar, with a PASS!  
 " However *modern* KINGS may cooks despise,  
 " WARRIORS AND KINGS were COOKS, or HIST'RY *lies*.  
 " PATROCLUS broil'd *beef-steaks*, to quell his hunger:  
 " The MIGHTY AGAMEMNON potted CONGER!—  
 " And Charles of Sweden, 'midst his guns and drums,  
 " Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.  
 " Be *shav'd*!—No!—sooner pill'ries, jails, the stocks,  
 " Shall pinch this corps, than BARBERS snatch my locks."

" Well hast thou said," a scow'rer bold rejoind—  
 " Damme! I love the man who speaks his mind."  
 Then in his arms the *orator* he took,  
 And swore he was an *angel* of a *cook*.  
 A while he held him with a *Cornish* hug,  
 Then seiz'd, with glorious grasp, a *pewter* mug,  
 Whose ample womb nor cyder held, nor ale,  
 But nectar, fit for JOVE, and brew'd by THRALE.  
 " A health to *cooks* (he cried, and wav'd the pot),  
 " And he who sighs for TITLES, is a *foe*—  
 " Let *dukes* and *lords* the world in *wealth* surpass—  
 " Yet many a LION's skin conceals an *ass*.  
 " Lo! this is one amongst my golden rules,  
 " 'To think the *greatest* men the *greatest* *fools*:  
 " The GREAT are judges of an opera-song—  
 " And fly a *Briton's* for an *eunuch's* tongue;  
 " Can starve their families to hear BABINIS,  
 " Gaunt PACCHIAROTIS, fat-rump'd squab RAUZZINIS;

" Thus

" Thus idly squand'ring for a *squal* their riches—  
 " To *faint* with rapture at those *cats in breeches*.  
 " Accept this truth from *me*, my lads—the man  
 " Who first found out a SPIT, OF FRYING-PAN,  
 " Did ten times more towards the PUBLIC GOOD,  
 " Than all the *tawdry* TITLES since the flood:  
 " TITLES! that KINGS may grant to ASSES, MULES,  
 " The scorn of SAGES, and the boast of FOOLS."

He ended—All the *cooks* exclaim'd, " *Divine!*"  
 Then whisper'd one another, 'twas " *damn'd fine!*"  
 Thus spoke the SCOW'NER, like a MAN *inspir'd*,  
 Whose speech the HEROES of the kitchen fir'd:  
*Grooms, master scow'ners, scullions, scullions mates,*  
 With all the *overseers* of knives and plates,  
 Felt their brave souls, like *frisky cyder*, work,  
 Whizzing in opposition to the cork:  
 Earth's *potentates* appear'd *ignoble things*,  
 And *cooks* of greater consequence than KINGS;  
*Such* is the pow'r of words, where TRUTH unites,  
 And *such* the rage that injur'd WORTH excites!  
 The SCOW'NER's speech, indeed, with reason blest,  
 Inflam'd with god-like ardour all the rest:  
 Thus, if a BARN Heav'n's vengeful light'ning draw,  
 The flame ætherial strikes the kindling straw:  
 Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice, and rats,  
 And (if unfortunately mousing) cats;  
 All feel the wide devouring fire in turn,  
 And, mingling in one conflagration, burn.

" Sons of the SPIT," the major cried again,  
 " Your noble speeches prove you blest with *brain*;  
 " BRAIN! that *Dame Nature* gives not *ev'ry* head,  
 " But fills the vast vacuity with lead!—  
 " Yet ere for *opposition* we prepare, 5 FEB 66  
 " And fight the *glorious cause* of *heads of hair*,  
 " Methinks 'twould be but *decent* to *petition*,  
 " And tell the K—G, with *firmness*, our CONDITION:  
 " Soon as our *sad* complaint he hears us utter,  
 " His gracious heart may melt away like butter;  
 " Fair MERCY shine amidst our gloomy house,  
 " And anger'd M——y forget the LOUSE."

